FRIENDSHIP'S

OFFERING.

London.

MDCCCXXXIV

Joséphine Sattler

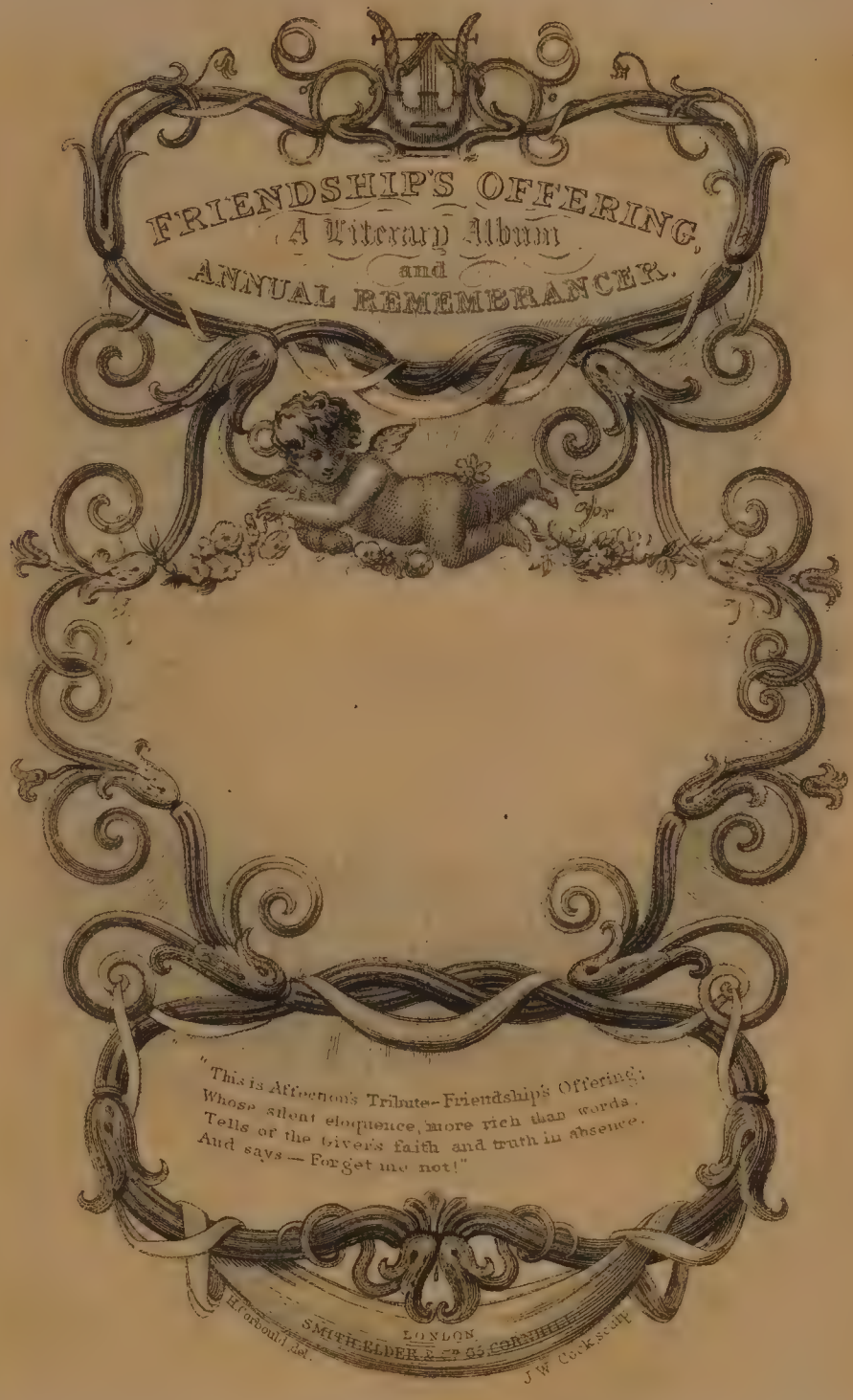
60
c

Coleridge

Painted by J.M.Moore. Engraved by W. Finden.

The Devotee

Published by Smith Elder & Cº 65 Cornhill.


FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,
A Literary Album
and
ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.
"This is Affection's Tribute—Friendship's Offering;
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"
H. Corbould del.
LONDON
SMITH, ELDER & Co. 65 CORNHILL
J. W. Cook sculp.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING;

AND

Winter's Wreath:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXIV.

"This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith, and truth in absence,
And says---Forget me not!"

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TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFATORY SONNET.

My Courteous Readers,

With right cordial greeting,
In sonnet-rhyme, this Volume I send forth,
Without a word on its 'superior worth'—
For I am tired that strain for aye repeating.
But, haply, while the winter's eve you're cheating
With tale and song, around the Christmas hearth,
My page may profit yield as well as mirth,
And add a zest unto your friendly meeting.

And so I beg to introduce once more,
Some of my honoured friends to your fire-side,
Miss Mitford, Coleridge, Ritchie, and a score
Of gifted writers I could name with pride,
If there were space. But here my Sonnet ends.
So once again, adieu! my Courteous Friends.

The Editor.

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MY FIRST LOVE.

A Tale.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

THERE are certain epochs in a man's life, in which he feels himself irresistibly compelled to pause, and look back on what has gone before. They resemble the hills, or mountains, one meets with in a journey. When the panting wayfarer has gained the summit, and sees what appears to be a new world spread out before him, he turns round for a moment to gaze upon the far scenes of the past, and retrace his path, in imagination, through the shadows of distance. In early youth, when the pulse throbs full and high, that glance is brief, careless, perhaps scornful. When age enfeebles the step, experience chills the heart, and the new prospect offers nothing real to the hope, or beautiful to the fancy,—long, deep, lingering, is the look which dwells upon the past. With the past is associated every thing lovely, or valuable, the wanderer has lost on the way. He sees there his departed strength, his glorious hopes, his pure and lofty aspirations. It is the home of his heart, the cradle at once of his senses

and sensibilities. It is the goal to which he is even now hastening, although his steps are in an opposite direction; for it belongs to the great circle of eternity, in which the grave is the point of union between the present and the past.

But there are circumstances, and those of not very unfrequent occurrence, in a man's life, which have an effect resembling that of age. I am myself in the first vigour of manhood; my hopes are as high, and my sensibilities as acute as ever: and yet I feel that I have arrived at one of those epochs of thought, in which the mind turns round, compelled by some involuntary power, to grapple with, to cling to, and yearn over the past.

I am alone. There is no one in this large, and almost uninhabited house, with whom I have sufficient community of feeling to relieve the idea of utter solitude and desolation. The street is silent; the vast city sleeps in darkness; my lamp burns dimly — for the spirits of memory are gliding through the room.

I have unlocked, unconsciously, a portfolio of old drawings. Why does my heart beat? Why does my hand tremble? Why do I feel that I grow pale? Is that a face — is that a form to awaken associations of pain? On the contrary, is not the half-blown rose which she holds in her hand, a type of her fair self — a thing of smiles and fragrance, redolent of love, radiant in youthful beauty, and full of hopes and promises more sweet than the sweetest reality? I will look no more. There is something awful in this silence.

Hark! — the clock strikes. What is that? Who is there? Where am I? I am in the past.

A river rolls before me — or, rather, it has ceased to roll, being now lost in a gigantic creek of the sea. Romantic Clyde! Most beautiful of all the haunts of the daughters of Tethys! — where, mingling with these on the moonlight shores, the Dryades come forth in silent groups from the neighbouring woods, and —

"Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades!"

I was born on the banks of that river. My soul imbibed its poetry, even as my lungs inhaled the atmospheric air; and if I have not been able to give it forth again in immortal song, the fault is not with the inspiration. Mine has not been the education of circumstances which predisposes to build the lofty rhyme. From an adventurous boy, flung helpless and alone into the tide, to buffet and outhowl the waves that opposed my career, I have grown into a wild rude man, whose best intellectual qualities are strength and boldness.

And yet, in moments like these, when the breath, that is at other times expended in struggling, dissolves into sighs, — when I feel my heart grow soft, and my eyes dim — I cannot help thinking that, with regard to me, the intentions of nature have been controlled by events. With the enchanted river, on which my soul is now gazing, arise the dreams that were the atmosphere of my youth. I wander, as of yore, along its banks, or tumble among its billows; no thought of the future world disturbs me — that future world which is

now my past — I seek no outlet from the "happy valley;" all is tranquillity, only broken by the voices of the muses; and I seem destined to convert the nymph Egeria, like her sung by Ovid, into the wife of her worshipper.

In infancy, I was a weak and delicate child, and therefore grew up a spoiled and wayward boy. I can yet remember the solicitude with which my parents gazed on my closing eyes — the changes of air into which I was carried — the thousand indulgencies lavished on me, as if to bribe my consent to live. "Live! live!" It was all they asked; it was the care of their lives, and the burthen of their prayers. Alas! had they framed their wish as wisely as the brother artists of Delphos, who demanded of the gods "what was best for man," my grave would long ago have been green on the banks of the Clyde.

The delicacy of my health prevented me from mingling in the sports of other boys of my age; I was timid even to cowardice; and desired nothing better than to escape from school to my mother's knee or to a solitary walk on the banks of the river. By degrees, however, my constitution gained strength, and my nerves, tone; and, as I advanced in age, a spirit of honour, which seems to be instinctive in our sex, came to my aid. But the ground-work of my character was already laid, and could now only receive modification. I still shrunk from my schoolfellows, but with aversion, not fear. The junior students of —— were at that time animated by a brutal and ferocious spirit. It was the

custom for the boys of the town to go out, in regular array, against those of a neighbouring one, to fight with stones; and to return, not unfrequently, with severe wounds, which in one instance proved fatal. My exploits were of a different nature, though equally adventurous. It was my pride to be able to lead a detachment of my comrades to some given point, through the wildest and most intricate paths of the woods and mountains; and in this art of the savage, I was soon allowed to be pre-eminent. By and by came a passion for sailing — the deeper, that it could only be indulged by stealth; and when at length I found myself for a time free from the surveillance of my anxious parents, I plunged into this pursuit with an enthusiasm that seemed akin to madness.

By the age of nineteen, I had escaped so many salt-water deaths, that my comrades often reminded me of a proverb, which referred the good fortune to the fact of another and less pleasing destiny being reserved for the adventurer. It was my custom, with a single companion, to descend into the Firth in an open wherry, and after tumbling all day among the islands, with which it is studded, to return in the night, steering by the light-houses on either side of the river.

On one of these excursions, we were becalmed under the lee of the rocks that gird the wild shores of Arran. The sea rises here, even in the calmest weather, in what sailors call a *jabble;* but the word can give no idea to a landsman of the situation of our little vessel. The swellings of the water could not be termed waves,

for they rose around us in such wild confusion, that even when on the ridge, we could rarely see the land, our view being interrupted by loftier masses of fluid tumbling between. A light air blew *over* these masses; but if sometimes our sail caught its influence, and a glimpse of the shore enabled us to steer, the next moment we sank helplessly into an abyss as calm as death, where the vessel rolled and wheeled till we lost all knowledge of our position. It was next to impossible to use the oars, and without way the helm was useless.

Our tiny ship was not calculated to live long in such a sea without the presence of a propelling power; and there was, therefore, some little danger of our filling and going down. We had been too much accustomed, however, to hair-breadth escapes to feel more than that slight qualm of fear which is, perhaps, essential in the composition of romantic excitement.

We sat silent and idle on the beams, looking into one another's faces, and wondering when and how this was to end. There was a laziness in the motion of the boat, as she heaved among those tumultuous but unbroken billows, that added greatly to the singularity of our situation. We could hear the dull and monotonous dash of the waters, as they rose heavily upon the cliffs; and above this sound, the quiet voices of the land, the singing of birds, and the lowing of distant cattle. It was a calm and lovely evening; and the whole western heavens were filled with those gorgeous clouds of gold and crimson, which are some-

times seen in our northern climate, but which no painter has hitherto dared to imitate.*

It was a moment, which, even if undistinguished by any event affecting my future destiny, I could never have forgotten. Not that I remember now, or perhaps even knew at the time, what were my sensations; but the soul is a mystery even to itself, — and every man of reflective habits must feel, that in solitary meditation, he often dates, unconsciously, from some epoch of thought which forms none in his history.

At that moment a human voice rose in the silent air. It was a sudden burst, or gush, or spring of music, which seemed to leap like a jet to the very heavens, and then fall down in living and sparkling showers upon our hearts. I felt a thrill run through my frame. I did not move. I could hardly breathe.

"It is a water-kelpie!" said my startled companion; and, indeed, so suddenly did it come, and so near was the sound, that we, tumbling in a chaos of waters, cut off from the sight of the land, might well have imagined it to proceed from the deep.

"Let us try a stroke of the oars, man," continued Norman, half in jest, half in earnest. "That sang, I'll warrant ye, is no for naething; and I wad rather face the wildest blast that ever skreighed in the Firth, than catch a glint o' her ee as she sits there, nae doubt,

* When gazing last year on a sky like this, in the neighbourhood of London, it was observed by a friend, that a faithful representation of the scene would be called *unnatural*, or at best receive the praise of the "Mourning Bride," as "the splendid error of a man of genius." Such an opinion, however, could only be formed by the vulgar.

kaiming her yellow hair, and flinging her melodious spells ower the sea!"

I did not reply, but sat listening in a kind of intoxication. Whether the music was really of a higher order than any I had hitherto heard, or whether its effect was produced, or heightened, by the adventitious circumstances of situation, it was impossible to tell. I felt as if the sounds breathed at once of the holiness of heaven, and the tenderness of earth; and at the same moment I was awed and attracted, elevated and subdued. The words she sang I could not hear, but my soul recognized the language of the air. The words *she* sang! It was a *woman* spirit! Therein lay the charm. I was a woman worshipper from my earliest youth; and at this period of life, when ignorance adds a blind and almost awful mysticism to our devotion, my heart trembled at a female voice, like the Pythia when receiving the oracles of the god.

The music became gradually more indistinct, and it seemed as if the fairy singer was retiring slowly; but in a little while longer, it died wholly away, and we sprang upon our feet.

We were almost free from the jabble; the land was far distant; a smart breeze blackened the surface of the waters, — and, as our sails caught its influence, our little vessel, bending down her lip, as if in sport, to the embracing wave, sprang boundingly to sea-ward.

"It *was* a water-witch!" cried Norman. "Whare could it hae come frae? The skirl was just at our lug, and we a good gunshot, at the nearest, frae the craigs!

Come, stir, man, stir. Thae Sicilian damsels are no to be trusted; and do ye min' what Horace says, —

"Vitanda est improba *Siren* desidia!"

The breeze continued steady upon our quarter, but the night closed in heavy and starless. We agreed as usual, to rest and steer by turns, and Norman readily dispensing, at my desire, with the ceremony of casting lots, threw himself at my feet, wrapped a spare sail round him, and muttering a verse of Ovid about the Sirens, was in an instant fast asleep.

It was day-break before I awoke my comrade; and even then I should have allowed him to continue buried in slumber, but for the necessity I found we were under of putting about. To describe the thoughts which had filled up this long space of time is impossible; and even were it possible, it might create, in matter-of-fact persons, some suspicion of my sanity of mind. It must be considered, however, that from my very childhood I was a dreamer. I had kept aloof, or been kept aloof, from the outward, visible, and tangible circumstances that form the character of men in social life. I had not been exposed to the action of that moral current which wears and rounds the mind, just as the tide moulds and polishes the small stones on the shore, till one pebble can hardly be distinguished from another. I had seen visions and dreamed dreams till they had become my realities. Solitude was my city, and shadows and phantoms my society.

Love was with me a passion, nay a pinciple of my

being; but it was love in the abstract — an aim, a wish, an instinctive yet unconscious longing. To say that I loved would seem a folly, because love requires an object, and I had none; and yet I did love. Witness my trembling heart, my heaving bosom, my gushing eyes! Should a man be said to be blind because he is in the dark?

But now comes the confession, let who will deride. That Voice, heard like the singing of a bird in the midst of the sea, when the very land was hidden from my eyes, was to me as the voice of fate! I knew what the oracle portended; and, like the superstitious Romans of old, built an altar to the *Aius Locutius*, and worshipped a sound!*

This is true to the letter. The difference between my friend Norman and me was, that the feeling on his part was curiosity, while on mine it was — well — let the world laugh — it was love! Then the being I loved was a creature of my own imagination! Undoubtedly. This is what we all love. Do we love mere external beauty? no; this is called by a name less pure: we inform the dead image with our own spirit, and then worship the creature we have made. This is the case even when we persuade ourselves that

* Aius Locutius, a speaking voice, was a god among this strange people; who, having deified every thing and every body they could think of, raised an altar at last to the Unknown God, lest they should perchance have omitted any. The history of the Aius Locutius is simply this.—A plebeian passing one night near the temple of Vesta, heard a superhuman voice proclaiming the approach of the conquering Gauls, and acquainted the tribunes with the fact. The information, however, was treated with scorn; but when they had dearly suffered for their neglect, in order to expiate their impiety, they erected a temple upon the spot to the Speaking Voice.

we love the moral or intellectual quality of the object of our attachment. It is impossible to trace actions or sentiments in another to their true origin, through all the subtleties of selfishness, which is another name for human nature. The qualities of the beloved, therefore, are not her own, for we cannot know them: they are ours; they are part and parcel of our own imagination. Thus the warrior, who has no touch or comprehension of pity in his own bosom, loves the sentiment in another, because he paints it as something sweet, and gentle, and feminine, and holy. It *may* arise in the individual case from weakness, or something still more culpable; but this is nothing, for it is not the pity of another he loves, but his own. How beautiful is the fancy of the Greek philosopher who taught that love is the instinctive longing of man to be reunited to that portion of *himself* which was formed into woman!*

But why weary myself with reasonings? It is sufficient that the unknown voice operated upon my heart like a spell. It was the all-absorbing theme of my meditations by day, and it rang in my dreaming ears the livelong night. A proof of the strength of this passion is the mastery it acquired over the curiosity of Norman, which it seemed to swallow up and appropriate to its own purposes. My comrade was a stout-hearted, hard-headed, reckless, daring fellow; a favourable specimen of a class of our Scottish youth, whose rude but generous spirits are somewhat fantas-

* Alluding to Plato's story of the Androgynes, the idea of which Eusebius pretends was borrowed from Moses.

tically ornamented with a touch and feeling of beauty, engendered by the classical images with which their hearts are imbued, or rather saturated, by the national education. Yet Norman bent deferentially before the intensity of my passion. He was no party in the affair, except as my companion; the secret — for everything connected with the heart, is a secret among young men of nineteen — was mine, not his; and it was my longing that was to be gratified, and my directions that were to be obeyed.

Many days elapsed before we were again on the river; yet during this interval, so far from feeling any diminution of my eagerness to see the embodied spirit of music, it seemed to increase every hour. The delay was *voluntary;* and this fact will throw a light on my character strong enough to enable the observer to explore at least one of the many depths of its absurdity. I felt a boyish *pleasure* in this delay. I gloated in fancy upon the idol I had set up, and yet paused, with a thrill, as I put forth my hand to raise the veil which concealed her from my view. This is not uncommon with persons of exuberant imagination. Even so early as nineteen, their heart feels, without being conscious of the feeling, that the realities of our palpable world are as nothing to them.

However, the time did come, and with as much mystery as if we were setting out on an expedition to overturn the state, Norman and I took our places in the slight bark, which had more than once swam with us tail up, as gallantly as if her masts had formed a per-

pendicular with the sky. It was a glorious day. Here and there the sunlight fell in innumerable sparks upon the river, which seemed to *hiss* as they touched the water; while in the distance the whole expanse was in a blaze. As yet we could only be said to have a ripple on the surface, but occasionally the tiny waves broke in foam; and as the vessel bounded exultingly through them, her motion was greater than they appeared to warrant. Flocks of porpoises were tumbling round us, and innumerable water-fowl diving and re-appearing as we passed. Sometimes a shot rang from the thickets on the coast; sometimes the halloo of the hunters came booming over the waters; all was life and motion, and energy; and our young bosoms rose with a feeling of animal enjoyment, which seemed to pervade all nature.

At length the wild coast of Arran was in sight, and we were now sweeping through the broad expanse of waters, with the shores of Bute on our right, and the islands of Cumbrae behind. The wind had increased, and it blew what the sailors call a snoring breeze; the ripples had swollen into waves, crested with white foam; and the voice of gaiety which had arisen from the morning sea, was changed into a shout of wild but still joyous excitement.

There had been a small yacht in sight for some time, which had apparently come off the coast of Arran for a pleasure cruize; and as she seemed now bearing down upon us, our attention was more particularly attracted. We were speedily near enough to ascertain that there

were two ladies in the stern, and that the crew was composed of amateurs like ourselves; and perhaps the critical scrutiny we bestowed upon her manœuvres might have been in some sort jaundiced by the unconscious comparison we drew between her appointments and ours.

She was completely decked, and of the cutter rig and build, but so small that her cabin could only have been used for a locker. She wore a full suit of white canvass, without reef from top to bottom; and a private ensign fluttered gaily in the breeze.

"They are but Glasgow bodies, I doubt after a'," said Norman between his teeth—"look till them now! They think, the mair claith the brawer, like a weaver's joe. Od, it's my opinion they ken neither to hand, reef, nor steer—look till the gowks!"—While he spoke they were preparing to go about, and we could hear the cry of "helm's a-lee!" followed by the shifting of the foresail; but at the same moment, whether through ignorance or accident, the jib sheet was let go, and, instead of swinging round, the cutter missed stays.

It was not blowing hard enough to render the failure dangerous; and the amateur sailors concealed their mortification by a loud laugh as their vessel, taking its own course instead of theirs, swung round our stern, at a cable's length. The ample main-sail for some time completely concealed the ladies, and I in vain endeavour to get a peep at them. The cutter glided past us like an apparition, and assisted by our own

more sluggish motion in the contrary direction, was soon at a distance which defied our optics. Even at that distance, however, a faint swell of music rose upon my ear — it was the voice of the unknown — the idol of my imagination — the Aius Locutius!

"About ship!" was my first shout, although the cutter was by this time far away; but as my Fidus Achates was about to obey, I recollected the absurdity of attempting a pursuit, more especially as it appeared to be the wish of the amateur crew to put about themselves. We therefore kept steadily on, steering to the point of land where I had first heard this voice of fate.

The next attempt of the cutter was successful, and we saw her, at a considerable distance, plunging after us, as if in chace. Willing to be overtaken, or even to be made captive, we took in our last reef, and hauled as close to the wind as possible; but indeed it was now full time for this manœuvre to have been suggested by the state of the weather. Already we had seen several square-rigged vessels flying shoreward under close reefs; and the smaller craft were making for the land as fast as they could run, with scarcely a handkerchief of sail.

Owing to the high lands which border this part of the Clyde, and their deep creeks or gulleys, from which the wind rushes like an ambushed enemy, the navigation is peculiarly dangerous for small vessels; and having secured ourselves as far as we thought necessary, it was with considerable anxiety we turned our eyes towards the cutter. Some precautions had

evidently been taken; but still she carried more sail than was proper or safe, and as her crew were apparently fresh-water hands, I thanked heaven silently that the land was not far off.

She gained upon us fast, although the rigging still concealed the passengers in the stern. It was a beautiful and heart-stirring sight as she came bounding and triumphing over the waves. I do not wonder at the *sex* accorded to a ship. That little cutter walked the waters like a maid of the sea, in all the majesty of womanhood! She looked the wind in the eye with the pride and boldness of conscious beauty, and tossed aside the tumultuous billows from her breast like a young virgin coyly and scornfully repelling the advances of a crowd of lovers. Her step was light and free, her air lofty and graceful; and the dash of haughtiness that was over all, gave an inexpressible piquancy to her aspect.

She neared us. Another minute, and I should have seen the passengers face to face; when suddenly the cry of "helm's a-lee!" broke again upon our ear; and the cutter went gallantly about, and passing the foreland of Arran, stood out to sea. The two ladies in the stern did not turn their heads. They appeared from a back view, to be in the prime of virgin youth, and sat calm and proud amidst the war of the elements, like creatures that bore a charmed life. A moment was lost in surprise; but in the next we shook out a part of our imprisoned sail, and, bending gunwale to, as we wheeled round, plunged after in her wake.

Beyond the foreland we found both wind and swell enough to satisfy any amateur in the Scottish seas; and if Norman had not promptly let go the foresail as we left the comparative protection of the land, we should infallibly have been tail up the next instant.

"This is madness!" cried my gallant comrade: "if ye *will* seek your Amphitrite like another Neptune, for gude's sake, yoke your hippocampi, for nae ither cattle can gang this gait!"

"Only look at that infatuated cutter!" said I, straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of her through the spray in the distance, as she alternately rose and dived among the tumbling surges.

"Infatuated *cutty!*"* said Norman, "let the jaud e'en drink o' her own brewst. What business has a cockle shell like her in a sea whare the very deevil himsel seems to be churning salt-butter?" But while he grumbled, he was not the less actively employed in trimming our vessel for the blast, so as to insure the utmost speed consistent with anything like safety; and I saw a shade of deep and painful anxiety settle upon his manly features as he gazed after the cutter.

I have since thought that our pursuit, although we had no other object than of acting as a life boat in case of need, was perhaps the cause of the fool-hardiness of the amateurs. Persons who have a slight knowledge, and only a slight knowledge, of the sea, are of all others the most jealous of their reputation for

* The nearest word to this in English, I think, is *minx*; although this does not give all its meaning.

seamanship. The cutter had been caught in a blunder, and was determined therefore to show that she was in reality a master and not a tyro; and finding herself followed to sea by an open wherry, in something not very distantly resembling a gale of wind, resolved to give the pursuers a fair breathing for their impudence.

The shades of evening, falling suddenly on the sea, began, by this time, to add to its horrors. The disk of the sun had already disappeared, leaving a dark dull red, like the colour of clotted blood, in the western heavens. Every where else, masses of black clouds where rolling across the sky, emulating the waves below in the rapidity of their motion, the irregularity of their form, and the violence of their collision. The surface of the vast deep was now a desert, where only the cutter and our frail wherry crept shuddering through the waste. Around us, the precipitous gulfs, into which we plunged head foremost, till our bowsprit buried itself in the water, were as black as night; while the ridges, to which we rose and hung for an instant,—

"High on the broken wave,"

were a mass of boiling and bursting foam, as white as snow drift.

As the eye gradually wandered into the distance, this contrast of light and darkness became less apparent. Here and there, indeed, an enormous wave rose like an Alp, snow-crowned and broke in an avalanche; but, in general, the colour of the waste was a

dull deathly grey. On the very edge of the sea horizon, scarcely distinguishable from the undulating masses of foam, in which her thin mast waved like a wand, we saw the cutter, almost wholly stripped of her gay apparel. We thought for a moment that she meant to come about, and the bowsprit, rigged with a small storm jib, seemed to swing round; but this was, in all probability, the effect of a sea, for in an instant she righted, or appeared to do so; and then becoming gradually more filmy and indistinct, completely disappeared.

The evening was now fast turning into night, and after a few minutes more of anguish and irresolution, thick darkness came down upon the sea. To follow further would have been madness; and with heavy hearts, we at length performed the operation so difficult in such circumstances, of putting about. The coast of Arran was undistinguishable; but we knew our route by the light-houses on the main land, and had some hopes—provided we did not fill and go down by the way—of being able to reach a certain creek, which is the only safe harbour on this side of the island when it blows hard off the main shore.

It would be no exaggeration to say, that we succeeded by miracle; for, to this day, I cannot imagine how it was possible, in the ordinary course of things, for a vessel like ours to live in such a sea. Having secured our wherry, Norman proceeded to a farm-house in the neighbourhood, to endeavour to make arrangements for supper; while I, throwing myself down in

the lee of a rock, turned my eyes upon the dark sea, and began, as usual, to ponder and to dream.

Of all the ideas that rushed through my brain, like the hurrying rack above me, or the tumultuous waves at my feet, an impression of *fate* — of dark, inscrutable, inevitable destiny — was the most distinct. I traced, one by one, the links of connection which bound me to that fair being whose face I had never seen, and the sequence seemed complete. I felt that she had not perished, simply because I had escaped myself; and, absurd as it may seem, I waited on that spot, in the perfect confidence of seeing her before the night was at an end.

Such faith, vain and baseless as it may be, sometimes works, like the predictions of false prophets, towards its own accomplishment. I started suddenly up, as a new idea struck me ; and flying to the farm-house, obtained a light, with which I kindled a beacon of turf and dry wood, on the promontory of rock overhanging the little harbour. There I took my stand, without hat or jacket, which had been thrown off in the exigence of our danger at sea; and with my hair streaming in the blast, my bare neck and shoulders, and dripping garments, I must have looked, in the red light of the beacon fire, like an apparition of the drowned.

Nor did I wait in vain. Among the breakers that burst in thunder near the shore, my practised eye at last discovered, through the darkness, an object which was neither foam nor water. A bowsprit, with a rag of sail, then appeared emerging from the deep; and

then the shattered hull of the cutter, unrigged and dismasted, rolled like a wreck upon the wave. The two females were still in the stern, lying prone upon the deck, and clinging to the bulwarks, with the sea breaking over them; while the gallant but inexperienced crew hung upon the bows, to look out upon the new and still more appalling danger they were about to dare, and give directions to their comrade at the helm.

Their eager voices, rising together amidst the howling of the storm, confused the steersman, and he committed a dangerous error.

"Larboard!" shouted I. "Larboard, for your lives!" And I flung down a blazing log into the opening of the creek, in order to point their way; but at that moment, a sea struck the rudder and tore it from its bed; the vessel pitched, and then dived till she was wholly submerged; and when I saw her again, she was hopelessly fixed upon a ridge of rock, many yards from the shore.

In an instant I was at the bottom of the cliffs, and following, half swimming, half running, in the wake of the retreating surge.

"Save me!" cried one of the females, as I reached the cutter. It was the Voice. I caught her in my arms; I felt her arms twine round me; I felt her face press into my neck, as if for surer protection;—I plunged with her into the howling deep.

All this was done in an instant, and yet I was too late. Dreadful was the roar we heard behind us, as the sea returned like a famished lion to reclaim his prey.

We were lifted to a height, at which the brain reels and the heart faints, and then swallowed up in the bowels of the waves. And yet I did not lose my hold of my precious — precious burthen; and yet I still felt her arms twined round my waist, and her eyes and lips buried in my neck. We were thrown upon a cliff, with a shock that seemed the separation of soul and body: but it was I who suffered; her delicate frame did not touch the rock; not a drop of her pure blood was spilt — yes, it was I who suffered — thank God for that!

Torn, bruised, and faint, I had yet strength to rise once more; and I succeeded in placing her beyond the reach of the waves. Oh, what moments were these, when, in the darkness of that wild night, I hung over her insensible form, — by turns, trembling with hope and fainting with fear, yet my brain reeling, and my heart bursting with unspeakable joy!

She did not awake from her swoon, or trance, or lethargy, whatever it might be, and, in increasing alarm, I mustered the little strength I had left, and again took her up. The cotter's hut, although at some distance from the creek, was nearer this spot than the farm-house; and, aware that heat and shelter were all that could be expected from either, I bore her as quickly as my state of exhaustion would allow, to the former.

The only inhabitant was an old woman who did not understand English — but I wanted no assistance. I laid down the apparently dead girl upon a bench by

the fire, and chafed her hands and feet. She did not move; and, in an agony of alarm, almost amounting to phrenzy, I called on her unconscious spirit by every term of endearment and adjuration I could think of; I pressed her in my arms, rained showers of tears on her cold cheeks, and covered her frozen lips with the kisses of my despair.

Never had I beheld a face so divinely fair. Her skin was like polished marble, and so strangely contrasted with the wreaths of jet-black hair, which hung over her shoulders, as to give a character of the unearthly to her beauty. At length she moved. Her bosom rose convulsively; a strong shudder ran through her frame, and her eyes opened slowly. She threw a bewildered look round the apartment, but seemed presently to comprehend her situation.

"Are the rest saved?" she muttered faintly.

"Yes," said I, at a venture.

"Why did you risk your life for a stranger?" and tears rose into her eyes.

"It was not for a stranger."

"Where, then, have we met?"

"In a former state of existence! Some days ago I heard you singing on the rocks, and the sound entered my soul like a memory. I haunted your path all this day on these stormy seas, but till now I never saw your face." While I was making this strange, but characteristic avowal, I saw her dart at me one of those brief, almost instantaneous glances, by which the quick eye of woman gathers in volumes of intel-

ligence. She was apparently satisfied, for, without showing the smallest surprise at what I had said, she replied —

"The song was sung on purpose for your ear. I caught one glimpse of your boat when it was little more than an oar's length from the rocks. I knew you did not see them, and played the part of a Siren, not to betray, but to draw you from a situation which seemed to me to involve some peril."

"The song, then, saved your own life!"

"Even that was only a link. The notes would have been forgotten as soon as heard, had they not fallen into a heart *where there existed, by nature, a congenial echo!*"

While she was speaking, I found my eyes grow dim, and the apartment swim round. My fatigue and anxiety, together with the severe contusions I had suffered on the rocks, took effect. Her last words, however — precious words to one whose heart felt, like mine, the yearnings that Plato dreamt of! — fell distinctly on my ear, and, with a thrill of delight, mingled with the sensation of faintness, I pressed my lips to her hand, and sunk lifeless at her feet.

The next morning Norman and I left the island of Arran. The whole party were safe at the house of Colonel ——; but I did not see *his daughter* before my departure, as she, as well as her sister, was confined to bed from the effects of their sufferings, both in body and mind, on the preceding day. I went away, however, with a light heart, Norman and I

being invited to spend the following week with the family, as the first of a series of visits intended to continue throughout the season.

It may be supposed — but no, it cannot be supposed — what effect this adventure had on an imagination like mine. In the first place, the preternatural concurrence of events filled me with a kind of spiritual pride, and strengthened the fantastic feelings of which my bosom was the prey. Let any one conjecture what would have been the consequence had deformity and stupidity revealed themselves in the person of my unseen mistress, rather than the enthusiasm which my self-love called genius, and the unearthly beauty which made her look like a spirit! But my wild and mysterious *impression* had not merely been realized, even in this extraordinary manner (which philosophy, perhaps, would have termed a coincidence), but there appeared to me to be in our minds, and in the current of our thoughts, a congeniality which was nothing less than miraculous!

Hitherto I had found no companion — no one who could understand me — no one whom I understood. O, the curse of the cold eye, the rigid lip, and the sealed heart! How my soul had yearned for that imaginary friend, in whose bosom I could pour out my feelings, without dread either of scorn or ridicule, or, even worse, of the stare of unconscious surprise! Had I not found the object of my longings? Had not a "beauty of the earth" realized

"The nympholepsy of my fond despair?"

I was giddy with delight; my brain burned; a flush, resembling that of fever, sat on my cheek; and an unnatural fire blazed in my eye.

Visions of nineteen descend again into my soul! — I see the majestic and beloved river roll palpably before me; I strike my heel upon this carpeted floor, and the shore rattles at the sound; I see the great deep below, and the great heaven above, and the forest glades, and far-vista'd glens around me; the song of the lark, and the plaintive cry of the plover are in my ear; I gaze upon that face of mortal beauty, etherialized by immortal love; I twine my arms around the phantom, and rain wild kisses on her lips and eyes! Visions of nineteen, ye alone are dim, and far, and impalpable to my soul!

I would fain recal them, but I cannot, for I am changed. They come back to my heart like returning doves, but will not alight. They hover mournfully for a moment above the ruin that once was their home, and then take wing and disappear.

One day elapsed beyond the time specified for my visit — for I was not entirely master of my own actions. It was but a small space of time, although it seemed an age to me; but, on the ninth day, I received the following note from Norman, dated at Arran: —

"What can be the matter with you? Why do you not come? She is ill — she caught cold on that infernal night. * * *

"P.S.—I think the cold has struck to her heart.—Come quickly."

If you can imagine that Spirit of immortal pride, sung by our Milton, hurled, in a moment of fancied triumph, from the very highest heaven to the very lowest hell, you may form some idea of my situation. But, although I started, and shrunk, and shivered to the very centre, I did not, like him, despair. The thought of her death was too monstrous to be entertained. What, *she* die!—my newly-found treasure—the Egeria of my lonely heart! *she*—who glided before me, like a star, in the wilderness of life! *she*—that

"Young Aurora of the air,"

whom my soul had already undeified into woman, and clung to as my true friend, my fond and faithful wife, my lovely and adored mistress!

I was once more on the shores of Arran. How cold the air felt!—my limbs were marble, and my heart ice. The knocker was tied up; two servants were listening, pale, trembling, and in tears, at the door of an apartment. I went in. Some figures, like spectres, were in the silent room. I glided through them, and approached the bed.

"I knew he would come!" said a faint voice, which I hear, even now, in the very depths of my being; and she endeavoured to raise herself on her elbow.

"You preserved my life," continued she, with the smile of a spirit, "from the fierce and stormy deep—

but now my Father in heaven demands it! Our wild, fantastic dream is over, before it is well begun. Do not weep: think of me, when I go hence, as of a phantom of the mind; yet sometimes look at this, the last legacy of one who would — who would — who —" and, as she put this portrait into my hand, her voice was choked, and her eyes filled with tears.

I sank upon my knees by the bed-side, and pressed the cold, fair hand to my tearless eyes. The world seemed departing from me, like a scroll; I felt my heart rending within me; my bosom was convulsed with sobs, that shook my frame to the centre. I attempted to speak.

"Live! live!" was all I could utter. — "Live!" continued I, with maniac fervor — "in the name of the most high God, do not leave me!" The mourners attempted to draw me away: and, when I could no longer resist, I besought them, with the most moving entreaties, to allow me to remain.

"I will be calm," I said — "I will be silent — only suffer me to look upon her to the last!"

"Let my dear friend remain," said the dying girl, still more faintly; and I felt her press my hand with one of hers, while she made a sign with the other. All sank upon their knees; and I heard the minister, in a low, deep voice, begin one of those touching prayers, that are drawn extempore from the heart by the spirit of devotion. My soul grew calm, as he went on; the convulsions of my body subsided; and showers of tears fell from my eyes.

Engraved by H. Cook.

On a sudden, she pressed my hand strongly, and the minister, at the same moment, paused. I looked up in her face: it was the image only that lay before me — the soul which had hallowed it was in heaven!

Sixteen years have passed over my head, since then — sixteen years of more than ordinary vicissitude. I have enjoyed much, and suffered much; I have plunged into many a mad and wild adventure; I have wandered into many a far and foreign land: I have sunned myself in the eyes of women; I have been a husband and a father; — and yet, at every crisis of my fate, (such as the present,) my heart reverts to my First Love; and I look upon all that has intervened, as if it were but a mockery and a delusion.

But it is now time for my wearied mind to seek repose. My candle flares in the socket, and already the grey light of the dawn, oozing through the shutters, disturbs the spectral show that swims before my eyes. Away, scenes of my unwithered youth! Vanish, pale spirit! for, in a few hours, another sun will call me to the strife and struggle of the world. Away! — we shall meet again. What? at Phillippi?

"Why, I shall meet thee at Phillippi, then!"

Hence — dissolve — good night!

TO THE DARK EYES OF ——— .

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

WHERE now are those DARK EYES — (sweet eyes!)
In tears? — in thought? — in sleep?
Those lights, like stars in the stormy skies,
Which gently shine, when all else weep?
O dark unconquered Eyes!
Are ye from human anguish freed?
Or do ye sometimes mourn indeed,
In pity, or superior pain,
For some deep secret hid from all the world, in vain?

O melancholy Eyes, which love to dwell
On Juliet's passion, — Belvidera's woe,
Where was the light which *now* ye wear so well,
(That tender, touching lustre!) long ago?
Did it lie dreaming in your orbs unknown,
As in the rose's bud the unblown perfume,
Till evil fortune (now for ever flown!)
Struck out your dazzling doom?
For what too dangerous purpose were ye born?
To lead the youthful poet far astray?
Or, was 't to turn to tears the proud and gay,
With looks that in their beauty mock the morn?

Long may ye shine — as dark, as bright, as young,
(Shall age e'er harm ye?) — as complete in power,
As when from out Verona's midnight bower
Upon the moonlight first your glances hung,
And filled with love the rich enamoured air,
And made the fair — *more* fair!

Long may ye shine — undimmed by storm or cloud,
Uninjured, unconsumed by grief or pain;
Your high heroic spirit never bowed,
Your love ne'er lost, your tears ne'er shed—in vain!

Long may She live and shine — and have no fear
Of fatal fortune or the touch of time,
To whom belongs your beauty without peer,
To whom belongs this slight and careless rhyme!

THE CONQUESTS OF MAN.

How man subdues the world! The rocks and mountains,
The strong wild waves give way 'fore his command;
And the deep desart Earth unlocks her fountains,
Letting them loose across the barren sands:—
Look,—where in winding lines, the rushy bands,
And water plants and lilies, white and green,
And pictured palms are seen!
Look! Would he chain the sea? the sea is chained!
Cast back and banished from the solid shore,

And a new region from the deep is gained,
Smiling with flowers and fruits for evermore!
Would he link world to world, — the East to West?
'Tis done, — accomplished! O'er the Atlantic's breast
His navies with their broad wings sweep along,—
Unconquered Eagles, whom the ocean rears
Amongst her mighty billows, fierce and strong,
To pass beyond the storms, and spurn all fears,—
As the crowned Poet, whom no lightning sears,
Soars into regions of immortal song!

BARRY CORNWALL.

SONNET.

TRUTH is a *God*. Virtues (how vast!) are twined
'Round female brows, all known to famous song:
But Truth doth make the firm and MASCULINE mind
His own especial home and fortress strong.
Thence — from that tower of strength — old Luther threw
His arrows at the Pontiff's veilèd spells:
Thence Galileo pierced the o'erhanging blue,
And counted forth its stars, as story tells.

Beauty — sweet Pity — Grace — the heaven of Love—
Fidelity (how great!) — we cede to *thee*,
Fair Woman, — deity of our fond youth!
Repine not, that, for ends we may not see,
One mighty virtue by the generous Jove
Is given, in chief, to Man, — excellent TRUTH.

C.

A SONG.

Take thou, where thou dost glide,
  This deep-dyed rose, O river!
And bear it to my bride,
  And say 'I love' for ever.

Take thou this lock of hair;
  So may she love the giver,
Who loves and knows *her* fair,
  Beyond the world, O river!

Where'er thy waters rove,
  Be thou my courier ever,
And murmur to my love,
  '*I love!*'—no more, sweet river!

Now, flow with speed, with mirth,
  And leave thy sweet song never:
Flow, flow,—like Love on earth,
  Pure, bright, and swift, O river!

C.

THE FORGOTTEN TRYST.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

'Tis the spot where we two parted! —
Many a weary day hath past
Since I stood, half broken hearted,
Here to weep and gaze my last
Now my heart is wildly beating
With a joy that feels like pain:
In our own old place of meeting
I shall see thy face again!

From thine own sweet letter taken,
I repeat thy promise o'er: —
"When to-morrow's sun shall waken,
We shall meet, beloved, once more!"
We shall meet, whose hearts were riven
By life's wild uncertain tide —
We shall *meet!* — oh what hath heaven —
What hath earth — to give beside?

Morning's hour of dawn is over,
Sunshine spreadeth far and wide,
Soon, oh fond and faithful lover!
Shall I rest me by thy side!

Flowers where summer's hues are glowing,
Zephyrs wandering light and coy,
Rippling waters, idly flowing,
Can ye not partake my joy?

Lo! the sultry noon is beaming
Full upon the water's face;
All beyond is bright and gleaming,
Cool in shade our trysting place.
Sweetly are the ringdoves cooing
In the darkly waving bough;
Every bird its mate is wooing —
Wherefore, dearest, lingerest *thou*?

Noon is passing: daylight shineth
With a less determined glare;
Slow each weary hour declineth —
Where art thou, beloved! — where?
Breeze, that from the dark blue river
Wanderest past my languid head,
Though the branches bend and shiver,
All thy freshness seemeth fled!

Evening comes: the daylight dieth;
Distance cheats the straining eye;
And a deep soft shadow lieth
Where the water glideth by.
Now my feverish spirit drinketh
Eagerly each distant tone;

And my soul within me sinketh
Still to find myself alone.

Evening closes: shadows thicken
Round our well-known trysting spot;
Still I wait, and watch, and sicken,
But thy footstep cometh not!
And the sounds of night have thrilled me
With a vague uncertain fear,
And the damps of night have chilled me —
But thy voice I may not hear.

Lo! 'tis dark: night's misty curtain
Hides the dim receding shore.
Oh! 'tis something to feel *certain*
That to-day's wild hope is o'er!
That the cheated heart may number
All the trials it hath won —
And the cheated eyes may slumber
Till they meet to-morrow's sun!

With a calm sad step returning,
I forsake our haunt of old;
And my heart is hot and burning,
And my limbs are stiff and cold.
In my dreams the vow shall bind thee
Which thy waking sense forgot —
Till some bright to-morrow find thee
In thine own appointed spot!

UNDINE.

GRACE KENNEDY.

A Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE."

"Are these the wages of my love,
So lowly and so leal!" — *Spanish Ballad.*

"SING to me again, my sweet bird!" said Grace Kennedy, as she touched the strings of her guitar. "Answer me in this gentle note, for my heart is beating all day without an echo, and I sigh, but no one asks me why. Then sing to me, my own sweet bird, in a strain that will tell of the fields, and the forests, the sunshine, and the showers. When shall we return to the valley were my father dwells, and shake the apple-blossoms from the bough, and warble forth in the woodlands the sweet songs that Nature taught us? Sing to me, poor captive! for I, too, am in bonds — my prison-bars, like thine, are gilded, and I pine for liberty like thee. Hark! 'I touch the string!' Speak to me in the language of the heart — answer me in the melody of song; for I am sick of this sordid world, and weary of conversing in an alien tongue!"

Such was the language that Grace Kennedy not unfrequently addressed to the caged songster which she had brought with her from her native home amongst the mountains of Cumberland; and if the bird in time

learned to answer to the note she played so often, it might truly be said to be in consequence of her much importuning. But Grace accepted the response, and responded again; fancifully believing it to be some echo from the heart of the little prisoner which replied to the hidden feelings of her own; for she, like too many of her self-deluded sex, lived in a little world of echoes, and sympathies, and associations, over which practical experience had little influence.

Her father, an extensive agriculturist, was a highly-respectable and influential man in his own sphere. Sprung from an ancient family of landed proprietors, it had been his pride, as well as his pleasure, to carry on the importance of his ancestry through the same line of life which their rural habits had adorned; while his sister, Lady Lesley, a celebrated beauty in her day, by a matrimonial connection with one of the lower branches of the aristocracy, attained a station which had little satisfaction to afford beyond that of title.

It is needless to say, that such a brother and sister seldom met, or that when they did meet, it was with little unity of feeling, or adaptation of conduct to each other's prejudices. Pride was, if not the ruling principle, a strong one on both sides; and if that of the former affected a homely and independent character, making him spurn at rank and despise luxury, still it was pride for all that, and deserved no better name.

In one of Lady Lesley's flying visits to the Lakes, she was struck with the beauty of her brother's youngest daughter, Grace; and having no children of her

own, begged earnestly that she might take away the child to cheer her "absolute solitude in town."

Mr. Kennedy was of that class of persons who, whilst they are strenuously levelling all ranks and dignities down to themselves, take especial care not to raise up those already below them; who, whilst they openly profess to despise the external signs of greatness, are inwardly repining at their own inability to wear them; and who, under a cloak of fearless independence, endeavour to conceal a secret cringing of the inner man. Thus he was but too willing to lend an ear to the unnatural proposition of taking away his youngest child from the protection of her father's roof.

"My daughter Ruth," said he, "might never have been trained to courtly manners — she must live and die in the quiet spot where she was born. But this fair creature—" and he turned to gaze upon the happy girl, who bounded over the green with the buoyant step of a young fawn, her light brown air that played wildly about her temples now raised by the idle wind, and now drooping softly over a fair and blooming cheek. Beneath the shade of a laburnum stood a placid and simple maiden; and she too watched the child at her unceasing play: it was Ruth Kennedy, who had been like a mother to her young sister, supplying, as she rose up to womanhood, the tenderness and care of which death had too early deprived her. The father and the daughter fixed their earnest eyes upon the same object, with sensations how different! Bright visions of the future — perfection of that now

childish beauty — her talents and acquirements — with the great alliance she might consequently make—were agitating the mind of the doating parent; but Ruth was a lover of simplicity for its own sake, and her heart was yearning towards the innocent, that she might never forsake the sheltered nest, except to sing her own songs of gratitude and joy by the side of the mountain-stream which murmured through the valley where she was born.

"Lady Lesley has kindly offered to take my daughter Grace to town with her," said Michael Kennedy, as he walked up to the laburnum.

"Lady Lesley!" said Ruth, and she started with most unseemly horror. It was not sorrow that she felt at first, for Ruth was unaccustomed to feel first for herself, but horror—actual horror of town manners and town morals, such as she had heard them represented by her aunt. "But you will not let her go?" replied she, recovering her wonted composure.

"I really cannot tell — I have not exactly made up my mind."

"I thought, dear father, that you and I agreed in our opinion of a country life?"

"And so, undoubtedly, we do; but there are advantages — there are considerations —" And he trod carefully upon the ground, and looked mysteriously about him, as if there were cogent reasons best known to himself, why he should, in this particular instance, depart from the general principle upon which he acted; and all the while that he was combating his reasons,

calculating and weighing them, deceiving himself, and finally resolving, the gentle spirit of Ruth was fainting within her, until at last, from the shock of the first surprise, she awoke to such intense sensations of tenderness and anxious affection, that she burst into tears, and turned silently away.

"I shall be alone — but that matters not," said she, on reaching her own chamber: "Grace is too young, too innocent, for such a trial. Her very lightness of heart will become a snare, and the good principles which we have cherished from our childhood will serve but for jest and laughter amongst the worldlings around her." And again she wrung her hands, and wept more bitterly, as women will weep who have no power to oppose the current that is sweeping away the very foundations of their happiness.

The tears of the affectionate Ruth were as ineffectual as such tears usually are. Lady Lesley departed for her town residence, and the fair child departed also, after a thousand protestations to her sister that she would soon come back; a thousand kind kisses and April tears, quickly succeeded by the smiling hopes with which her young imagination invested every change of scene or circumstance.

The house of Michael Kennedy was now desolate, indeed. The lambs bleated on the green pastures — the birds sang sweetly on the waving trees — the river that made the boundary of his domain rolled silently on its way, and all nature was the same in harmony and joy: but where was the light step that was wont

to chase the lambs upon the lea? the song that rivalled that of the merry birds? and the fresh gladness of that young face, that was like a picture of repose to the weary, and of hope to the sad? Alas! it was in vain that Ruth and her father now endeavoured to raise a story or a smile: they missed the pliant form, the happy voice, the quick response. That which constituted the charm of their domestic enjoyment was gone;" and she, who had hitherto been free as the mountain wind, was now confined within the range of a few stately apartments; her prospect bounded by high walls, her feet trained to measured steps, her movements drilled, her voice modulated to scientific rules, her seasons of sleep and refreshment portioned out with scrupulous exactness, and all of nature's own, except the ever-bounding heart, extinguished. Even that appeared to suffer some diminution of its warmth; nor was it until after four years had expired, and Grace was once more standing upon the lawn at her father's door, that she felt her entire and unquestionable self again.

Wild and wonderful was the joy with which she now flew back to all her former haunts; and her spirit, as if it had been pent up in unnatural restraint, burst forth in a thousand strange vagaries, which startled the quiet inmates of her father's dwelling.

"Are these your town manners?" Ruth would often ask, with a smile that spoke less of reproach than love; and then Grace would relate, with something of burlesque exaggeration, how she and Lady Lesley spent their time, mimicking the stately manners of her aunt,

and describing in unscrupulous detail, all those absurdities which eyes so inexperienced are ever ready to detect in the customs of the fashionable world.

In the midst of these exposures, Ruth would sometimes gently remind her sister how much she owed to Lady Lesley; and Grace would colour deeply at the thought of being convicted of ingratitude; then tears would rush into her eyes, and, with an affectionate embrace, she would whisper in her sister's ear, "I cannot love my aunt!"

"But have you nothing," asked Ruth, "to comfort your poor heart? Have you nothing to love?"

Grace looked very thoughtful, and then answered, "I have my bird." And true it was, that, in saying this, she actually summed up the whole of the materials out of which she had been able to extract that kind of enjoyment which had constituted the happiness of her childhood.

A few days of innocent and home enjoyment passed away, and Grace was again obliged to return. The same routine of occupations went on again, through days, months, and years; and the simple child of Nature was in imminent danger of losing her simplicity of heart. But the first impressions made upon the mind have a powerful effect in the formation of the character, and often give to the feelings a peculiar tone or bias, which remains long after the impressions are totally forgotten. Thus the happy life she had once led in the country became a sort of romance in the imagination of Grace Kennedy — more fascinating and

poetical, in proportion as its distinctness faded from her recollection.

Before the last touches were given to the education of the young dreamer — before she had yet made her appearance in the public world, the monotony of her life was relieved by a change of residence. The coast of Devonshire had been recommended as a restorative to the failing health of Lady Lesley; and Grace was delighted beyond measure with escaping from the metropolis. "I can breathe again! I shall be happy now!" were her exclamations, as the travelling equipage of her aunt descended a steep hill into one of those sheltered valleys open only to the sea, whose restless waters are bounded by a magnificent range of high and varied cliffs; and whatever were the effects of this change of scene upon the health and spirits of the invalid, it was soon perceptible that her young companion was reaping the full benefit of liberty to breathe and move in a more genial atmosphere.

Riding had ever been a favourite exercise with Grace, since the days when she had first mounted a shaggy Scotch pony, and trotted by the side of her father up and down the wild hills of Cumberland. From such early habits she had acquired a more than common share of freedom and dexterity in the management of her horse. Social and affectionate as her disposition was by nature, and isolated as her existence had lately been, she fancied she found a sort of companionship in the faithful creature that bore her light figure so cheerfully along; and thus her residence in Devonshire

afforded her every day a few hours of positive enjoyment.

It was on a sunny morning in September, while the same light wind that sported with the crested breakers gave freshness to her cheek, and lifted the bright ringlets from her forehead, that she was met, in turning round the brow of a hill, by two equestrians, whose movements, gentle as her own, gave to both parties an opportunity of making observations upon each other.

"There!" said Lord William ——— to his sister, Mrs. Talbot, turning round his horse's head as soon as they had passed—"that is the style in which you ought to ride. Who can that beautiful young creature be?—I will find out by the livery of her servant; for it were a thousand pities that she should ride alone." Nor was it difficult, in so small a circle of interest as that secluded valley afforded, to discover that Grace Kennedy was, indeed, alone, and that her own beauty and the fortune of her aunt might render her society well worth the pains of cultivating.

Before the expiration of another day, Mrs. Talbot and Lord William had made their call upon Lady Lesley; the most flattering advances towards a better acquaintance had taken place on both sides; arrangements had been made for the fair young stranger to see the beauties of the surrounding country in the society of her new friends; and the deepest regrets expressed that the invalid aunt was not able to make one of the party—regrets that were all forgotten in their next morning's ride.

Grace Kennedy was, at first, a little embarrassed in the presence of the strangers; but the fresh air, the exercise, and the playful prancing of her steed, gave her confidence and animation; and, for the first time, she felt that it was possible to be happy in high life.

Had Grace been more learned in the wisdom of the world, she would have perceived that her companion was heartless, superficial, and common-place: but he exhibited the most gratifying signs of admiration, and Grace had never felt the pleasure of being admired before: he had travelled, and seen the world, and Grace was too young to detect his deficiencies: he was eloquent in that language which passes current in society, and Grace was too inexperienced to discover how often his words were unaccompanied with ideas. Need it be wondered at that she returned from her ride almost as well pleased as if she had enjoyed an excursion in Cumberland.

The next and many succeeding mornings were spent in the same manner; time flew on more rapidly; Grace acquired fresh beauty and fresh spirits; even Lady Lesley was fast recovering her wonted health; and preparations were going on for their return to town, as the coming winter must witness the event of Grace being launched forth from that obscurity which she had hitherto been unable either to value or enjoy.

Lord William was too prudent to allow her departure to take place without adopting some decided measures for ensuring to himself the possession of the treasure he had so unexpectedly found. A gentle hint was

sufficient to keep Mrs. Talbot at home during their last morning's ride; and the gathering of a thunder-storm reducing them to the necessity of seeking shelter in a fisherman's hut, afforded advantages which might have satisfied a more romantic lover than Lord William.

Grace was still so completely the child of Nature, that she made herself as much at home in the cottage of the fisherman, as in the drawing-room of her aunt—perhaps more so. An ardent desire, perpetually present to her mind, that Lord William should become acquainted with her father and her sister, now burst forth in words, and she ran on with such volubility about her home and all its simple enjoyments, that she had not time to observe the impatience with which her lover listened, or, rather, tried to listen. The very name so often upon her lips, the dear name of Brackendell Hall, sounded barbarous in his ears; and he could only endure the penance of her prolonged descriptions, by gazing upon a face whose beauty and sweet simplicity were untainted by one touch of guile.

"She will be cured of all this," said the man of the world to himself, "when she has seen more of life: and yet it would be a pity; for this animation sets off her figure, her eyes, and her complexion, to the best possible advantage."

The thunder-storm lasted for a longer time than Grace desired to occupy in expatiating upon any thing connected with herself; and, before they left the hut, Lord William had declared himself her devoted admirer, and Grace, with blushing and confusion of face,

had frankly promised that she would try to love him. In a letter to her sister, written on the evening of the same day, she concluded three pages of unusually dull and laboured composition, with the following words. "I have, for once, something to tell you, dear Ruth; but I seem to have lost the use of language. I have shed more tears to-day than for the last year—and yet they are not tears of sorrow. Is there no way of conveying our thoughts without words? Must I really tell you, that I have received the highest mark of respect from one who is so much my superior, that I still suspect it to be all a dream. But my aunt is writing by the same post, and she will tell you every thing."

Ruth folded up the letter when she had read this passage, and sighed deeply. Not so her father. He returned to the perusal of his, again and again; and, after assuring himself beyond a doubt of the pleasing fact, handed the unfolded paper to Ruth, and settled himself with more than wonted complacency in his well-stuffed elbow-chair.

"Poor child!" said Ruth, as she returned the letter to her father, who was already too much occupied with his own reflections and calculations to observe the mournful tone of his daughter's voice.

In the mean time, all went smoothly on with Lady Lesley and her party. The travellers arrived in town; the season was fast approaching when Grace would appear in public as the betrothed bride of Lord William, and happy was her young heart in its trusting simplicity. The phraseology of love was so new to

her ear, and to her understanding so fraught with deep and unalterable meaning, that she was more than satisfied with the common attentions of her lover, and often asked herself, with heartfelt humility, what she could have done to merit such unbounded affection. She had now a stimulus sufficiently strong to support her through the difficulty of a first introduction. For Lord William's sake, she endeavoured to appear to advantage; for his eye, she adorned herself; for his ear, she tuned the harp and sung her sweetest melodies. Having no anxiety to please beyond that of making the world approve of his choice, she acquired a gentle dignity of manner that suited well with the calm expression of her guileless countenance.

Every letter to her sister Ruth now bore tidings of her happiness. The publicity of her engagement with Lord William precluded the possibility of all competition, and consequently applause was lavishly bestowed upon the young beauty, praises were whispered on every hand, and her vista of future existence seemed to open into the region of paradise.

"No one can be more happy than I am," said she, in writing to her sister; "I have nothing to wish, except that my father and you should become acquainted with Lord William; and so earnest am I to bring about this completion of my felicity, that I have displeased my aunt more than once, by declaring that I will never marry until Lord William has been down to Brackendell Hall. Notwithstanding all that Lady Lesley has done for me, my father is my father still;

and, as such, ought first to be consulted. Besides I could never ask you, dear Ruth, to visit me in town, until assured that you felt a sisterly regard for my husband." The earnest desire which Grace expressed in this letter still weighed upon her mind; and, in spite of all her aunt's dissuasive eloquence, she insisted that her father was entitled to such a mark of respect.

Months passed away, and this was the only point of difference existing between Lady Lesley and her niece; for the prospect of making a good match has a wonderful effect in conciliating those who favour us with their patronage and protection. At length, the season arrived for leaving town, and Lady Lesley consented to accompany her niece and Lord William on a tour into the north of England, from whence they should return by the lakes, and pay a flying visit to Brackendell Hall. It was, however, a reluctant consent; for her ladyship knew the risk of such an exposure of her brother's domestic arrangements, which were carried on in open defiance of all new-fangled innovations. But Grace, in the simplicity of her heart, thought only of the enjoyment she was about to share with one for whose happiness she was more solicitous than for her own. In spite of Lady Lesley's clouded brow, the young enthusiast grew more delighted as the travellers approached her native woods, and wild and vehement were her exclamations of joy, when she caught the first view of that magnificent chain of mountains which forms the northern boundary of a picture so perfect in its harmony and loveliness, that

those who have dwelt from infancy beneath the walls of the venerable and time-worn castle of Lancaster, may well boast that the world displays little to surpass their native scenery.

A deep and heavenly blue was upon the distant mountains, tempered with an aërial and mysterious indistinctness which, to those who feel the poetry of nature, affords more sublimity and beauty than when every unevenness of outline, sharp ridge, or abrupt declivity, is made visible in the clear atmosphere. So true it is that imagination dwells not upon the plain surface of things in the broad light of day, but, choosing rather the undulating wave, the passing cloud, the deep forest, or the shades of night, there revels in her own region of mystery and change.

"These are the mountains of Cumberland," said Grace, her face glowing with animation: "to the extreme left is Black Combe, stretching its frowning height into the sea: that sheet of shining water is Mercome Bay, into which the river Lune pours its silvery stream, after meandering through a picturesque and fertile valley: and the ancient castle —" but she was checked in her volubility by Lord William taking out his watch, and asking which was the best inn in Lancaster. Still, in her opinion, he had the royal privilege to think, and act, and do no wrong; and she was only sorry that she had talked too much.

Notwithstanding this rebuff, however, Grace was no wiser when the party reached the banks of Windermere; for her warm feelings, fresh from the fountain of

Nature, burst forth again, her two companions wondering all the while that any one should fatigue themselves so much about wood and water.

The dinner at the inn being altogether well conducted, Lord William was quite in spirits for the evening, and really enjoyed an excursion on the lake: but, alas for Grace! instead of expatiating upon the scenery around them, some magical influence struck that chord of memory which brought back Italy to his recollection, and he spent the whole time in telling of a tour he had once undertaken, in company with the young Duke of R——, Lord M——, and the Marquis of B——; and while recalling his continental associations, a character of monotony was thrown over every immediate object.

The next day, Grace and her lover ascended Helvellyn, leaving Lady Lesley to bemoan her solitude in the little inn at the foot of the mountain.

"Are you quite certain," asked Lord William, before half the fatigue had been gone through, "that we shall be repaid for our trouble?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed his young companion: "you will see the world below you like a panorama!" And she ran on in breathless expectation, telling the wonders of that world, and winding up, as her feelings reached the important climax, with an assurance that, if the day were clear, they should be able to distinguish Brackendell. How little her noble auditor cared for that peculiar spot of earth, she neither knew, nor asked; for she had never studied human nature, but

was still walking in the light of her own eyes, and dancing in the sunshine of her own bright spirit. Besides, she was herself so lovely, so young, so full of hope, and joy, and unsuspecting confidence, that her unsophisticated character seemed to supply to her lover all that we feel to have lost, when the chill of time or selfishness steals over us, and the voice of consciousness tells us, too truly, that we are not what we were.

Cold as Lord William might be, and hackneyed as he unquestionably was in the ways of the world, he could not gaze upon the clear eyes of Grace, or feel the influence of her sweet character upon his heart, or acknowledge to himself that his kindness or unkindness might cherish that young spirit into new life, or blight its energies for ever, without being inspired, for the time, with a love as fervent as he was capable of feeling: but there was no possibility of his entering into the mine from whence she drew forth all the enjoyment of her life; and they stood together on the top of Helvellyn, with minds as differently tempered as if they had been wanderers from two distant worlds.

Grace had long been shading her eyes, and gazing towards one particular point, when, suddenly, she clapped her hands, and, seizing her lover's arm, directed him to look beyond a certain eminence, in a line with a little tuft of trees. "There!" said she, in an ecstasy of joy, "is dear, happy Brackendell! where the woods are so beautiful, and the waters so clear — where my father lives, and my sister Ruth, and where we shall all soon be together!"

Lord William did his best to discover the precise object, but failed to exhibit any extraordinary pleasure at the discovery; and Grace, a little disappointed by his manner, said she could only pardon him, because he never had been there. There was, however, something to pardon besides this fault — his lordship was extremely fatigued with ascending the mountain, and not in the best possible humour, because, as he said, there was nothing to repay him for the trouble.

"Do you call this nothing?" said Grace, in a subdued tone, as she looked round for the last time before they began to descend; and then they pursued their course in almost unbroken silence; for she was unable to answer to herself the mournful question, too frequently recurring — "If this be nothing, how is it possible that we can ever think and feel together?"

Oh! what a cold, cold chill comes along with the first conviction that we are unable to participate with those who are the destined companions of our future lives in the fondly-cherished feelings which are nearest and dearest to the heart!

The day appointed for the travellers to reach the place of their temporary rest was smiling and sunny, just such as Grace would have chosen had she made interest with the elements; and she looked up to the clear sky, and around upon the verdant woods, with hope in her bright eyes, and the glow of gratitude upon her cheeks. Her aunt and Lord William were both silent — silent for reasons of their own — and she had all her warm feelings to herself. For a long time

she was silent too; but in passing through a beautiful valley by the side of the very stream which swelled into a river before it reached her father's domains, her heart was too full of unparticipated enjoyment; and, laying her hand upon Lord William's, she exclaimed,—"Is not this happiness? Oh! I never, never can deserve to be half so happy as I am now!" It was an easy and natural thing for her lover to raise that gentle hand to his lips; and she, poor child of simplicity! accepted such meagre sign of sympathy as a token of deep and unutterable tenderness.

At that sweet hour of day, when the sun appears to be just touching the western horizon, and his last golden tints are upon the trees, whose lengthened shadows extend over the quiet earth, the travellers, passing through an avenue of elms, entered the green lawn which stretched from the walls of the mansion down to the little river, now gliding over a wider bed, and pursuing its serpentine course through rich meadows and pastures, sprinkled over with flocks and lowing herds. The old hall, covered almost to the roof with festoons of bright foliage, stood embowered in the midst of woods more ancient than its own massive walls. A heavy and sombre aspect might have prevailed over the whole, had it not been for the vivid hues of the new-mown grass, and innumerable roses clustering together in blushing beauty, and scenting the evening with their ever-welcome perfume. It was altogether exactly such a scene as Grace would have desired to point out to her lover as her own dear

Brackendell; and her cheek glowed with exultation, as the carriage wound in amongst the shrubs, and round the smooth lawn, where her father was already standing, in anxious expectation of their arrival.

Lady Lesley blushed also as she alighted at the door, but the colour that suffused her countenance was as different from that of her niece as were the emotions which gave them birth. Her ladyship blushed for the uncouth aspect which she knew that everything would present within; but, most of all, she blushed for a homely damsel, whom Grace presented to Lord William as her sister Ruth, and whom his lordship, in spite of all his self-possession, could not help regarding for one moment with unfeigned astonishment.

Ruth Kennedy, unlike her father, was, in reality, what she professed to be — a lover of simplicity; and it had not occurred to her to adorn herself, on this occasion, with anything different from her usual costume, which happened to be exactly of the kind her aunt had condemned as intolerable for her waiting-woman two years ago. She had quickness enough, however, to perceive, and was sensitive enough to feel, the effect of her homely appearance on the fashionable visitors — and even on her sister herself.

When the little company assembled down stairs to the rural and substantial repast, of which Ruth and her father pressed them to partake with the somewhat over-anxious hospitality which prevails in country life, poor Grace, from a succession of mal-occurrences, was unable to eat; Lady Lesley found nothing

to gratify her sickly appetite; and Lord William showed but too plainly that he felt himself decidedly out of his element.

Michael Kennedy had donned his best attire that day with more than his wonted precision; and, a little undecided whether he should over-awe his visitor by the imposing dignity of his own person, or conciliate his favour by more courteous manners than he was accustomed to assume, acted a sort of middle part, as unsatisfactory to himself as to every one besides.

Though, of all the party, Ruth was the most composed, she was, in reality, also unhappy. It may seem a small and insufficient cause of suffering to say that we are *conscious of not being well dressed;* but let those who speak with stoical indifference of the customs of society look around — nay, let them look within, and ask if they are not toiling, and struggling, inventing, straining, and agonizing, to keep pace with the society which forms their world in the two grand articles of food and clothing; not, indeed, for the gratification of the palate by this or that refection, nor for the comfort of the person in this or that indulgence, but solely to avoid the sneers or the comments of that society, above which we can all hold our heads so nobly while untouched by its envy or sarcasm. Ruth Kennedy, for a woman of fine feelings, was, perhaps, the least likely of any to quail before the spirit of the world; but when the spirit of the world is possessed by those we love, we may shrink before its rebuke at the same time that we despise the weapon which wounds us.

The party at Brackendell Hall retired early to their respective apartments that night, some complaining of fatigue, and others really feeling it. The two sisters went together to the quiet chamber which Grace had always called her own; but, from some inexplicable cause, neither of them knew exactly what to say; and after performing a variety of kind offices, Ruth took up her candle to depart. The kiss which she pressed upon her sister's cheek was as affectionate as in the days of her infancy, and yet no sooner had she closed the door, than Grace, covering her face with both her hands, burst into tears.

"A few hours ago," said she to herself, "I was the happiest creature upon earth; and now I cannot tell what ails me, but every thing looks changed — I fear (and she spoke aloud in the anguish of her feeling) "I fear I have lost my simplicity of heart!"

It was long that night before Grace had sighed herself to sleep; and when she arose in the morning her beauty had lost something of its brightness, and her voice was less joyous in its tone. "What was to be done with the day?" was a question which no one dared to ask, because each was unprepared with a reply. Michael Kennedy had fishing-rods, and lines, nets, and tackle in abundance — but Lord William was not fond of the sport: he had horses — but Lord William was fatigued with his journey: he had an observatory on the top of a neighbouring hill — but Lord William had seen enough of Cumberland: he had a green-house, full of geraniums — but Lord William

heeded them not. In short, he had all the world for himself, but nothing for his guest; and, mortified by the failure of every attempt to please, he led him to a summer-house, where Grace was sitting, and left her to the performance of that unceasing female duty, the amusement of those who are too indolent to amuse themselves.

Grace, who had been yielding to a slight feeling of melancholy, immediately roused herself, and spoke with animation of the prospect, the garden, the woods, and everything she could think of as likely to produce even the smallest degree of interest; but this cheerful part is difficult to maintain in the presence of a single dull auditor, and Grace, recollecting the power of music, ran into the house for her guitar. She was quickly seated by the side of Lord William again, and without thought or prelude began to sing his favourite song. It was impossible not to be gratified by her solicitude to please; and, as she went on with a succession of simple melodies, without having to be teased into them, her lover was half inclined to think it would take off much of the weariness of life to have such a companion always near him. Charmed, like the monarch of Israel, he reclined in listless inactivity, while the balmy state of the atmosphere, the singing of the birds, the constant rustling of the leaves in a gentle summer wind, and the monotonous hum of innumerable insects, at last soothed the lordly listener into something very much like slumber; and when Grace looked up for his approving smile, she saw that his

eyelids were closed, and that he had fallen into forgetfulness of her and her music. There are some, even amongst women, who would have ceased to play; but Grace went on with untiring patience, lest the change from sound to silence should disturb his repose: and if any one should stay to ask why she sometimes dashed away a tear, they can know little of the inner workings of the female heart.

When Lord William awoke — to wonder what he should do next — the spirits of his companion were sinking fast under the responsibility of maintaining the credit of rural life. Each hour grew more tedious than the last; and the lovers were both convinced that to be happy in the country required either more love, or more sympathy, than was necessary in town.

"Let us return, dear aunt," said Grace to Lady Lesley, whose looks grew more animated at the first sound of such a proposition — "let us return to town, where Lord William will be more at home." Lady Lesley pressed upon the forehead of her niece a gracious kiss, and both descended to the dining-room quite satisfied that, under present circumstances, they had seen enough of country life.

It was easy to perceive, from the countenance of Michael Kennedy, that the high tone of courtesy which he had at first assumed was nearly exhausted. His hospitality was less pressing, his words less fluent; and but for the choice wines, which it was at all times a pleasure to display, there would have been nothing left behind, on the disappearance of the ladies,

to break the monotony of silence and gloom. For some time, all went on well in the dining-room, and the ladies had time to think of themselves and each other. Grace had weighty affairs to lay before her aunt and sister, and the consultation was kept up with spirit and earnestness, until certain sounds issuing from the dining-room, threw a panic over the little group. Lady Lesley started up, and rang the bell. "Tell the gentlemen that coffee waits!" was her often-repeated command — but still no gentlemen appeared. At length, she ventured to the door, and heard her brother, in a voice pitched to the loudest key, raving about the aristocracy, parliamentary reform, the people, and the people's rights; while a sullen murmur responded from the opposite side of the room, in which she could just distinguish the words, "ignorance," and "plebeian presumption." What was to be done? Fertile in expedients, her ladyship returned to the sisters, and, by a slightly exaggerated account, soon terrified Ruth into silence, and Grace into hysterics. A *scene* was the precise thing wanted; and Lady Lesley hurried again to the dining-room, and, throwing open the door, called out, in an agitated voice, that poor Grace was taken frightfully ill. Lord William, whose impulses, when he had any, were not naturally unkind, rushed to her assistance, and, in another moment, her father also was supporting her. The aristocracy and the people were alike forgotten, and Lady Lesley congratulated herself once again upon her readiness of invention.

Aware, however, that if the maintenance of the peace depended upon a scene being got up every day, it would require a greater stock of talent than she had on hand, she became the more decided in her plan of setting off on the following morning; nor was one sign of regret exhibited by any of the party. Even Ruth could watch the departure of the carriage, which bore away her sister, without reluctance, though with many a tear, so well satisfied were all that a longer stay would not be attended with an increase of pleasure to one single individual.

"These are the consequences of your childish fancies!" whispered Lady Lesley, with an angry look to her niece, after they had travelled an hour without speaking, and Grace lifted up her blue eyes with a gentle smile, and answered — "You know I am but a child, dear aunt." The expression of her face, and her innocent reply, were well calculated to turn away wrath; and the travellers sunk again into silence, from which nothing more aroused them during the first stage of their journey.

Had Grace Kennedy possessed a magical key, by which to open the hearts of men, she would have seen in that of her lover a confused mass of images, boding ill to her future happiness. A few words, such as "rude manners," "country cousins," "low connections," and "how to break it off," would have assisted her understanding; but the countenance of a man of the world tells nothing, and Lord William's lips were mute. Vain were all her endeavours to be

cheerful: she had two leaden weights to animate, and her own buoyancy at last gave way; nor would it have been easy to find more weary travellers, than this uncommunicable trio when they at last reached town.

The first welcome which thrilled upon the ear of Grace, when she retired to her own chamber, was the voice of her happy little bird. "Alas!" said she, "this poor prisoner is still singing the same song — but I am changed; I have been miserable in my father's house. I am no longer the child of simplicity!"

Through the whole of that dull evening, Lord William came not to inquire whether Grace had suffered from her journey; and, on the following morning, his manner was less affectionate and more constrained than usual. Day after day passed on without any alteration, and he had not heart enough to perceive, that whenever Grace rose up to bid him good-bye, she was unable to look him in the face for the tears which gathered in her eyes. Lady Lesley grew anxious and irritated. The promised connection, which had afforded her so much satisfaction, was losing its character of certainty; and she vented her feelings in reproaches against the innocent sufferer, who had, even without them, quite sufficient to endure.

What expedients will women, ever reckless of their future wretchedness, invent! Grace Kennedy possessed, in reality, more firmness of mind than those who saw only her delicate features, slight form, and gentle movements, would have given her credit for; and on the seventh day, or rather the seventh evening

after her return to town, she wa seated with one hand pressed closely upon her fair forehead, while with the other she traced these words with a trembling hand :—

"I allude to the state of your feelings without reproach. It may possibly be the natural consequence of what you have lately seen. Whatever may be the cause, I shall not make it my business now to inquire, since the simple fact that they are changed is enough for me to feel; and I now entreat you to listen to the proposition I am about to lay before you, as the last act of kindness from one who would have done you many. The connection between us, which has now existed for twelve months, is too well known to the world for you to recede with any degree of credit to yourself. I, therefore, propose, (entirely from regard to your feelings, and your honour,) that I should formally renounce you, and I do this with full purpose of heart, in order that you may be able to say it was of my own choosing. To all impertinent inquiries, you must answer that I have declined continuing the acquaintance. My aunt will be the most difficult to deceive: but you need not fear that I shall fail in the part I have to act. Only one thing more I beg of you; that since we must meet again, you will endeavour to spare me any unnecessary pain. I shall not often put your kindness to the test, for it is my determination to return again to my father's family."

Poor Grace! had she trusted herself with one word of affection from the deep fountain which she was about to close — one farewell wrung from the anguish

that was rending her heart, one blessing out of the secret prayers that supported her spirits, her resolution must inevitably have failed; but she hastily folded up and sealed the letter, and, consigning it to a faithful messenger, sat down to ponder upon what she had done, and await the dreaded result. Poor Grace! she was but young in that fearful strife between firmness and feeling; and love came back with rosy wings and fluttered round her heart, soothing her with the confidence that she would not be forsaken: and memory brought forth her store of treasured images, kind trivial acts, and gentle looks; and she too whispered, "Behold all these! he never will forsake thee."

Hour after hour passed away, while, lost in the tenderness of her own feelings, Grace had already persuaded herself that it was impossible for such links to be broken, when suddenly she was aroused by the expected summons at the door. She opened it, received a note, and then bolted it again, without any deviation from her usual manner; but, when quite certain that she was alone, a strange tremor seized her, and with difficulty she broke the seal, though all the while a cherub smile was playing on her lips; for "now," thought she, "I shall be re-assured that he loves me." The note from Lord William was delicately, nay kindly worded; so much so, that Grace was some time in unravelling its true meaning. In the end, however, it was plain enough. His lordship gratefully accepted her proposal, and the affair was all over!

Midnight came, and Grace was seated in what might

once have been called an easy chair, her head resting against the high back, the open letter still held in one hand, while the other was drooping at her side. The first dawn of morning appeared, and she was still in the same situation — still in the same attitude. The twilight dawn of morning passed away, and the full light of a summer's day shone forth. The well-known voice of an old friend at last awoke the dreamer from her long, deep reverie. It was the merry warble of her bird ; and Grace arose to prepare for the customary avocations of the day. One tremendous effort was still to be made, and "then," said she, "I shall be at peace." She did not know that it was the anticipation of this effort which still kept her mind in action ; and that when all was done which depended upon herself, there would come a season of despair, to which it would be mockery to give the name of peace.

When the important information was communicated to Lady Lesley, her wrath was beyond all bounds. In vain Grace entreated that she might not be questioned too closely. Her ladyship would ask questions. She insisted upon an explanation, she had a right to know every thing.

"I will just tell you thus far," said Grace, as she pressed the arm of her aunt, and looked imploringly in her face — "it is I alone who am to blame. I alone deserve to bear the weight of your reproof."

"I thought as much !" exclaimed Lady Lesley, enraged beyond the power of forbearance ; and she went on with a storm of bitter reproaches, which might not

soon have ceased, but that on turning sharply upon her niece, she saw that she had fainted.

Lady Lesley was considerably alarmed, and sorry that she had gone so far; for she was affectionately, if not tenderly attached to her young charge; who, when her short respite from suffering was over, arose for the first time in her life to assume a false character. How much it cost her might be seen by her burning cheeks, the unnatural brightness of her eyes, her sudden movements, and all other outward indications of a secret struggle with some overwhelming emotion.

In this manner some days passed on with Grace. At last her strength began to fail, and she told her aunt how much she wanted country air, and begged to be permitted to return to Brackendell.

"Perhaps, upon the whole," replied Lady Lesley, "it would be better that you should. It is now of little consequence where you go. Your character is stamped with caprice, and no one will depend upon your affections."

Grace said nothing in reply. Tear after tear was streaming from her eyes, but she spoke not a word in her own vindication.

"One thing I must request," continued Lady Lesley; "I have engaged a party for Thursday evening, and it is necessary for the support of your own dignity, that you should appear, and appear cheerful in the presence of Lord William."

"It matters little," said Grace, when left alone, after pondering upon what her aunt had said: "I can-

not be more wretched than I am now, and the evening will soon be over."

Among the guests who arrived at Lady Lesley's door on the following Thursday, no one appeared more collected, more self-possessed, than Lord William. If his gravity was more marked than usual, it still wore nothing of the character of sadness, and Grace received him only with the same hurried manner and fluttering breath, with which she addressed herself to others on the common topics of the day.

All seemed to be passing off well. Grace moved on from one to another, so busy, so talkative, that she scarcely allowed herself time to think, when, unfortunately, music was called for, and she sat down to play. No one could tell the reason why for that evening she selected the most difficult pieces to perform, nor why she turned a deaf ear to every request to favour the company with her voice. At last Lord William asked her to sing. As if by some natural impulse, she bowed her head in passive submission, while he, taking up her book of simple melodies, laid open by accident a page which she had folded down to mark one of his favourite airs. With the regular movements of an automaton, she began to sing —

The wild bird seeks the mountain rill
When summer leaves are gone;
Though ruder streams that course may fill,
The self-same voice is murmuring still;
But I am all alone,
Alone,
But I am all alone!

It was not thus—not thus with me,
Till summer friends were gone :
It was not thus,—it could not be ;
But winter comes, and misery —
And now I'm all alone,
Alone,
And now I'm all alone!

It was too much — the poor sufferer had tried her strength too far, and she was obliged to hasten out of the room to avoid the exposure of a violent fit of weeping. When Grace had closed the door of her own chamber, she gave full vent to her long imprisoned feelings, while at intervals she could hear the music from the drawing room, and distinguish the tunes she had been accustomed to play to willing and apparently delighted listeners. "And this is the world," exclaimed she, "for which I have sacrificed my peace of mind! No, no, I owe the world no grudge, I never loved it, nor sought its vanities ; but there was one"—— and she wept again with uncontrolled and unmitigated anguish.

On such an evening as that which had so lately welcomed the traveller to Brackendell Hall, the equipage of Lady Leslie was again seen winding in amongst the trees and shrubs, and round by the green lawn to the door of the venerable mansion, where a different reception awaited the lonely wanderer, who had come to dwell again amongst her own people.

Michael Kennedy had now no need to assume any other character than that which really belonged to him — a generous friend, and doating parent ; and Ruth embraced her sister with the warm and undisguised

affection of their former years. "You are ill, dear Grace," she exclaimed; and Michael Kennedy looked concerned, and said he knew she had remained too long in town; and talked about the bracing air of the mountains, and how soon it would restore her bloom. But Grace only shook her head, and answered—"It is better, much better that I should be here."

Before the sisters retired to rest that night, they had an entire explanation of what had passed, with many charges from Grace that her secret should be maintained inviolate. "For I determined," continued she, "that to you alone would I reveal it: and do not name it to me often, dear Ruth. I will not trouble you much with what I have suffered, or may suffer yet; but I entreat you, my best and dearest friend, to bear with me, if, when the sun is shining, and the woods are green, and the birds are singing, I cannot wander forth and listen to them as I have done, nor enter into full participation with your happiness."

Well was it for Grace that she had made the proviso; for, when her father called her into the garden, on the following morning, and showed her his flowers, and his new devices for the improvement of his grounds, Ruth stepped forward, and, by more than wonted vivacity, spared her sister the powerful exertion of appearing pleased. It became necessary, however, to explain to the old man the cause of her remaining with them; and when Ruth had told her father just so much as she could not well avoid, he exclaimed, with warmth, that he had never liked the match, and was

truly glad to find it broken off; nor did his dutiful daughter deem it prudent or desirable to remind him of the part he had himself taken in promoting it.

The summer days passed on at Brackendell in their unchangeable quiet and repose; but why was that step so languid now, that was wont to chace the butterfly, and brush away the dew-drops on the lawn? Cloudless were the skies that smiled upon that lovely scene, but she who had rejoiced in its loveliness was drooping in the shade. A thousand songsters carolled in the grove, but the sweetest voice was silent. Bright flowers were springing all around, but the fairest was blighted.

It was all in vain! Human skill and human consolation failed alike. The one was powerless to restore the body, the other unavailing to support the mind. "It is all in vain!" said the poor sufferer, as she looked up into her sister's face — "we are struggling with a broken heart. For your sake, dear Ruth, I have contended with my feelings, I have tried to live; but my strength is failing every day, and you must forgive me if I cease to strive."

"I can forgive you," answeredRuth; "and since I cannot save your precious life, I would almost rather lay your head in the grave, than see you suffer thus. I can forgive you—but will He forgive you who has appointed our duties, and amongst them that of self-preservation? I can have no wish to detain you longer, but for the selfish purpose of seeing and serving you; but, may there not still be some unfolding of His gracious will, some guerdon to receive at the eleventh

hour?" And from that day Grace expressed no further wish to depart before her appointed time, but drank her bitter draught, and bowed in patient resignation. Nor were the remaining hours of her life unblest to herself, or to those around her. Weaned from the world and its vanities, she offered up her last prayers in perfect simplicity of heart; and that peace of mind which had for a time deserted her, returned to cheer her dying pillow.

When Autumn came again, and yellow harvest spread her golden store, Ruth Kennedy was solitary in her father's home. Faithful in affection, faithful in duty, and faithful to the memory of the dead, she never found a second object to supply her sister's place. She had no romantic fervour to make her sigh over the wilderness of life; but if the fond cherishing of dear memorials through future years, the long remembrance of one image uneffaced by time — one image of what, to her, was the perfection of all loveliness; if the frequent sigh unheard, the tear unpitied, and the visiting of the lowly grave, forgotten by all beside — if these be tokens of affection, or signs of sorrow, Ruth Kennedy was a mourner indeed.

VENUS AND ÆNEAS ON THE SHORE OF CARTHAGE.

VENUS AND ÆNEAS ON THE SHORE OF CARTHAGE.

A SCENE FROM THE ÆNEID.

"There is, perhaps, no portion of the earth which has seen more various fates than the soil now called Tunis, but once surrounding the magnificent capital that gave birth to the Asdrubals and Hannibals. Every heave of the great European tide of conquest has been felt on its shores, from the Punic wars down to the chivalric expeditions of Charles V. and the later misfortunes of the Bourbons of Spain. Brilliant, bold, and ferocious, by nature, the Moor is made for conquest, but not for possession; and the ruins which he finds on the lonely and desolate shore of what was once the granary of the Roman empire, might give him a lesson of the causes of imperial decay, if he did not hourly make the lesson more striking by his own."—*Du Chatelot. Travels in Africa.*

WHAT will be, but what hath been?
With a thousand years between!
As I take my lonely stand,
Carthage, on thy burning sand,
Every pebble at my feet,
Every echo sad or sweet,
Every wandering surge that dashes
O'er the soil of tombs and ashes,
Every old half mouldered stone,
Over slave or chieftain thrown,
Sepulchre of serf or king,
Tells of Time's unsleeping wing.

Yet, when thrones and palaces
Are like clouds on evening seas,
When the banner and the bust
All are vanished, "dust to dust,"
All the epitaph of pride
But, "that it was born and died,"—
Nature is immortal still :
Waves the forest on the hill ;
From the mountain's coronet
Springs the stream as brightly yet
As if never man had bled,
Staining its pellucid bed,
As if but the wild gazelle
Couched beside its mossy cell.
All is changed — yet all the same ;
Scenes of glory, grandeur, shame,
Feud and festal, throne and bier —
All have in their hour been here.
Now the glowing drama's done —
Actors, gazers, all are gone !
Where ? Upon the spot I tread,
Every sand was once the dead :
Closed the mighty theatre —
All is of the things that were !

Here the Roman's iron rank,
From his galley's triple bank,
Shattered the Numidian's bow.
Then, like some primæval flow

Of the ocean from its bed,
Or the torrent fiery red
Rushing from old Ætna's van,
Swelled the surge of steel and man ;
Death and ruin in the rear.
Now are mouldered bow and spear :
Like thy mountain's sweeping blast,
Like thy lightnings fierce and fast,
Like the sinking thunder-stone,
Moor and Roman all are gone.

Many a thing of old renown,
Warrior's trophy, monarch's crown,
In the dew of ages steeped,
In the dust of ages heaped,
Like a broken memory,
On thy yellow sand-banks lie.
Grecian, Tartar, Scythian, Gaul,
All have stormed thy mountain-wall ;
Europe's bloodiest battle-field,
Cross and crescent o'er thee wheeled,
In alternate triumph borne :
Now their fiery beams are shorn,
Earth has o'er them spread her pall ;
All are clay — dew — silence — all !

Where are now the Spanish peers?
Where the clashings of the spears,
Tunis, tossing round thy throne ?
Gone, like midnight visions, gone !

Where the crowding of the prore,
Venice, from thy golden shore?
Where the Pisan — Genoese —
Flying dragons of the seas?
Where the Gallic chivalry?
Calm as slumbering babes they lie,
Cradled on this silent shore;
War shall never wake them more!
Where the fiery Saracen,
Like the tiger from his den,
Like the desert's whirling sand,
Rushing on the Croise's band?
Horse and horsemen, lance and targe,
Pouring the incessant charge;
Till beneath the arrowy hail,
Sank the worn crusader's mail,
Sank the shattered red-cross vane,
Till the desert-courser's mane
Bore, by bloody tresses tied,
Many a brow of power and pride.

Yet, where yon solitary bay,
Bright coverture of bright decay,
Spreads to the sun its tepid wave,
Above the sea-snake's coral cave,
'Mid palace-bower, and holy shrine,—
Still, fathoms deep beneath the brine,
Are seen the eagle's sculptured wings,
Shading the mouldering seat of kings;

Still, marble frieze and volute lie,
Rich relics to the down-fixed eye;
Voluptuous hall, proud theatre,
With sea-wreathes thick festooned, are there;
Still, far as floats my slight chaloupe,
Gleam marble floor, and Grecian group,
Buried, yet shrined beneath the tide;
And still, while o'er the depths I glide,
Buoyed, as in air, on oary wings,
Delicious spell-created things
Seem scattered in decay sublime,
Thy last, thy loveliest trophies, Time!

Yet o'er the mount, the wave, the plain,
Flings memory still one golden chain,
The work of Virgil's mighty hand;
One lovely vision haunts the strand,
A thing of high, heroic lore:
A ruined altar marks the shore,
Where Venus met her Warrior Son.
She came—no goddess from her throne,
No Paphian empress from her bower—
She came, in beauty's simple power,
A Tyrian huntress, with her bow,
Slight sandal, tresses' raven flow,
A daughter of the heath and hill.
The gray and shattered sculpture still,
Dim with the touch of time and tide,
Shows beauty in her summer pride.

Before the lovely huntress stands,
Last, noblest of Troy's exiled bands,
A wanderer on the fiery soil,
Pale, shipwreck-stained, and worn with toil ;
The broken wielder of the sword ;
Yet stamped by Nature — Empire's lord.
Still, Venus, there thy flashing eye,
Shoots splendour upon earth and sky ;
Still, seems to breathe the oracle
From thy rich lip's ambrosial cell ;
And trumpet-tongued through time and gloom,
Dart on his soul the thoughts of Rome.

Where is now Rome's bird of flame —
Earth's wild talisman and shame?
Wingless, aimless, sightless, dead!
Yet from yon old mountain head
Gushes one small silver rill :
Chief and emperor are chill,
On their last calm couch reclined,
Faster bound than chains can bind ;
Yet that small and nameless stream,
Like a sky-descended beam,
Bright in morn and evening's rose,
Down its sheeted marbled glows.
Beneath that cypress-tangled wood
The goddess and the warrior stood ;
And, by that lonely streamlet's well,
Was breathed the living oracle!

Now lightly o'er the Tyrian's bower
Sheds that small stream its crystal shower;
The soil is silence, ashes, gloom;
The tomb itself has found a tomb;
Dust, dust, and air, its great and grand —
Time has ensepulchred the land;
Yet brightly from its heathy hill
Glitters that little streamlet still:
Still Nature, sovereign and alone,
Survives king, warrior, shrine, and throne!

SONNET.

The sound of waters to the ear is sweet,
And grateful is the forest's purple shade,
Where boughs exuberantly bright have made
A screen of leaves, which interlacing meet.
But knowledge makes them sweeter, when the ties
Of life unravelling by degrees are known;
When changeful men have calm and patient grown,
And taught their souls above despair to rise.
There are sweet sounds within the poet's page,
And there is fragrance in the wisdom bought
With toil incessant for a future age.
Then hallowed be the mysteries of thought,
Which with the world must earnest warfare wage,
Would they of nature or of truth be taught.

D. H.

THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

A Country Tale.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Of all living objects, children, out of doors, seem to me the most interesting to a lover of nature. In a room, I may, perhaps, be allowed to exercise my privilege as an old maid, by confessing that they are in my eyes less engaging. If well-behaved, the poor little things seem constrained and *gênés* — if ill-conducted, the *gêne* is transferred to the unfortunate grown-up people, whom their noise distracts and their questions interrupt. Within doors, in short, I am one of the many persons who like children in their places, — that is to say, in any place where I am not. But out of doors there is no such limitation; from the gipsy urchins under a hedge, to the little lords and ladies in a ducal demesne, they are charming to look at, to watch and to listen to. Dogs are less amusing, flowers are less beautiful, trees themselves are less picturesque.

I cannot even mention them without recalling to my mind twenty groupes or single figures, of which Gainsborough would have made at once a picture and a

story. The little aristocratic-looking girl, for instance, of some five or six years old, whom I used to see two years ago, every morning at breakfast-time, tripping along the most romantic street in England, (the High-street in Oxford,) attended, or escorted, it is doubtful which, by a superb Newfoundland dog, curly and black, carrying in his huge mouth her tiny work-bag, or her fairy parasol, and guarding with so true a fidelity his pretty young lady, whilst she, on her part, queened it over her lordly subject with such diverting gravity, seeming to guide him whilst he guided her — led, whilst she thought herself leading, and finally deposited at her daily school, with as much regularity as the same sagacious quadruped would have displayed in carrying his master's glove, or fetching a stick out of the water. How I should like to see a portrait of that fair demure elegant child, with her full short frock, her frilled trowsers, and her blue kid shoes, threading her way by the aid of her sable attendant, through the many small impediments of the crowded streets of Oxford.

Or the pretty scene of childish distress which I saw last winter on my way to East Court, — a distress which told its own story as completely as the picture of the broken pitcher! Driving rapidly along the beautiful road from Eversley Bridge to Finchamstead, up hill and down; on the one side a wide shelving bank, dotted with fine old oaks and beeches, intermingled with thorn and birch, and magnificent holly, and edging into Mr. Palmer's forest-like woods; on the

other, an open hilly country, studded with large single trees. In the midst of this landscape, rich, and lovely, even in winter, in the very middle of the road, stood two poor cottage children, a year or two younger than the damsel of Oxford; a large basket dangling from the hand of one of them, and a heap of barley-meal — the barley-meal that should have been in the basket, — the week's dinner of the pig, scattered in the dirt at their feet. Poor little dears! how they cried. They could not have told their story, had not their story told itself; — they had been carrying the basket between them, and somehow it had slipped. A shilling remedied that disaster, and sent away all parties smiling and content.

Then again, this very afternoon, the squabbles of those ragged urchins at cricket on the common — a disputed point of *out* or *not out*? The eight-year-old boy who will not leave his wicket; the seven and nine year old imps who are trying to force him from his post; the wrangling partisans of all ages, from ten downwards, the two contending *sides*, who are bawling for victory; the grave ragged umpire, a lad of twelve, with a stick under his arm, who is solemnly listening to the cause; and the younger and less interested spectators, some just breeched, and others still condemned to the ignominious petticoat, who are sitting on the bank, and wondering which party will carry the day!

What can be prettier than this, unless it be the fellow-group of girls, sisters, I presume, to the boys

who are laughing and screaming round the great oak: then darting to and fro, in a game compounded of hide-and-seek and base-ball. Now tossing the ball high, high amidst the branches; now flinging it low along the common, bowling, as it were, almost within reach of the cricketers; now pursuing, now retreating, running, jumping, shouting, bawling — almost shrieking with ecstacy; whilst one sun-burnt black-eyed gipsy throws forth her laughing face from behind the trunk of the old oak, and then flings a newer and a gayer ball — fortunate purchase of some hoarded sixpence, amongst her admiring playmates. Happy, happy children! that one hour of innocent enjoyment is worth an age!

It was, perhaps, my love of picturesque children that first attracted my attention towards a little maiden of some six or seven years old, whom I used to meet, sometimes going to school, and sometimes returning from it, during a casual residence in the county town of B——. It was a very complete specimen of childish beauty; what would be called a picture of a child, — the very study for a painter; with the round, fair, rosy face, coloured like the apple-blossom; the large, bright, open blue eyes; the broad white forehead, shaded by brown clustering curls, and the lips scarlet as winter berries. But it was the expression of that blooming countenance which formed its principal charm; every look was a smile, and a smile which had in it as much of sweetness as of gaiety. She seemed, and she was, the happiest and the most affectionate of created beings. Her dress was singularly becoming. A little

straw bonnet, of a shape calculated not to conceal, but to display the young pretty face, and a full short frock of gentianella blue, which served, by its brilliant, yet contrasted colouring, to enhance the brightness of that brightest complexion. Tripping along to school with her neat covered basket in her chubby hand, the little lass was perfect.

I could not help looking and admiring, and stopping to look; and the pretty child stopped too, and dropped her little curtsy; and then I spoke, and then she spoke, — for she was too innocent, too unfearing, too modest to be shy; so that Susy and I soon became acquainted; and in a very few days the acquaintanceship was extended to a fine open-countenanced man, and a sweet-looking and intelligent young woman, Susan's father and mother, — one or other of whom used to come almost every evening, to meet their darling on her return from school; for she was an only one, — the sole offspring of a marriage of love, which was, I believe, reckoned unfortunate by everybody except the parties concerned; they felt and knew that they were happy.

I soon learnt their simple history. William Jervis, the only son of a rich carpenter, had been attached, almost from childhood, to his fair neighbour, Mary Price, the daughter of a haberdasher in a great way of business, who lived in the same street. The carpenter, a plodding, frugal artisan of the old school, who trusted to indefatigable industry and undeviating sobriety for getting on in life, had an instinctive mistrust of the more dashing and speculative tradesman, and even, in

the height of his prosperity, looked with cold and doubtful eyes on his son's engagement. Mr. Price's circumstances, however, seemed, and at the time were, so flourishing, his offers so liberal, and his daughter's character so excellent, that to refuse his consent would have been an unwarrantable stretch of authority. All that our prudent carpenter could do was, to delay the union, in hopes that something might still occur to break it off; and when, ten days before the time finally fixed for the marriage, the result of an unsuccessful speculation placed Mr. Price's name in the Gazette, most heartily did he congratulate himself on the foresight which, as he hoped, had saved him from the calamity of a portionless daughter-in-law. He had, however, miscalculated the strength of his son's affection for poor Mary, as well as the firm principle of honour which regarded their long and every-way-sanctioned engagement as a bond little less sacred than wedlock itself; and on Mr. Price's dying within a very few months, of that death which, although not included in the bills of mortality, is yet but too truly recognised by the popular phrase, a broken heart, William Jervis, after vainly trying every mode of appeal to his obdurate father, married the orphan girl — in the desperate hope, that the step being once taken, and past all remedy, an only child would find forgiveness for an offence attended by so many extenuating circumstances.

But here, too, William, in his turn, miscalculated the invincible obstinacy of his father's character. He

ordered his son from his house and his presence, dismissed him from his employment, forbade his very name to be mentioned in his hearing, and up to the time at which our story begins, comported himself exactly as if he never had had a child.

William, a dutiful, affectionate son, felt severely the deprivation of his father's affection, and Mary felt for her William; but so far as regarded their worldly concerns, I am almost afraid to say how little they regretted their change of prospects. Young, healthy, active, wrapt up in each other and in their lovely little girl, they found small difficulty and no hardship in earning — he by his trade, at which he was so good a workman as always to command high wages, and she by needle-work — sufficient to supply their humble wants; and when the kindness of Walter Price, Mary's brother, who had again opened a shop in the town, enabled them to send their little Susy to a school of a better order than their own funds would have permitted, their utmost ambition seemed gratified.

So far was speedily made known to me. I discovered also that Mrs. Jervis possessed, in a remarkable degree, the rare quality called taste — a faculty which does really appear to be almost intuitive in some minds, let metaphysicians laugh as they may; and the ladies of B——, delighted to find an opportunity of at once exercising their benevolence, and procuring exquisitely-fancied caps and bonnets at half the cost which they had been accustomed to pay to the fine yet vulgar milliner who had hitherto ruled despotically

over the fashions of the place, did not fail to rescue their new and interesting protegée from the drudgery of sewing white seam, and of poring over stitching and button-holes.

For some years, all prospered in their little household. Susy grew in stature and in beauty, retaining the same look of intelligence and sweetness which had in her early childhood fascinated all beholders. She ran some risk of being spoilt, (only that, luckily, she was of the grateful, unselfish, affectionate nature which seems unspoilable,) by the admiration of Mrs. Jervis's customers, who, whenever she took home their work, would send for the pretty Susan into the parlour, and give her fruit and sweetmeats, or whatever cates might be likely to please a childish appetite, which, it was observed, she contrived, whenever she could do so without offence, to carry home to her mother, whose health, always delicate, had lately appeared more than usually precarious. Even her stern grandfather, now become a master builder, and one of the richest tradesmen in the town, had been remarked to look long and wistfully on the lovely little girl, as, holding by her father's hand, she tripped lightly to church, although, on that father himself, he never deigned to cast a glance; so that the more acute denizens of B—— used to prognosticate that, although William was disinherited, Mr. Jervis's property would not go out of the family.

So matters continued awhile. Susan was eleven years old, when a stunning and unexpected blow fell

upon them all. Walter Price, her kind uncle, who had hitherto seemed as prudent as he was prosperous, became involved in the stoppage of a great Glasgow house, and was obliged to leave the town; whilst her father, having unfortunately accepted bills drawn by him, under an assurance that they should be provided for long before they became due, was thrown into prison for the amount. There was, indeed, a distant hope that the affairs of the Glasgow house might come round, or, at least, that Walter Price's concerns might be disentangled from theirs, and, for this purpose, his presence, as a man full of activity and intelligence, was absolutely necessary in Scotland: but this prospect was precarious and distant. In the meantime, William Jervis lay lingering in prison, his creditor relying avowedly on the chance that a rich father could not, for shame, allow his son to perish there; whilst Mary, sick, helpless, and desolate, was too broken-spirited to venture an application to a quarter, from whence any slight hope that she might otherwise have entertained, was entirely banished by the recollection that the penalty had been incurred through a relation of her own.

"Why should I go to him?" said poor Mary to herself, when referred by Mr. Barnard, her husband's creditor, to her wealthy father-in-law — "why trouble him? He will never pay my brother's debt: he would only turn me from his door, and, perhaps, speak of Walter and William in a way that would break my heart." And with her little daughter in her hand, she walked slowly back to a small room that she had hired

near the gaol, and sate down sadly and heavily to the daily diminishing millinery work, which was now the only resource of the once happy family.

In the afternoon of the same day, as old Mr. Jervis was seated in a little summer-house at the end of his neat garden, gravely smoking his pipe over a tumbler of spirits and water, defiling the delicious odour of his honeysuckles and sweet-briars by the two most atrocious smells on this earth — the fumes of tobacco * and of gin — his meditations, probably none of the the most agreeable, were interrupted, first by a modest single knock at the front-door, which, the intermediate doors being open, he heard distinctly, then by a gentle parley, and, lastly, by his old housekeeper's advance up the gravel walk, followed by a very young girl, who approached him hastily yet tremblingly, caught his rough hand with her little one, lifted up a sweet face, where smiles seemed breaking through her tears, and, in an attitude between standing and kneeling — an attitude of deep reverence — faltered, in a low, broken voice, one low, broken word — "Grandfather!"

"How came this child here?" exclaimed Mr. Jervis, endeavouring to disengage the hand which Susan had now secured within both hers — "how dared you let her in, Norris, when you knew my orders respecting the whole family?"

"How dared I let her in?" returned the house-

* Whenever one thinks of Sir Walter Raleigh as the importer of this disgusting and noisome weed, it tends greatly to mitigate the horror which one feels for his unjust execution. Had he been only beheaded as the inventor of smoking, all would have been right.

keeper — "how could I help it? Don't we all know that there is not a single house in the town where little Susan (heaven bless her dear face!) is not welcome? Don't the very gaolers themselves let her into the prison before hours and after hours? And don't the sheriff himself, for as strict as he is said to be, sanction it? Speak to your grandfather, Susy love — don't be dashed:" * and, with this encouraging exhortation, the kind-hearted housekeeper retired.

Susan continued, clasping her grandfather's hand, and leaning her face over it as if to conceal the tears which poured down her cheeks like rain.

"What do you want with me, child?" at length interrupted Mr. Jervis in a stern voice. "What brought you here?"

"Oh, grandfather! Poor father's in prison!"

"I did not put him there," observed Mr. Jervis, coldly: "you must go to Mr. Barnard on that affair."

"Mother did go to him this morning," replied Susan, "and he told her that she must apply to you ——"

"Well!" exclaimed the grandfather, impatiently.

"But she said she dared not, angry as you were with her — more especially as it is through uncle Walter's misfortune that all this misery has happened. Mother dared not come to you."

* Dashed — frightened. I believe this expression, though frequently used there, is not confined to Berkshire. It is one of the pretty provincial phrases by which Richardson has contrived to give a charming rustic grace to the early letters of Pamela.

"She was right enough there," returned Mr. Jervis. "So she sent you?"

"No, indeed, she knows nothing of my coming. She sent me to carry home a cap to Mrs. Taylor, who lives in the next street, and as I was passing the door it came into my head to knock — and then Mrs. Norris brought me here — Oh, grandfather! I hope I have not done wrong! I hope you are not angry! — but if you were to see how sad and pale poor father looks in that dismal prison; and poor mother, how sick and ill she is, how her hand trembles when she tries to work. Oh, grandfather! if you could but see them you would not wonder at my boldness."

"All this comes of trusting to a speculating knave like Walter Price!" observed Mr. Jervis, rather as a soliloquy than to the child, who, however, heard and replied to the remark.

"He was very kind to me, was uncle Walter! He put me to school to learn reading and writing, and cyphering, and all sorts of needle-work; not a charity-school, because he wished me to be amongst decent children, and not to learn bad ways. And he has written to offer to come to prison himself, if father wishes it — only — I don't understand about business — but even Mr. Barnard says that the best chance of recovering the money is his remaining at liberty; and indeed, indeed, grandfather, my uncle Walter is not so wicked as you think for — indeed he is not."

"This child is grateful!" was the thought that

passed through her grandfather's mind, but he did not give it utterance. He, however, drew her closer to him, and seated her in the summer-house at his side. "So you can read and write, and keep accounts, and do all sorts of needle-work, can you, my little maid? And you can run of errands, doubtless, and are handy about a house. Should you like to live with me and Norris, and make my shirts, and read the newspaper to me of an evening, and learn to make puddings and pies, and be my own little Susan? Eh? — Should you like this?"

"Oh, grandfather!" exclaimed Susan, enchanted.

"And water the flowers," pursued Mr. Jervis, "and root out the weeds, and gather the beau-pots? Is not this a nice garden, Susy?"

"Oh, beautiful! dear grandfather, beautiful!"

"And you would like to live with me in this pretty house and this beautiful garden — should you, Susy?"

"Oh, yes, dear grandfather!"

"And never wish to leave me?"

"Oh, never! never!"

"Nor to see the dismal gaol again — the dismal, dreary gaol?"

"Never! — but father is to live here too?" enquired Susan, interrupting herself — "father and mother?"

"No!" replied her grandfather — "neither of them. It was you whom I asked to live here with me. I have nothing to do with them, and you must choose between us."

"They not live here! I to leave my father and my mother — my own dear mother, and she so sick! my own dear father, and he in a gaol! Oh, grandfather, you cannot mean it — you cannot be so cruel!"

"There is no cruelty in the matter, Susan. I give you the offer of leaving your parents, and living with me; but I do not compel you to accept it. You are an intelligent little girl, and perfectly capable of chusing for yourself. But I beg you to take notice that, by remaining with them, you will not only share, but increase their poverty; whereas, with me you will not only enjoy every comfort yourself, but relieve them from the burthen of your support."

"It is not a burthen," replied Susan, firmly — "I know that, young, and weak, and ignorant as I am now, I am yet of some use to my dear mother — and of some comfort to my dear father; and every day I shall grow older and stronger, and more able to be a help to them both. And to leave them! to live here in plenty, whilst they were starving! to be gathering posies, whilst they were in prison! Oh, grandfather! I should die of the very thought. I thank you for your offer," continued she, rising, and dropping her little curtsy — "but my choice is made. Good evening, grandfather!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, Susy," rejoined her grandfather, shaking the ashes from his pipe, taking the last sip of his gin and water, and then proceeding to adjust his hat and wig — "Don't be in such a hurry: you and I shan't part so easily. You're a dear little

girl, and since you won't stay with me, I must e'en go with you. The father and mother who brought up such a child, must be worth bringing home. So, with your good leave, Miss Susan, we'll go and fetch them."

And, in the midst of Susy's rapturous thanks, her kisses, and her tears, out they sallied; and the money was paid, and the debtor released, and established with his overjoyed wife, in the best room of Mr. Jervis's pretty habitation, to the unspeakable gratitude of the whole party, and the extatic delight of the CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

OH, MAID OF THE TWEED.

An Emigrant's Song.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

I.

Oh, Maid of the Tweed, wilt thou travel with me,
To the wilds of South-Africa, far o'er the sea,
Where the blue mountains tow'r in the beautiful clime,
Hung round with huge forests, all hoary with time?

I'll build thee a cabin beside the clear fount,
Where it leaps into light from the heart of the mount,
Ere yet its young footsteps have found the fair meads
Where 'mid the tall lilies the antelope feeds.

II.

Our home, like a bee-hive, shall stand by the wood
Where the lory and turtle-dove nurse their young brood,
And the golden-plumed paroquet waves his bright wings
From the bough where the green-monkey gambols and swings;
With the high rocks behind us, the valley before,
The hills on each side with our flocks speckled o'er,
And the far-sweeping river oft glancing between,
With the heifers reclined on its margins of green.

III.

There, rich in the wealth which a bountiful soil
Pours forth to repay the glad husbandman's toil;
Content with the present, at peace with the past,
No cloud on the future our joys to o'ercast;
Like our brave Scottish sires in the blithe olden day,
The heart we'll keep young though the temples wax gray;
While love's olive plants round our table shall rise —
Engrafted with hopes that bear fruit in the skies.

A CANADIAN SONG.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

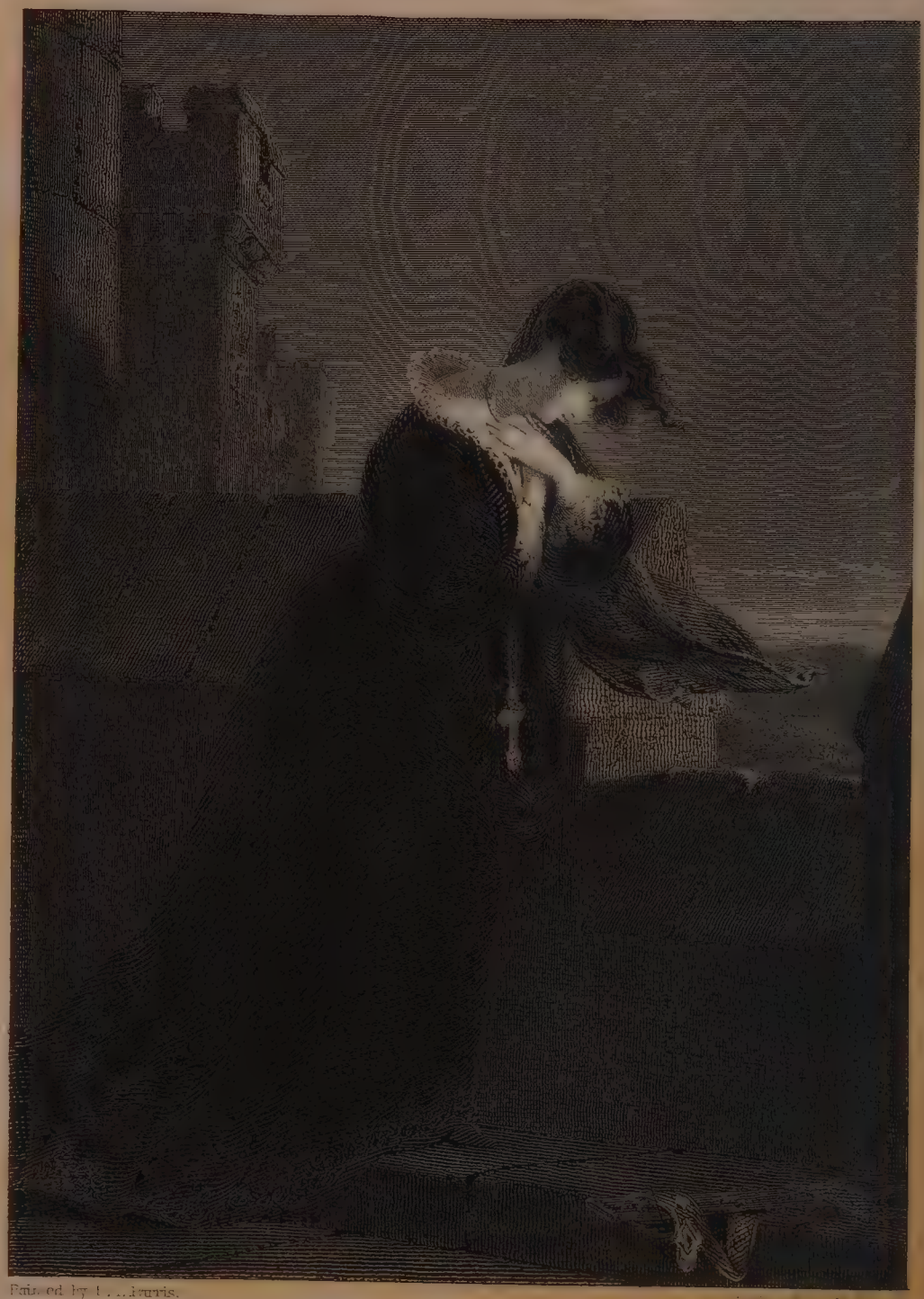
'Tis merry to hear at evening time,
By the blazing hearth, the sleigh-bell's chime;
And to know each bound of the steed brings nigher
The friend for whom we have heaped the fire:
Light leap our hearts, while the listening hound
Springs forth to hail him with bark and bound.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound,
As his sleigh glides over the frozen ground; —
Hark! he has passed the dark pine-wood —
And skims like a bird o'er the ice-bound flood:
Now he catches the gleam from the cabin-door,
Which tells that his toilsome journey 's o'er.

Our cabin is small, and coarse our cheer,
But Love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caressed
By our well-beloved and welcome guest:
With a smiling brow his tale he tells,
While th' urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells.

From the cedar-swamp the gaunt wolves howl,
From the hollow oak loud whoops the owl,
Scared by the crash of the falling tree;
But these sounds bring terror no more to me;
Nor longer I listen with boding fear,
The sleigh-bell's distant chime to hear.

Hamilton, Upper Canada.



Painted by [illegible] Harris.

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THE LADY AND THE MOOR.

An Andalusian Legend.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEW GIL BLAS," &c.

I HAD been travelling all day, along that part of the coast of Andalusia which stretches between Chiclana and Tariffa; and towards evening I had passed Point Paloma, and approached the little village of Belonia. This part of the Andalusian coast is of a wild and even savage character. The road runs within about half a mile of the sea. Towards land the eye ranges over a rugged mass of not very elevated mountains, sprinkled with cork-trees, and covered with aromatic plants: betwixt the road and the sea, is a succession of sand hillocks; while on the summits of isolated rocks, that here and there rise by the way-side, are seen, the ruins of Moorish watch-towers. The daylight was fast fading, but the moon had risen, and gradually, as it mounted, changed the gloomy character of the scene; throwing its tender light upon the barren and the desolate; touching the trembling sea with silver,—and just revealing the dark outline of the mountains of Barbary.

I had continued my journey about a half a league farther, and had begun to be desirous of finding quarters for the night; when, having turned a projecting point of the coast, I descried at no great distance, the outline of three buildings, — two of them evidently of considerable magnitude; and I had soon approached sufficiently near to form some idea of their condition and uses. That which stood nearest to the sea, appeared to be Moorish in its character, but of greater extent than warranted me in concluding it to be merely a watch-tower: betwixt this building and the range of hills, stood, close to the road, a building, which I had no difficulty in perceiving to be a convent; while at a little distance to the left, the outline of a vast edifice, with huge towers, was seen covering a large extent of elevated ground. The outline, standing in the bright moonshine in fine relief, was most picturesque; and, before applying at the convent gate for a night's quarters, I left the road, and advanced a few hundred yards, to indulge in a nearer contemplation of this building.

The moon had now attained a considerable altitude; and its clear though subdued light revealed distinctly all that it shone upon: but there was one object upon which the moonbeams fell that might well rivet my gaze. It was a female figure, leaning on the parapet: it was tall and stately: her hands were crossed upon her neck; and her head leant upon them. I advanced still nearer: so that I fancied I could even discover the fixed, — earnest, — and somewhat sad expression of

her countenance. I could see her cross and rosary too, hanging by her side. What did she there? The castle was apparently deserted. One tower, indeed, appeared to be entire; but the walls were everywhere else broken and decayed; huge fragments and heaps of stone lay at my feet; and the approaches were choked up with shrubs and weeds, which on many places had over-run the walls and protruded from the windows. Well might I ask myself, what did she there?

I stood for a short space, irresolute as to whether I should speak; but gradually a superstitious feeling began to creep over me,—I knew not why,—and even increased to uneasiness. Absurd! said I, within myself: the place is doubtless inhabited,—and she is but enjoying the balmy night. But I could not reason myself out of my feelings. The desolate scenery, the perfect silence, the ruins scattered around me, were sufficient indeed to diffuse sadness over the mind; but could not account for the strength of the impression made upon me. Even the pure moonlight took a singular and mysterious hue; and, unable any longer to maintain my position, I slowly retreated,—still keeping my eyes fixed on the figure, which remained immoveable. In a few minutes I regained the road, and did not delay long applying my hand to the convent bell. The summons was speedily answered; and my wants were soon told.

"The doors of our convent are ever open to those who have need of its shelter," said the Franciscan who opened the gate. "We are now engaged in the per-

formance of a solemn mass for the soul of the Lady Isobel: it will presently be concluded; and thy wants, my son, shall then be attended to. Came ye from the east or the west?"

"From the west," said I; "from Belonia."

"The moon shines bright does it not?" continued the friar.

"So bright," said I, "that it tempted me from the road towards that old castle on the left, where on the parapet stood——"

"I am called to the concluding anthem," said the friar, interrupting me, and hastily crossing himself. And so saying, he abruptly left me.

When the wants of a weary traveller had been satisfied, the same friar who had admitted me conducted me to my dormitory; and, having placed the lamp on the floor, he was about to give me his blessing, and leave me, when I laid my hand upon his arm, and said, "Forgive my curiosity, good father,—but you are doubtless able to tell me, if the castle on the left of the road be inhabited:—the reason of my enquiry is——"

"I already know thy reason," interrupted the friar. "I know what thou hast seen: thy curiosity is natural; and as the thing is no secret, I will relate to thee the legend as it is handed down to us: it will not detain thee long from thy slumbers;" and so saying, the friar motioned me to be seated; and, placing himself near me, on the side of the little bed, he spoke in the following manner.

"It is now eighty years since any human thing

inhabited that castle, which was then the property of the Condé de Belonia. The Condé was a proud man, and an avaricious; and it is difficult to say, which of these passions was the stronger. One only child he had, the Lady Isobel, the graces of whose mind and person were the admiration of Andalusia; and had even been rumoured as far as the court at Madrid. Now the wishes of the Condé were bent upon two things. He longed to be a duke, and a grandee; and he was bent on forming such an alliance for the Lady Isobel as might assist the chief object of his ambition. But the Condé was poor. He had long maintained an establishment ill suited to his means; and at the time to which the legend refers, his affairs had become desperate; and although he longed as much as ever for the elevation and the high alliance to which he aspired, the probabilities of their attainment were every day diminishing; for honours were not to be obtained from the Crown without high influence or great largess; and as for the Lady Isobel, she was now of a marriageable age; and the Condé, her father, lacked the means of showing her at court, and of obtaining by an alliance the influence of which he stood in need. You perceive," said the friar, rising, and throwing open the small casement, "that ruined building close to the sea,—opposite to the castle."

"I have already remarked it," said I.

"Well," continued the friar, "at the time of which I speak, that building was tenanted by a Moor, who paid a considerable sum for the use of it, to the Condé,

whose property it was. The appearance and the conduct of this Moor were equally singular. His countenance, as the legend says, was of extraordinary beauty; but it had this singularity about it, that one moment it wore the expression of an angel; and the next, though the beauty of symmetry continued the same, the expression was more that of a fiend than of an angel. I have said that the conduct and manner of life of this Moor were no less singular than his appearance. Foul weather, or fair, he crossed in his boat to the Barbary coast every morning, and returned about sunset; the whole of the night, bright flame illuminated the interior of the tower; and, although it was well known that the Moor lived alone, the light frequently revealed two figures moving to and fro within. It is said, that the superior of this convent, who was confessor of the castle, remonstrated with the Condé; and told him that God's blessing could not rest upon his house, so long as, for the sake of gold, he permitted the Moor to occupy the tower; and that the Lady Isobel too importuned her father to dismiss his tenant. But the Condé was a needy man, and said, 'The tower is mine; the Moor pays me for the use of it; it is no concern of mine what he does there.' And so the Moor continued tenant as before.

"The Lady Isobel had never yet beheld the Moor; unless in pushing off in his boat from the tower, and returning to it, and that at so great a distance that her eyes had never yet proved or refuted the truth of the rumours she had heard respecting him; but this

uncertainty was on the eve of terminating. One evening, as the Condé and his daughter were sitting on the balcony of the castle that looks towards the sea,—the Condé in a deep reverie, on the subject of his embarrassed condition and ungratified wishes,—the Lady Isobel now and then waking a chord from her guitar, but oftener gazing on the calm sea and beautiful sunset,—the tall and stately figure of the Moor was seen to issue from the tower, and take the direction of the castle. It was the first time this had ever happened.

"'My father,' said the Lady Isobel; 'the Moor is at the castle gate.'

"'The Moor!' replied the Condé, starting from his chair; 'my thoughts were this moment occupied with him.'

"'With *him!*' said the Lady Isobel; and the next moment the Moor entered, saluting the Condé and his daughter, after the fashion of his country.

"'My Lord,' said the Moor, addressing the Condé, 'I am not fond of being a tenant at will. My present habitation suits me; and, if it please you, I will take it for a hundred years, and pay the rent in advance.'

"The Condé, as the legend says, was equally pleased and surprised: had the Moor offered ten years in advance, he would have been only pleased: but the offer of a hundred years' rent, startled as much as it rejoiced him.

"'A hundred years' rent, say you?' replied he to the Moor: ''tis a singular proposal: one half of that time

you will be the tenant of two habitations—my tower—and your own grave."

"'*We* are not a short-lived race,' said the Moor, with a singular smile; 'and if it should be as you say, so much the better for your Lordship's heirs.'

"'Well,' said the Condé, 'I will not refuse your offer,—and will, in consideration of so long a term of years, abate something of the rent.'

"'Oh as for that,' replied the Moor, 'I desire no abatement; here is the money,' added he, stepping to the door, and laying a huge bag on the floor; ''twill take some time to count a hundred years' rent.'

"All this while, the Lady Isobel had continued sitting with her guitar in her hand, without lifting her eyes from the strings; but curiosity at length obtained the mastery; and, thinking the Condé and the Moor were engaged in reckoning the gold, she raised her eyes. The Moor's were fixed upon her: and that look never passed from the heart of Lady Isobel.

"The gold was speedily reckoned; and in departing, the Moor, with a respectful salutation, placed in the hand of Isobel a ring, which, he said, was, by the custom of his country, an admission of fealty to the heir of the Condé. It was a superb opal, surrounded with diamonds: and no sooner had the Moor departed, than Isobel, in looking at the ring, as it was natural she should, perceived with astonishment, in the opal, an exact image of the Moor's countenance. Of this, she said nothing to the Condé, who, in company with his

daughter, left the castle next morning to visit the court, which was then at Seville.

"Isobel had many suitors at court; and the Condé many intrigues for place and rank; but nothing resulted from all this. The Condé soon discovered that gold was necessary for the accomplishment of his ends; and the Moor's gold was already well nigh exhausted; and as for the Lady Isobel, there was no one of the Caballeros that made any impression upon her; for her heart was filled with another image: the ring which she wore, kept constantly in her remembrance the beautiful and almost angelic countenance of the Moor; and when, each night, she drew it from her finger and laid it aside, she could not deny herself the pleasure of contemplating it long and earnestly. Yet the Lady Isobel was not satisfied with herself: she could not help suspecting that the ring was more than a mere work of human art; for the image, which to her eyes was so palpable, the Condé, who was accustomed often to look at the ring, had never observed: and she had soon a still stronger proof of her suspicion. Angry with herself that her mind should be occupied with such an image; and feeling that it was the constant presence of the ring, upon which she gazed so often, that riveted it, she resolved to rid herself of the sweet tyranny. It was late at night; the mansion of the Condé, her father, was washed by the Guadalquivir. Isobel opened her casement; drew the ring from her finger, and held it over the deep dark river.—'One last look!' said she,—and drawing in her arm, she held the

ring to the lamp. The countenance of the Moor was there; but the expression was changed; it was the face almost of a demon,—beautiful,—but still a demon. Isobel shuddered, laid down the ring, and hastily closed the casement. Ah! had she found strength to have then addressed herself to heaven,—and to have flung the ring from her, she would have been saved the long purgatory which has this night called for our solemn mass!—nor would you, my son, have seen on the castle balcony—but let me proceed. The Lady Isobel kept the fatal ring; the Moor, its master, kept his Empire over her.

"Nor was the Condé all this while less occupied with the Moor, than was the Lady Isobel. The man, thought he, who has paid me a hundred years' rent in advance, might be prevailed upon to pay a thousand. He is as likely to enjoy his possession to the one term, as to the other. Meanwhile, the Condé's means were exhausted; and with a heavy heart,—yet with some secret thoughts that kept him from despair, he left Seville, with the Lady Isobel, for his castle at Belonia.

"The same evening upon which the Condé arrived at his Castle, he sat on the balcony with the Lady Isobel. As before, he pondered upon his disappointments, and on his hopes and the means of fulfilling them: she held her guitar upon her knee; and her eyes were fixed alternately upon her own jewelled finger, and upon the Moorish tower. The sun had just set, when she perceived the stately figure of the Moor issue from the

portal of the tower, and proceed towards the castle. Isobel withdrew; and the Moor found the Condé alone. All that passed between the Condé and the Moor, the legend does not relate; it only tells how that the Moor taunted the Condé with his ill success at court; how, he did not look upon himself as secure in his possession, on so paltry a lease as one hundred years, and that it would be more to his mind to extend it to a thousand, and to pay the money in advance; but upon a certain condition. How that, when the Moor named the condition, the Condé at first spurned it;—but that when the Moor said, 'Well well, be still the Condé and a beggar!—reject a dukedom and the chancellorship of the kingdom!'—and when, above all, the Moor proposed to double the rent, which would amount to an hundred thousand doubloons, the Condé hesitated, and pondered; and how that, when the Moor left the Condé, he gave his solemn promise to the Moor, that he would fulfil the condition asked, provided the Lady Isobel consented. The legend furthermore relates the surprise of the Condé, when, upon breaking the matter the same evening to the Lady Isobel, her cheek was covered with blushes; and that she did not say nay with more determination than any maidenly person would to the offer of a suitable alliance.

"The same evening, the Lady Isobel confessed.

'"Fling from thee, my daughter,' said the confessor, 'the image of the Moor: wed him not. He is not a meet bridegroom for thee.'

"The Lady Isobel cast down her eyes, and looked on

the ring. 'My promise is given,' said she; "I must wed him.'

"'Fling that bauble away, my daughter,' said the confessor; 'there is that in it which disturbs thee.'

"But the Lady Isobel only turned the ring upon her finger,—and was silent. 'Once more,' said the confessor, 'I charge thee in the name of God, to listen. Wed the Moor, and thou art lost. I have seen the Moor launch his skiff on the sea, when human efforts must have failed,—when all but charmed lives must have been forfeited. The great ship would have been flung from the wave's crest to destruction; but *his* frail boat rode unharmed.'

"'Father forgive me,' said the Lady Isobel; 'thou judgest falsely: but were it even as thou hast said, may God forgive me! I would wed the Moor.'

"'Listen yet again, lady,' said the confessor. 'It was but yesternight, that, looking from the window of my dormitory, I saw the Moor's dwelling illuminated; and athwart the flame figures moved to and fro. I was willing for thy sake to have evidence against the Moor,—for a rumour of what thou hast told, had reached me,—and I left the convent, and took the path to the tower. The moon had not risen,—and the night was dark. For thy sake, my daughter, these old limbs climbed up the sharp steep rock that rises within half a stone's throw of the tower: and the window of the tower was opposite to me. Ah! my daughter! hadst thou been by my side, thou wouldst have been saved. That countenance which seemeth to thee, and

which sometimes seemeth to all, so like an angel, wore the expression of a fiend.' —

"Isobel slightly shuddered, for she remembered.

"'Thou well mayst tremble, lady,' continued the confessor; 'but more than this I saw. He is said to dwell alone, is he not?'

"'So it is said,' replied the Lady Isobel.

"'Tis false,' continued the friar. I saw five others more hideous than he: they played at dice; and what, think ye, they played for?'—

"'Nay I know not, father,—for gold?'

"'Not for gold,' said the confessor,—'*thou*, my daughter, wert the stake! I saw thy likeness,—thyself I knew it could not be; it was for thee they played. I was sick, and left the scene of guilt and horror.'

"The Lady Isobel heard the friar,—but she heeded him not: for she was under the influence of the ring. She only smiled, and said, 'Thanks for thy zeal, good father,' and retired; leaving the confessor to his prayers, that he might take counsel of the heavens in this extremity. The same night, as the legend tells, the good friar, who was willing to save the Lady Isobel, walked beneath the starlight, counting his beads, and entered the portal of the Moor's tower, within which there was that night darkness and silence.

"It was on the day following this,—as says the legend,—that the Moor was to claim the Lady Isobel as his bride, and to pay the promised largess to the Condé.

"The morrow came. The Condé waited for his gold; the lady for her bridegroom. The confessor already waited in the chapel. At the appointed hour, the Moor was seen to leave the tower and approach the castle. — 'All is ready,' said the Condé, 'the priest waits.' The Lady Isobel gave her hand to the Moor, who conducted her to the chapel. The Moor and the Lady Isobel stood at the altar; when the priest, — the same who had confessed the Lady Isobel, and asked counsel of heaven, — turned and confronted the Moor.

"'False Moor, — accursed magician!' said the friar, 'I know thee. Heaven heard my prayers yesternight, and by God's help thou art baffled.'

"'Back, old man!' said the Moor; 'legions such as thee could not baffle me. Isobel is mine, — mine for ever! I have thrown for her, and won her — mortal weapons cannot wrest her from me.'

"'Behold thine own weapons,' — said the friar, — '*they* gave her to thee, — and *they* shall wrest her from thee: yesternight God delivered them into my hands; they are mine, and sanctified; thou hast won the Lady Isobel from thine own accursed race; but thou hast still to win her from him who has charge of her soul. I challenge thee to throw the dice.'

"But the Moor knew his own weapons in the hands of the friar, and he dared not stretch forth his arm.

"When thus, says the legend, the Moor was baffled, and when he had left the chapel, the Lady Isobel was seen to lean on the balcony. She had been delivered from him; but she had not voluntarily renounced him;

the unrighteous image was yet in her heart, and the ring was yet on her finger. And she stood with fixed gaze, and immoveable, looking towards the Moor's habitation, and watching the lessening boat that shot from beneath it, and that never returned.

"Day after day, night after night—so says the legend, —at sun-set and at sun-rise, by the round and by the crescent moon, did the Lady Isobel look forth from the balcony; but never did she see that boat return, or the stately figure of the Moor issue from the portal of his tower. The confessor had delivered her from the power of the Moor; but he could not erase his image from her heart: and so God punished her. She died; but still, by the round and by the crescent moon, is the Lady Isobel seen, with her fixed gaze, and her crossed hands on her neck, leaning on the parapet of the castle.

"And so, my son, thy question is answered: the shade of the Lady Isobel is its only inhabitant.

"*Duerme en paz!*" said the monk, as he left me in the dormitory: but the legend, and that which I had seen, had fixed themselves too deeply in my mind, to allow the wish to be accomplished. Looking once from the casement, before throwing myself on my mattrass, I could yet descry the white shade, whiter in the calm moon-beam, — and when I slept, it was to dream of "the Lady and the Moor."

STEPHANO THE ALBANIAN.

Whether I write my story as a Moslem to boast of my exploits, as a Greek to deceive, or as a secretary of his highness Mahmoud II., whom the conjunction of the three fortunate planets long preserve! — or whether I have had one honest occupation in the course of my career, let the world settle according to its pleasure: for my part, I neither know nor care.

I was born in the pachalic of Delvino. My father was a brave man, a lover of wine, and the luckiest captor of Frank merchandize and its owners, for fifty miles round. My mother was braver still, for in her presence he dared not call his beard his own. She was of a prodigious Chimariot family, who had a flock of a thousand goats, were masters of three precipices, never paid a para to pacha, and never forgave an injury, until they had shot the injurer. They served capitally to keep my father, the gallant Constantinopulo, in order, and answered the purpose of an everlasting source of superiority to his wife. But heroes and heroines will have differences of opinion, even among the Albanian highlands. Their being ten thousand feet nearer the skies than the degenerate sons and daughters of earth, that marry and quarrel from

Drawn by W. Purser. Engraved by E. Finden.

THE ALBANIAN

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Croatia to Corfu, does not prevent those little disturbances. One night, on my father's return from an expedition on the road to Argyrocastro, in which he had rifled the Transylvanian courier's baggage, and saved him the shame and sin of smuggling a bale of silks and pearl necklaces into the famous city of Trieste,—he, in the pride of his heart, unluckily displayed his prize. The jewels were claimed by my mother, as the right of the head of the house. The claim was resisted. Something was said about a rival, and something was returned in the shape of a blow. In two days after, the gallant Constantinopulo received a brace of bullets from the middle of an acacia-bush. He was brought home dying. My mother forgave him the blow, the rival, and every thing but the pearls. He died; she put on the jewels, tore her hair, threw a veil over her handsome face and stately form, made a terrible lamentation over the grave, and in three days after was settled in the hills, the bride of a bold Chimariot, her cousin, and the best shot in the province. By whom the bullets had been fired, was never asked; and as little doubted as asked. But inquiries on such subjects are not the custom of the country.

I was five years old at the marriage; in five years more I was as good a marksman as my Chimariot father; and in five years more I was a klepht*, a soldier, and a lover. I am not about to tell a sentimental story, like an Italian cavalier; nor make *chansons* on it, like a French marquis; yet, if bright eyes, rosy cheeks, feet

* Albanian bandit.

like wings, and a perfect inclination to delight in my plunder, could make an Albanian fall in love, I was far gone. But Zenobia Crisanthi was of an inferior family to that whose blood I carried in my veins: her richest relative had never possessed above a hundred goats; and all that was known of her descent was, that her ancestor had come up the mountain but about three hundred years before, as was supposed, from Wallachia. Those were objections insurmountable; and, in a family consultation upon the subject, it was resolved, as a mere matter of propriety, that the very first attempt at an interview with Zenobia, should be followed by the burning of every cottage of her clan, and the extirpation of the upstart line.

As this was the law of the land, I had nothing to do but to fling myself on the ground in despair, and exclaim against the cruelty of prohibiting any wish of a warrior of fifteen. For this additional offence, I was thrust into a hovel, which was to be my prison until I came to my senses. Silence, starving, and solitude, are remarkable tranquillizers of fiery indignation in youth, peculiarly when the slightest rebellion against authority might be answered by the discharge of a musket through the door. But in examining the ways of escape, I probed the wall into a hole through which I could see a glimpse of the moonlight. The discovery was worth pursuing: I pulled out pebble after pebble, till at length I came to an obstacle firmly cemented into the stones, which promised to baffle all my skill. After having torn off half my nails in the attempt, I gave it

up, and wished myself at the top or the bottom of one of my cousin's precipices. I was roused by the fall of something heavy at my side. It was the head of a lance, which had been pushed in between the rafters. I hailed it as the gift of a beneficent fairy, began scooping away the wall again, and, in a few minutes, my new instrument produced its fruits, in the shape of a small square box — but, alas! of iron. I tried it fifty times, and at length, in fierce disappointment, flung it against the wall. This movement produced a double effect. It broke out a piece of the wall, sufficient to let me through; and it fractured the crazy fastenings of the box. Liberty was before me — and a stronger temptation than the fracture of all the caskets upon earth; at the exit from my prison stood the form of Zenobia, with her sparkling eyes and laughing lips, both vastly busy in turning my labours into ridicule. I wound my way out like a serpent, and proposed instant flight. But she insisted on having a view of the spot, where I had exhibited such talents for house-breaking. Her statue-like form easily made its way in; and, in another moment, I heard an outcry of surprise — "Look here," she exclaimed, "and defy the pacha of Argyrocastro." The voice was followed by the discharge of a shower of sequins, which had nearly cost me an eye, as I followed her bidding, and stared through the opening.

The casket was full of Venetian gold pieces. She gathered them in the folds of her robe to the last coin, and came out in triumph. Our course was now

clear. Some intentions on the part of her kinsmen to wipe off the slight of refusal by sending me to the shades of my forefathers, had roused her vigilance; and she had come forth to advise my immediate escape from this family settlement of the affair. To her astonishment, she had found me dungeoned. It was she who had pushed the spear-head through the roof; and now, the only question was, what was to be done? With my mistress at my side, and a thousand sequins in my hand, the question was quickly solved. In the valley, at the foot of my night's dwelling, I had seen two Turkish steeds, a part of the captures of the evening before; and which I shrewdly suspected to have belonged even to the most mighty Aga of the Albanians in the service of his highness the Sultan. To keep prying eyes from them, they had been tied up in the forest, at a safe distance from the village. Nothing could be more opportune. We glided down the hill, and found the chargers quietly grazing. Zenobia sprang on one, and I on the other. As my offence of prison-breaking, and her's of aiding in the exploit, would have brought us equally under the vengeance of the family law, we instinctively took the opposite road from the village. Where we were to go, never entered into our thoughts. Our coursers, delighted to find themselves ungalled by the ropes round their feet, sprang away like falcons. The night was soft and dewy — the moon a shield of pearl — the shrubs dropped balm — and away we flew to meet the rising sun.

We had reached the ridge that overlooks the valley

of the Chelydnus, and had paused for a moment to consider in which of the villages we should take up our rest, when a cloud began to descend from a hill at some distance, and roll down the valley.

"A storm is coming," said I, "and we must look for shelter. "Yes," said my fair companion, "a storm of scymetars and lances, and the sooner we are out of its way the better." The grey of the morning soon grew golden in the sun, and I saw that she had formed the true judgment. The cloud was a troop of four or five hundred cavalry, coming at full speed towards the spot where we stood. We turned in the other direction in an instant, and plunged down into the defiles. But the labyrinth of Crete itself was easy compared with those never-ending twistings of forest, lake, rock, and mountain. We were dying of fatigue. Our horses refused to move a step further; and at that moment we found ourselves in the midst of the cavalry, who also were dropping from their horses. They had come the straight road, while we had continued galloping in a circle. The affair was settled between both parties at once. I was pulled from my steed, which I had the pleasure of seeing extremely admired by its captor. Zenobia was led away, imploring mercy, and imprecating all kinds of ill-fortune on the heads and hands that presumed to separate a pair of true lovers. The captor told her with a laugh "that women were allowed to cry, as long as they did what they were ordered, and that he would make a much better husband than the red-cheeked and beardless boy, about whom she made so much noise."

I would have torn the scoffer limb from limb; but a strong sash, twined three times round my legs and arms, allowed me nothing but the indulgence of my speech; and, like a tiger bereaved of its young, I saw my fair one carried forward, in the march of the troop, while I was left to meditate on the advantages of having fasted and galloped for twelve hours, with no other prospect but that of lying on the spot till doomsday.

The hero of this exploit was the famous Nico Tzaras, for a dozen years the most successful robber in Albania. To do him justice, he was as brave as a lion, and as strong as a buffalo. He had the reputation of being able to devour more and fast longer than any klepht since Scanderbeg. I was likely to rival him in the latter quality, and never man less relished the opportunity of competition. The Turks knew him well. A division of the pacha of Salonika's janizaries had been posted to cut off his retreat, some months before, from the plains. Tzaras had plundered an escort of waggons, going from Salonika to the Hungarian frontier. He was coming home loaded with dollars. His troop had dwindled down to three hundred. The Turks were as many thousands. They waited for him at the crossing of a river. Flight or fighting seemed equally out of the question. He took his resolution, bade every man throw down his bag of dollars, and made a desperate rush at the Osmanlies. They might as well have resisted a thunderbolt. They broke like glass; and Tzaras, after having stripped the last of them on the field, returned to his bags, added them to the Turkish, and

rode up the mountain, with the best booty made within the memory of man.

But my turn was not yet come to die by famine. Before the sun had sunk, covering the hills with coronets of diamonds, and flooding the valley with tides of purple, the sound of cymbals announced to me the presence of a squadron of the Spahis. They were the advance of an army, which, under the new pacha of Yanina had come to clear the passes of the klephts. The exploits of Tzaras were known to them, and the pacha would have long before delighted to find an opportunity of sending his head to grace the gate of the seraglio. But in his last excursion the daring klepht had ravaged even within the district honoured by the pacha's personal plunder. This affront was not to be forgiven. The difficulty was now to trace the path of the fugitives. I was found fettered on the rock, and was about to pass the bridge of Paradise, by the help of one of the scymetars of the Osmanlies, when I luckily offered to be their guide to the nest of Nico Tzaras in the mountains. The offer was accepted; I was unbound, placed on a horse, and led to the pacha to be questioned. Ali was then a young warrior, but his renown on the Danube had given him a famous name, a pachalic, and a determination to have more than a pachalic, as soon as possible, and at whatever price. I knew no more of the haunts of Tzaras than of the ghost of Solyman the Magnificent; but it was not a time to stand upon ceremony, and I described every foot of the way with the exactness of one who had been his privy councillor. I could

see, by the keen eye of my examiner, that he was not convinced; but what was to be done? Beyond the ground where he stood all was unknown; all was forest and precipice, a tangled province, through which a goatherd could have scarcely found his way. "Remember," said he, "your head will be the forfeit of your blunder." "Take it now," said I, stooping before him, "if you distrust me." Ali ran his fingers along his scymetar-sheath, with the instinct of one who was in the habit of dismissing heads from their shoulders on slighter occasions. But his decision was soon formed. "Ride on," said he, "in front of the squadron, and you shall prosper as you deserve." The word to advance was given, and it came on my ear like a flash of lightning in the night, or like wine to the lips of a man dying in the desert. It gave me new life, — vengeance shot through my soul. I might now have it in my power to taunt the taunter and to plunder the plunderer. The rescue of Zenobia was not among my last thoughts, — but, I will own, it was not among my first. The gold embroidery of the pacha's caftan, the emeralds in his turban, the diamonds of his dagger-hilt — all new to my eye — all dazzled me; but the power of issuing commands to a nation, a province, and even a squadron of horse, dazzled me still more. In that hour I made my resolution to be a pacha.

We dashed boldly onward. The hills rose in our front, and at length the valley narrowed to the road, the road to a footpath, the footpath to nothing. Night was already falling. The Spahis growled fiercely at

my guidance; and a pistol-shot, which struck off a a fragment of the rock close to my head, told me that my time, as a tracker of klephts, was likely to be a short one. I was totally perplexed. But, as there was nothing to be gained by acknowledging my perplexity, I determined to keep it to myself, and to keep my Spahis in full motion. I dared not dismount, as that would be instantly taken as the signal for a general discharge of pistols at the deserter. At last, calling the squadron round me, and telling them that they were within sight of the robber's quarters, I recommended the utmost silence, and desired every man to look to the priming of his fire-arms, and prepare for instant attack. At the same time I pointed mysteriously to a pinnacle on the extreme of the ridge, still illuminated by the sun. Some could see nothing but the naked rock; but one or two, inclined to pass for being more perspicacious than their fellows, thought that they discovered the sparkle of arms. No man likes to be thought blind where others can see; and the whole squadron speedily made the same discovery. A couple of troopers were sent back to Ali to announce the end of our labours; and moving slowly to the front, I awaited, in no slight trepidation, the arrival of a man who would see nothing where nothing was to be seen.

I heard the tramp of Ali's charger a few minutes after, and not willing to meet the first burst of his convictions, I spurred my steed up the almost perpendicular face of the hill. The animal carried me boldly a part of the way, but there his strength failed him; I

threw myself off, clung to the brambles, and between the dusk and the thicket, thought that now I had a fair opportunity of making my escape. Suddenly I heard a loud burst of laughter. I pushed aside a matting of brambles, and saw, in a circular hollow some hundred feet below me, Nico Tzaras and his troop reposing themselves after their day's exercise. Some were lying asleep, some drinking, and some listening in great jocularity to their commander, who was probably amusing himself with the capital feat of having outwitted the most cunning of all possible pachas.

From the spot where I stood, I commanded the whole position, saw that it had but one entrance on the opposite side, slipped down again into the midst of the squadron, who, having taken it for granted that I had escaped, received me with double honours, and communicated my intelligence and my plan of attack to Ali himself. A couple of hundred Spahis were instantly ordered to move round to the entrance of the valley, and there wait till the prey was roused; the rest dismounted, and climbed the hill, under my guidance. I scattered them through the underwood, and forbade any man to touch a trigger until I gave the signal. Nothing could be more sleepy, secure, or drunk, than the groups in the valley. At length, the waving of a standard among the tree tops at the mouth of the defile told me that the troops had reached their station. Ali claimed the honour of firing the first shot himself: he sent a carbine full of bullets among the nearest circle. Nothing could be more exciting.

The whole crowd started up; horses were saddled, mounted, and in full gallop, in a moment, to the entrance of the pass. But there sat the Spahis, coolly picking down every man that came within fire. Those who returned on their steps were equally unlucky, for our marksmen in the brushwood of the ridge shot them at their leisure. Among the few who attempted to make their escape by a bold push up the side of the hill, where we stood pouring down a stream of bullets on them, I, rejoicingly, marked the captor of Zenobia. I suffered him to come within a dozen paces of me before I fired. For this piece of folly, I had nearly been extinguished as a figure of history; for, plucking his ivory-headed pistol from his sash, he fired it direct at my head; the bullet grazed my forehead, and nearly blinded me with the sudden gush of blood. Mad with the pain, and not less mad with revenge, I fired straight forward; a yell told me that I had done execution somewhere. When I had cleared my eyes, the captor was lying at my feet — Nico Tzaras had there ended all his campaigns!

The pacha received me with open arms, told me that I was made for a warrior, and gave effect to the declaration on the spot, by appointing me, to my infinite wrath, one of his (soldiers) palikars. What was to become of the free life of the mountaineer? of the lucrative life of the klepht? I was to be thenceforth a dagger-and-carbine-carrying slave. Was the mountain-falcon to be thus caged? My first glance at the bright-barrelled French musquetoon which he put into my hand, made me think of the contingencies of send-

ing its contents at the moment, through the head of the tyrant, who had showed himself so expert a recruiting-officer. But where was Zenobia? She was not to be found among the captives. Whether she had escaped on the way to the valley, or been carried off in the tumult, all my enquiries were in vain; and I was forced to console myself by learning the palikari exercise, standing six hours a-day in the ante-chamber at Tepeleni, and pondering on the court difficulty of keeping one's head where one's head ought to be.

At this period, the world began to be full of combustion. Catherine of Russia, a mighty combustible, had set the Muscovites in a flame of ambition, and Turkey was to be made the burnt-offering. I was standing one evening on the terrace at Tepeleni, looking, with the air of a captain, at the crowd of soldiers, Tartars, Moors, and Montenegrins, who were rambling, quarrelling, and carousing, in the court of the palace; and just as I had conceived the idea of what a capital corps of robbers, or, to call them by their more illustrious name, what a regiment of Armatolis, I might raise out of the five or six hundred tall fellows before me, I received a message from the pacha, to attend him instantly. On those occasions, every man thinks of the brevity of human life; and the hero in me was converted into the calculator of the moments which might lie between the message and the end of all my exploits. But I had not altogether forgot the mountaineer in my three years' dwelling in the odour of rose-water, and the sight of my master's-gold enamelled pipe. The Turk

bows down his head when the sultan commands him to stand still and have it taken off. But the Albanian has different notions and my determination was formed, to die, if die I must, with my dagger at Ali's throat. But this piece of justice was not required. I found the pacha alone: he had some letters before him, and was amusing his eyes and ears equally with the sight and sound of a magnificent diamond repeater.

"Stephano," said he, with the air of confidence which belonged to this remarkable man, and was one of his chief arts of success — "you are a brave fellow, and have more brains than nine-tenths of those eating and drinking thieves about me. You must go to St. Petersburg. You speak Greek: it is enough. You can keep a secret: it is still better. And you can fight your way, if any attempt is made upon your dispatches, which is the best of all. You must set off to-night."

I professed myself the humblest of slaves of the most magnanimous of pachas, waited but for the setting of the moon, and, in utter darkness, and on one of the swiftest barbs of the pacha's stables, set out at full speed to cross the hills and plains of Epirus.

On reaching the capital of all the Russias, my first enquiry was for one of the circumcised, the Rabbi Ben Issachar. I found him in the most wretched of suburbs, in a room which would have been disdained by a Smyrniote dog, and busily employed in cheating a half-drunken Bashkir out of the value of a fox-tail. He succeeded; and when the bargain was completed, and the savage sent to die of the price in new brandy in the

next street, the Jew led me from the hovel through a winding passage into what he called his council chamber.

Nothing could have formed a stronger contrast. All here was silk and gold. The sofas, the walls, the tables, were all the costliest products of luxury. A dozen attendants, whose features showed that they were of the nation of their keen-eyed master, waited on us at table, and we fared like princes. But, the evening advanced. "Now, friend Stephano," said the old man, "we must begin our business. What brought you to look for the poor plundered Jew Issachar?"

"Not to deal in fox-tails," said I, laughing; "your talents are too expert for me there. But what have you found in the letter which I brought with me?" The Jew was about to reply, when an attendant, with a look of peculiar importance, summoned us from our supper to an adjoining chamber. The Jew, gathering up his gaberdine, and putting his withered finger to his lips, in sign that secresy was essential in all that was to follow, now led me forward.

On entering the apartment I saw a man of a slight and feminine form, but with a countenance of singular intelligence, half sitting, half lying on a superb sofa. His countenance, dress and manner, were equally a mixture, and equally a curious mixture. At times I could not discern whether the face was more that of a man of the highest capacity or of an idiot. He wore an under-dress of embroidery with a singularly brilliant star, and over this a surtout which he seemed to have borrowed from one of my friend Issachar's

dealers. His manner was sometimes courteous and polished in the extreme, and then suddenly ran out into the most unbridled roughness. There could be but one such man, and, before I heard his name, I pronounced to myself — Potemkin!

Our interview was long: I was little more than a listener. This celebrated man had already reached that point of power from which one must advance or be undone. He was the chief minister, the generalissimo of the mightiest of modern empires, the lord of unbounded wealth, the oracle of thousands and tens of thousands, — yet he was on the point of ruin. Weary of the life of a subject, he had determined to seize a sceptre, and his ambition was now fixed on the sceptre of the sultans. For this object, he had urged on the Turkish war, which, though issuing in perpetual overthrows to the army of the viziers, still had not yet broken down the powerful barrier between Russia and the throne of the Crescent. Another ally was required, and he had found in the pacha of Yanina the boldness, treachery, and ambition, fit for the alliance. My mission was to give this magnificent, sordid, sagacious and half-mad subject-sovereign, the assurance that Ali's twenty thousand Albanians were ready to march at his signal, and take possession of Greece. Ali was to receive in return the crown of Epirus!

Supper was recommenced during the interview; the prince loaded me with alternate contempt and civility; and ended by giving me the key of one of his opera-boxes in the Czarina's private theatre for

the evening: he then made a brandy-inspired harangue, in which he vowed to exterminate every turban-wearer from the face of the earth, and fell on the floor, cup in hand.

The first art of a diplomatist is to be astonished at nothing, to do every thing that he is bid, and to see every thing that he can. Even the Czarina's theatre might be a step in my new vocation. Escorted to the gate by Issachar, — who hurried back, I faithfully believe, to plunder the fallen potentate of some of his profusion of jewels, — I went to the opera.

The sight might have dazzled the sultan — what then must it have been to me? A crowd of generals, nobles and ambassadors, covered with orders, made the boxes a perpetual glitter of diamonds; and, in the centre, sat the Czarina herself, worthy to be the central star of the constellation of all that Europe and Asia had of rank and splendour. She was still handsome, though no longer young; and, if ever woman was born to wear a diadem, the diadem-wearer was pictured in her lofty front, her bold eye, and the air of imperial dignity that marked her slightest movement. The stage could scarcely draw my eyes from this magnificent disposer of the fates of forty millions of men. But at length it did draw me away. The opera was some Moslem story, in which an Italian prisoner won the heart of a caliph's daughter. The amber sky of Syria was spread before me, as by the wand of an enchanter; — I saw the olive-groves, the vineyards clothing the sides of Lebanon, the Syrian shep-

herds driving home their flocks, the long lines of the caravans moving like bewildered fleets across the ocean of sand. Every thing was perfect, every thing nature. The palace of the caliph at length expanded before me with the brightness of a morning vision. All was accompanied, enriched, animated with the most delicious music.

But, delightful as all the scene was, there was evidently something more delightful to come. All eyes were turned to a balcony which overhung the stage. A burst of music at length announced the entrance of the wonder of the night. Could I believe my senses! — Covered with the richest costume of the east, moved slowly forward, under a tumult of applause, Zenobia! The sons of the mountains are not famed for feeling, yet I felt my brain whirl, my breath fail, a mist swim before my sight. For a while I distrusted all that I saw, and thought that the hand of an enchanter, or the virtue of those potent cups which I had imbibed with the prince, had bound up my faculties in some strange illusion. But the scene went on — I heard the bewitching voice, I saw the elastic step — the whole reality rushed upon my mind; I saw the fugitive, the captive, the living, loving Zenobia, in the pride of the imperial opera! As I recovered my senses, I more than shared in the general delight at the extraordinary talents which this fine creature had contrived to bring with her from the rugged hills of Chimari. Changed, as I must have been, by the years which had passed since my boyhood, she too had discovered

me at once — but the discovery only added to her effect. Instead of the vague and general sentiment of the character, she had found an object; and every tone, look and gesture, had now the force of real passion. All her former successes were trivial to her triumph of this night. The Czarina condescended to beat time to her cavatina, and the whole crowd of the nobles, thus sanctioned, filled the superb saloon with a transport of applause.

Next evening I was roused from a reverie upon the opera and its enchantress, by the entrance of Issachar. Diplomacy was now my utter abhorrence, and Issachar its most abhorrent shape. He well understood the gesture with which, as I lay on the sofa, I repelled him. But the repulse was brief. He fully comprehended that there is a time for all things, and that this evening I was fit for any thing but the fabrication of diadems. "I am come," said he, "by order of the Signora Zenobia!" The word awoke me at once. "The illustrissima Signora Zenobia Crisanthi desires to see you," he repeated, "to-night between the acts of the opera." I eagerly solicited further intelligence, but the Jew had none to give, or would give none. The law of diplomacy renders a man's conscience delicate on all points where his personal safety may be concerned. Issachar had the vision of Siberia before his eyes, with the knout for its interpreter; and he was dumb as a mute of the seraglio.

The night fell — I hastened to the opera — and, at the appointed moment, I was ushered into the presence

of her who was to have been my wife. I would have flown to her arms — but times were changed since we had stolen the pacha's horses. Zenobia had become a *prima donna*, and *prima donnas* are not to be approached as if they were merely creatures of this earth. "Carissimo Stephano," said she, with a smile, "the opera-house is the last place in the world for romance; and, in two minutes, the bell will ring for my appearance upon the stage. I saw you last night in Potemkin's box. Your mission will not prosper." I probably looked the astonishment I felt; for, with a grave glance, she said — "I see you are still but young in your trade of carrying messages between rebels of the first magnitude. But I have sent for you, for old acquaintance sake, to bid you make your way out of St. Petersburg as fast as possible." I professed perfect ignorance of her meaning, and attempted to laugh off the mystery. "No," she persisted, "I must not suffer the handsomest of palikari, and my former admirer, to be knouted, flung into the Neva, or sent ermine-hunting to the North Pole. Listen! — At your last interview with that cleverest of knaves, your pacha, you saw a diamond watch in his hand. That was a part of the correspondence. Within that watch was a letter in cypher, of which the figures on the dial were the key. That letter told Ali, that within one month from the hour at which the bauble reached him, Potemkin would throw the Czarina into the dungeon, where the Czarina threw her unlucky husband; and, on the same day, Ali

was to march every Albanian that he could muster to the frontier, proclaim Potemkin emperor of Turkey, and himself king of Epirus."

The intelligence was interesting — I felt it to be true. I calmly ventured to inquire the authority.

"Authority!" said she, laughing — "do you forget that I am a prima donna, and that in an imperial court I have a right to all knowledge?" The bell rang for the rising of the curtain. "I had absolutely forgot," said she hastily, "the grand object of my sending for you — it was this: — Your mission is known — your interview with Potemkin last night was immediately reported to the Czarina." She glanced at the *pendule*, Potemkin is already arrested, those five minutes; and, before the next hour strikes, my friend Stephano will be in a kibitka, on his way to Siberia." There was no doubting the air of fact with which this was uttered. "What is to be done?" I asked — "for you are worthy to be privy-councillor to the divan." "Have a better opinion of my understanding," she replied laughingly. "But you have just three quarters of an hour between you and your journey to the land of snow. Fly to your hotel — collect what you can for your escape — come instantly back to the private entrance of the theatre, and trust to me and to fortune." I implored her to fly with me. "What!" she almost exclaimed aloud — "fly? while all the world of stars and ribbons are longing for a sound of my voice? while the whole court would be thrown into distraction, if I had the simplest symptom of being of earth's mould? while

all the connoisseurs in song and beauty are levelling all their glasses at every turn of my features? while all the poets of St. Petersburg will be sitting up all night, to tell the world, in the most barbarian verses, the perfections of the Signora Zenobia? and, above all, while I am making a thousand ducats a week? Carissimo, the thing is impossible." The bell rang — she waved her hand to me with the dignity of a potentate, and rushed upon the stage, in a blaze of light, that enveloped her, as she passed from the door of her little apartment, like a Peri expanding her pinions in the paradise of the Moslem. I plunged into the street, and into utter darkness.

In my hotel, I already found a tenant. — Issachar was waiting for me, with a case of diamond-studded pistols as a present for my master, and a brilliant aigrette for myself. All good tidings were in his countenance. "Affairs were going on incomparably, and, as a negociator of my extraordinary talents was sure to have all kinds of opportunities at his disposal," the Jew closed his communication with producing a casket of jewels, which I was to smuggle on its way to Vienna, and on which I was to have the profit allotted to ambassadorial smuggling. I took the presents with profound humility, kept the casket and my counsel, and pushed the Israelite out of the house. In the next five minutes, I was at the stage-door of the opera.

A covered carriage was waiting there — but whether for my export to Siberia, or my escape across the Polish frontier, was still wrapt up in the future. As I lin-

gered, the driver came out, whispered the watchword, the name of the "Signora Zenobia," a valet sprang up behind, and away we flew over the rough pavement of the Admiralty Strasse. For the first hour, we dashed along, perpetually questioned by centinels and patrols of cavalry, but still making way. Yet when we came into the midnight silence of the vast country that spreads along the marshes of Ladoga, I will acknowledge that my suspicions came thick on me once more. I had put myself into hands of which I knew nothing; I was in all probability travelling at that moment to Tobolsk, and destined to spend the remainder of my days in a log-hut on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. The suspicion at length grew so strong, that I determined to retrace my way to the city, cost what it would, and called to the driver to stop; but his ears were wrapped in a bear-skin cap, which nothing could have penetrated but a bullet. I was on the point of making the application; but a voice, with which I was acquainted in every fibre of my frame, stopped my hand — the driver checked the reins, the valet sprang into the carriage, and, to my utter astonishment, I found myself seated beside — Zenobia!

My wonder and delight were beyond words; her explanation was given in the fewest possible. After her capture by Nico's cavalry, she had made her escape, and, utterly unknowing in what direction she fled, had reached the coast of Dalmatia. A Montenegrin cottage had given her shelter, and a Montenegrin chaloupe had landed her at Venice. Her Greek cos-

tume was there converted into the fantastic robe of a boy minstrel; and with a guitar, and a memory full of Greek legends, she had travelled through the Italian cities. Nature had given her a voice — Italy now gave her knowledge of music; and her fame increased, until she overtopped a whole army of signors and signoras, and arrived at the consummation of operatic renown — an engagement to sing at the Theatre of the Czarina.

"And this career of fame and fortune you have abandoned," said I, "and for me?"

"No!" was the quick reply — "but for whim. The sight of you reminded me of the mountains. I instantly made a vow against wearing out my life singing, and exhibiting attitudes before the artificial race of courts. I had made money enough to purchase a mountain of my own; and why should I continue burning my cheeks with vermillion, and giving myself the head-ache, to make more money than I could enjoy? Thus you see, that a *signora cantante*, nay, a *prima donna* of the imperial stage, may be at once a player and a patriot — a declaimer of the infinite nonsense of Metastasio, and a philosopher."

My destination for life was changed by this night's adventure. I returned no more to Tepeleni. The pacha soon become master of Albania, without a rival. Potemkin had been detected in his intrigue for the crown of Constantinople, and been flung into the disgrace which speedily brought him to his grave. Zenobia became the purchaser of the hill she had so long pictured in her dreams, and I her husband and its lord.

Another crisis was to come. The famous campaign of Ali against the Suliotes began. The tyrant had stained himself by a long course of rapine and cruelty. I was now a Chimariot — the blood of the mountains was roused in me — and I joined the Suliote force on the memorable morning of the battle of the Acheron. Before day-break, the pacha had begun the attack with such superiority of force, that when I descended from the hills, I found every thing in confusion. The pass of Klissura had been already stormed, and the Suliotes were flying in all directions. But the arrival of my Chimariot marksmen at this point, turned the tide. Ranged along the rocks, in front of the fort of Tichos, we poured in a shower of balls, that brought the foremost of the Albanians to a stand. We again poured in our fire; and the ground was like a harvest-field, covered with a crop that once was strong hands and daring hearts. But towards mid-day, we found that the pass was turned in our rear; and, on looking round, saw to our amazement ten thousand Albanians between us and the great bulwark of the mountains — the well-known fortress of *Aghia Paraskevi*. Their capture of this most important point would be utter ruin: yet I knew that the garrison had been almost totally drained off, and that the only population remaining were women and children. I led one of our clans instantly to the attack of the enemy; but they had all the advantages of ground and numbers. Our ammunition, too, began to fail. My mountaineers, who would have fought an army of lions, found themselves disheartened by the

length of a struggle which now seemed hopeless, and threw down their arms under shelter of the precipices. In indignation and grief, I saw the enemy climb the walls of the fortress, without our being able to approach them. But what were my feelings, when I saw the form of Zenobia waving a banner on the ramparts, and exposed to the muskets of the Albanians. How she had come into a position of such peril, I could not conceive. I had left her in our castle on the summit of the Paramithian mountain, and, as I thought, beyond all sound of battle. Spurred by this new terror, and calling on my troop, I now made one desperate effort, and reached the enemy, by the ascent of an acclivity of rocks, which seemed fit for nothing but the wing of a falcon. The stormers were evidently unprepared for this attack; and, when they began to feel our musketry playing on their flank, they paused, and rushed tumultuously towards the edge of the precipice, to overwhelm us at once by their weight of fire. Another moment, and all must be lost — but that moment was not to come. While almost alone, and struggling to rally my men, I had received a ball through the extended arm, and fallen down the front of the precipice. There still grasping the weeds, to save myself from being dashed to pieces at the foot of a descent, some hundred feet deep, I heard a general cry of dismay. I could see nothing yet, through the cloud of smoke from the firing which still poured above my head. But the cries of terror increased, soon mingled with shouts from my men below, and a strange miscellaneous clamour of

women and children from above. Trumpets and cymbals now joined the clamour; and the firing, renewed in all quarters, made the hills and forests echo one perpetual thunder. Still all was wrapt in cloud to my eyes; and, clinging to the face of the tremendous declivity, I hung between heaven and earth, in the most immediate and nervous terror of being hurled down to the bottom. At length, while in this state of suspense — a state more agonizing than any that I could have ever conceived, and even on the point of relieving myself from the agony, by making the suspense certainty, loosing my grasp, and suffering myself to be crushed to atoms in the bed of the torrent, that rushed at an invisible distance below; I felt that I had sharers in the calamity. The crashing of the brushwood above, the fall of the loosened stones, and finally the rolling down of a huge Albanian soldier, who had almost swept me from my holding-place, gave sign that the enemy were at last involved in deadly struggle — but with whom, I could not conjecture. Still, body after body rolled over the precipice; at length, with a hideous yell, followed by an uproar of triumph, the overhanging edge of the mountain seemed to give way, and carry down with it the whole Albanian army. Such, at least, in my astonishment at the catastrophe, I should have accounted the multitude, who were now flung down to inevitable death. Man and musket came rushing over me in heaps, as I felt my grasp every moment growing weaker. Loss of blood at length made it impossible for me to withstand the

perpetual shock; and, in the midst of a falling troop wretches, uttering their last scream for life, I felt my hold forced away; and, with a pang worthy of the divorce of soul from body, found myself instantly dart down.

How long I lay in this scene of death I know not. But, as if waking from a painful sleep, I gradually heard sounds of wild lamentation mingled with distant shots, the braying of the trumpet, and the clang of the cymbal. The battle was distant, but clearly not concluded. But deeper, and more intense than all, I heard sounds of the bitterest anguish breathed into my ears, and felt kisses and embraces on my almost lifeless form. I was utterly unable to move, speak or look; — faintness came over me once more, and all sounds faded away.

Again I opened my eyes, but many hours must have elapsed while I was in a state of insensibility. The sun was now setting on the western hills. Pindus was still glowing like a palace of living fire; the lower hills were bathed in crimson; the distant ocean lay in sheets of purple cloud. All was silence round me, and, as I gazed on the single, splendid star, that glittered above my head, I involuntarily thought of the happiness that man throws away for the glories of ambition, or the precarious pleasures of rapine. But, as I glanced towards the west, one broad gleam of the sinking sun flowed, on what I discovered to be a long train of warriors moving up the side of the mountain. I recognized the Chimariote banners, and heard the song of victory. Stiff with wounds, and

unable to move, I anxiously saw them still advance, and now discovered that they bore among their foremost ranks what appeared, in the distance, to be a bier, and on it the figure of a female. My heart chilled, as if it had been shot through with a shaft of ice. Some undefined impression overwhelmed me, that Zenobia had mingled in the battle; that the kisses and lamentations which I had felt, but could not answer, were hers; and that, in her despair, she had ventured too far into the final conflict. The Turk feels no more than the tiger: but Greek blood was in my veins; and the beauty, the devotedness, and even the fantastic and capricious genius of Zenobia, came on my memory with a power which made me long to close the troublesome scene of existence, and rejoin her in the grave. The procession still rose, but, turning from the foot of the precipice, was lost in the forest. I was fixed to the spot where I sat, by utter feebleness, and began to think that my wish was about to be heard. My last cry was "Zenobia!" but the sound was answered by a quick rushing of feet, my name, and a flood of tears on my forehead. The living Zenobia stood before me!

Her story was brief, but fit for the heart of a Grecian heroine. In the morning, she had followed me to the fortress of Aghia Paraskevè, and watched the fortunes of the fight from the ramparts with intense emotion. When the pacha's troops, led by a traitor, had found the pass over the hills which cut off our retreat, she had attempted to rouse the garrison to a

last effort of defence. But what was to be done with a score of palikars and some hundreds of frightened women and children? All was on the point of ruin, when my desperate effort to scale the mountain on the Albanian flank, arrested the attack for a moment. But that moment was decisive; — determined to rescue me or die, she had ordered the gates to be thrown open, and, standard in hand, rushed out at the head of the crowd, armed and unarmed. The enemy, thus unexpectedly assailed, gave way, and, urging each other to the edge of the precipice, were thrown over in great numbers. In the pursuit, Zenobia had found me, as she thought, dying, and left me, as she thought, dead. Her only wish now was to perish. She led on the Chimariots to the attack of the remnant of the pacha's troops, found them dispirited and broken, put them again to the rout, and followed them to the banks of the Acheron, the boundary of the pacha's province. In the pursuit she had received a slight wound, and she was thus carried back in triumph by her applauding countrymen. One effort more was to be made; — and it was in the melancholy pride of building my funeral pile with a heap of the enemy's musquets and banners, that she had halted the march, and come to bear off the remains of her dead lord. But the scene was now changed. The musquets and banners were reserved for better things than funeral piles. The one I distributed among our gallant shepherds, the other I hung up in our mountain-chapel.

The work of years rolled on. Ali fought us again, and again we beat him. I saw his fortress captured; I saw his head hanging at the saddle-bow of the Tartar who carried the tidings to the city of the sultan. I saw his proud family swept away, and his people, his city, and his treasure-chests in the hands of strangers. I saw all this while I tilled my mountain-top; listened to the murmur of my bees; saw the sportings of my brave boys and beautiful girls, and rejoiced in the happiness of the still beautiful mother of both. And that mother saw all this — while the Czarina died of poison; her son of a Hanoverian sash round his throat, and her grandson, nobody knows how. Others may envy the mighty of the earth such luxuries, but our tastes were different. We were content with being happy, eating our meals without dreading our cooks, and resting on our pillows without expecting to be shot in our first sleep. Stars and epaulettes, court-balls and midnight masquerades, are doubtless fine things; but, having no hope of being assassinated, dethroned, or dungeoned for life, we have made up our minds that we are as well without them. Peace be to all! We shall go to our beds without dreaming of treasons, and go to our last sleep with our heads upon our shoulders. But those are the thoughts of mountaineers, and not fit for the great, the glorious, and the embroidered of this world. Peace be to them all! — what can I say more?

THE MOUNTAINEER'S RETURN.

Back, back, to the hills,
  Where the wild-deer is bounding;
To the forests and glens,
  Where the blue streams are sounding;
No more of the city —
  No more of the plain —
Oh welcome the breath of
  The mountains again!

I have sighed, I have pined
  For my own mountain-home,
Till hope died within me —
  I come! now I come!
Oh bitter is exile
  Where mourning is vain,
But it doubles the transport
  Of meeting again.

I come! — And oh, chide not
  The absent so long,
If his spirit, uncaged,
  Spread its pinions in song!
It hath burst from its prison —
  Hath broken its chain —
Now welcome the free wilds
  And mountains again!

S.

THE WAR-SONG OF THE KIPCHAK.

[The Kipchak, the great table-land of Tartary, is the native soil of those multitudes which overran the Roman empire, and which have successively conquered every nation of Asia. The Golden Horde (or Hordes), are the most powerful.]

Shout for the charge of the Golden Hordes!
The winds are their horses, the lightnings their swords;
Their trumpets are thunder; the nations look wan;
There is woe on the mountains of haughty Japan;
From the hand of the Indian fall banner and drum,
When they cry from their turrets 'The Tartar is come!'

Shout for the charge of the Golden Hordes!
There is death on the cheek of the Manchu lords,
There is dust on the swords of the yellow Chinese,
The red-turbaned Rajah is short by the knees,
The Carnatic is deaf, the Deccani is dumb,
When the winds of the Steppe roar 'The Tartar is come!'

Shout for the charge of the Golden Hordes!
The hands of the Georgian are stiff with their cords;
The snow-bearded Muscovites, cradled in steel,
Are straw to our lances, are dust to our heel:
Where Solomon sits in his diamond-built dome,
He shrinks at the echo, 'The Tartar is come!'

STANZAS.

No night so dark and sad
  But hath its gleam of light ;
No soul so cold or bad
  But hath its touch of right.

The pirate in his cruise,
  The hireling in the fight,
The ambushed savage — lose
  Not *every* touch of right.

So Love, 'midst thy despair,
  There runs a stream of pride,
(Like lightning through the air)
  When all is dark beside.

'Tis Nature's kind controul, —
  Her stay, (so poet saith,)
Which saves man's falling soul,
  Which guards Love's slave from death.

THE PET VILLAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATHERTON," &c.

It is a pleasant sight to see a fine-humoured, healthy child, rejoicing over its two square yards of garden-ground — planting, transplanting, sowing, pruning, watering, digging, watching, and almost worshipping, the pretty flowers as soon as they burst from their buds. The sight does one good; it is not grand, but it is sublime, for all that — sublime, for its fulness of bliss; it is not an ocean of happiness, but it is a cup-full — as full as it can be — mantling to the brim, and running over, as though itself were a fountain or a spring. I have seen something of this kind on a larger scale — not a few square yards, but five or six hundred acres, or more, for any thing I know, for I am not a good hand at guessing — all under an eye as anxious and a hand as careful as ever managed a child's garden.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

Happy would it be for our land were there more such children and playthings as those I am going to describe.

At eight o'clock on a fine summer morning, I started

from London by the coach — but by what coach, or by what road, I do not think it at all necessary to state. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the coachman pulled up and said, "What luggage, sir?" The outside passengers exclaimed, "What a beautiful place!" The coachman told them the name of it, which is more than I shall tell you, gentle reader. A fine specimen of that class of the "*genus humanum*," which does not know "wot taxes is," was waiting to receive me at the end of a green lane, that was gravelled with the accuracy and cleanness of a garden-path. The trees on either side had been trimmed with all the preciseness of a dandy's whiskers, and were nearly as umbrageous; for they had not been brutally cut into the semblance of a green wall, but their luxuriance had been merely restrained, and they seemed to be gracefully thankful for the judicious application of the pruning-hook.

"Master has been talking of you all the morning, sir," said Thomas.

I perceived that I was not the only passenger that master expected by the coach; for an osier basket, just large enough to hold a turbot, which had been my fellow-traveller, was deposited at a little cottage at the entrance of the lane, and Thomas gave his orders to have it sent up to the lodge, together with the gentleman's luggage, immediately. The lane ascended from the road with a very gentle slope, and then, after a short distance, it turned round to the right, where it opened to a sort of green — not one of those greens,

which even yet, in spite of enclosure acts, may be seen in some rude villages, covered with withered grass and stunted reeds, inhabited by half-starved donkeys, decorated with parish stocks and whipping-post, together with an old surly pound, not worth ten shillings — but a green of velvet smoothness, from which every coarse and rugged weed seemed to have been picked with a pair of tweezers. The smooth road meandered through this lawn-like green, and its cheerful openness contrasted prettily with the shady lane from which we had just emerged; and from hence might be seen a wide expanse of country, various in its aspect, but all beautiful and good. There was an air of repose and softness about the place, which I can only describe by saying, that the sun seemed to shine gently, for fear of hurting the tender grass, and the breeze blew softly among the trees, that it might not too rudely ruffle their graceful foliage. Really, I felt quite ashámed of myself to be walking in such a cultivated and cleanly place in my travelling deshabille and dusty boots — I felt as if there should have been a mat at the end of the lane, whereupon to wipe off the dust of the common road. On either side of this broad space were cottages, that bore the semblance of Brobdignagian work-boxes; they seemed to have been wrought by the skill of a cabinet-maker, rather than by the rude hands of bricklayers and plasterers. I do not know in what style of architecture they were built, nor, perhaps, did their builders, or their inhabitants — nor, perhaps, did they care: the style was not Grecian, nor

Gothic, nor Chinese, nor Palladian, nor Vitruvian—but it was very pretty, and the villagers seemed well pleased with it; for those whom I saw had a look of happiness and sweet content. Most of the cottage-doors were open, so that, as I passed them, I could catch a glimpse of the interior; and from the slight view I then caught, it appeared to me that the inside was as neat and as comfortable as the outside. This is worthy of remark; for there are some landlords who are mightily proud of decorating the vicinity of their mansions with tasty cottages, but care nothing for the comfort or accommodation of the tenants.

When I arrived at my friend's house, which was called The Lodge, I found it nearly in the same style of building as the cottages—that is to say, in no style at all, or more properly speaking, in all styles: it seemed rather to have grown than to have been built. It was a kind of architectural excrescence—not clumsy, however, as a shapeless fungus, but beautiful as a vision, and wild as the dream of an overwrought architect. It is impossible to say which was the entrance; for every window was a door, and every door was a window. Thomas, however, on this occasion, led me through a conservatory, in which flowers of all odours, and glass of all colours, made as pretty a combination of luxuries for eyes and nose as any fairy imagination can conceive of. Through this I passed into a little parlour, or drawing-room, or boudoir, or something which was furnished and finished with an exquisite niceness, that gave token of an overflowingness of delight, and a love

of the beautiful. Here Thomas left me, saying, that his master was somewhere about the grounds. Thomas said something about sitting down, but I thought that the sofas and ottomans would cry "Shame," should I sit down in my dust; and fain would I have followed him into the grounds to look for his master — but the grounds, from what I saw of them, seemed to be quite as much in apple-pie order as the drawing-room, and quite as improper a place for a dust-besprinkled traveller to appear in. However, I was not long in suspense: Thomas soon found Master — and then there was shaking of hands, and "Glad to see you," and all that sort of thing, as if a visitor were as rare an occurrence in the course of the year as Christmas-day — whereas he was seldom without some one or other to partake of his hospitality; and I loved the cordiality of his welcome not less, but more, because so many others partake of the same.

"Are you too much fatigued to take a turn round the grounds before dinner?"

Now I should deserve to be turned out of every house in Christendom if I could have shewn so much want of feeling as to refuse to take a turn round my friend's grounds — so I prepared myself for a stroll.

"This place is very much altered since you saw it last."

"Do not say altered," I replied; "say rather it has been created since I was here. If I recollect rightly, this place where your house stands was about twenty years ago occupied by a labourer's cottage."

"And the building," said he, "which you remember, is still standing."

"Where?"

"Where it always did stand. I have only added to it and ornamented it."

To say that the addition and ornamenting bore the same proportion to the original building as the present Buckingham Palace bears to the late Buckingham House, is to give but a very faint idea of the change produced in my friend's cottage — now lifted to the dignity of a lodge.

"But the grounds," said I — "they puzzle me quite as much as the house. Here, I think used to be a ditch, and on the other side there was a piece of coarse, wet, swampy land, not worth sixpence an acre. What have you done with that?"

"Drained it and planted it. There, now, what do you think of that?"

This question was asked me just as we passed through a deeply-shaded walk and emerged into the open light of day, and came upon the margin of a lake clear as crystal.

"I have no recollection," said I, "of any piece of water here."

"Very likely not, but the water was not far off; — only the land spoiled the water, and the water spoiled the land, so we parted them — and now see how well they agree."

Passing round the lake, we came to what might be called a cabinet Alps; and, while I was admiring the

little mockery of Nature's grandeur, I ventured to express a fear that we might be wandering too far from the house — not that I cared about dinner, only I thought it a pity that a good fish should come all the way from London to be spoiled in the country. My friend then conducted me to the summit of one of these pine-clad hills, and, pointing to a chimney that was smoking almost just beneath us, said, "There is the kitchen-chimney."

It appeared that it was not very easy to wander far from the house while we kept within the limits of his own grounds, for though they were very various in their decoration, they were not very ample in extent; the dinner-bell might be heard all over them. In every part of them, and in every plantation, and in every plant, the same minute attention was observable as struck me in the general appearance of the village. The gravel walks were as smooth as marble and firm as a rock, you might have walked upon them with shoes as thin as paper, without feeling the slightest roughness or inequality; there was not a loose pebble to be seen; and if all the four winds of heaven altogether, or one after another, had blown upon the paths, not an ounce of dust could have been raised from them. The grass seemed to have been that very morning shaved with a razor. There were shrubs of all kinds, and flowers of every season, but not a single leaf of shrub or flower was to be seen upon the ground: you would have imagined that, as the flowers shed their blossoms, they gathered up their own dead leaves and put them

in their pockets. Then the kitchen-garden was to be seen; and truly that was a sight. The fruits and the vegetables were in such perfection, and in such exuberant fullness, that I was reminded of what Voltaire said of his trees, "that they had nothing else to do but to grow." The lofty and clean brick walls which surrounded the kitchen-garden, had the effect, one might imagine, of shutting out the world so completely as that the fruit might have nothing to divert its attention or to take away its thoughts from growing; and thus the apples and pears, and cucumbers and melons, and currants and cabbages, were all as plump and as sleek as so many friars in a convent. There was next to be seen the pinery, redolent of sweetness; and then the hot-houses, in which the ponderous bunches of grapes seemed heavy enough to drag the glazed roof to the ground.

In all these things, my friend delighted and employed himself; but they were not his only or his chief delight; for, in a tone of voice, and with an expression of countenance that seemed to indicate that the best was yet to come, he said, "When we have dined, I will show you the village."

It was Saturday afternoon, or now rather evening. The Jews begin their Sabbath on the evening preceding the day, and so do Christians that are good for anything, but not in the same way as do the Jews — not by walking or sitting idly about, but by a cheerful and pretty diligence, setting their houses in order, making their dwellings tidy for the reception of pure

thoughts, so that the Sunday sun may not shine upon the leavings of the week's negligence. In well appointed cottages, on Saturday evening, in summer time, you may hear the song of the diligent, humming at their sweet work like so many bees. The wife is then happy to rescue her husband's Sunday coat from its weekly prison, and brush it for the morrow; while the gilt buttons on the blue cloth shine to her eyes as brightly as stars in the blue vault of heaven. The mother then scrubs the cheeks of her cub-like cherubs, till they shine like the mahogany cherubs that ornament the organ in the parish church. Their ribbons, and straw, and frills, and flounces, and all those decorations, which are as evanescent as the blossom of the gum-cistus, make young hearts tremble with a sweet ambition, and a pretty anticipation of to-morrow's finery and blushes.

My friend was generally in the habit of looking round the village on Saturday evening, and he would occasionally walk into one or other of the cottages, and would ask questions, which, from any one else, would seem impertinent; but, he had such a pleasant manner of asking them, and such a kind motive in asking, that they were always readily and thankfully answered. He would sometimes ask the good woman of the house what she had prepared for the Sunday dinner; and if, on her reply, it did not appear that the dignity of the day, or the number of the family, or the sickness of some member of it, or the youth or advanced age of another had been properly consulted, he would pre-

sently make a reference to his own kitchen or larder to supply the defect.

"The sun is not quite down," said he, "and so we will look at the church, if you please, first of all. There is some beautiful painted glass that will shew to great advantage at this time of the evening."

The church stood alone, at a little distance from the body of the village, and we approached it through an avenue of trees, which had been planted long before my friend obtained the estate, but though he had not planted the trees, he took especial care of them, and they became, as it were, his children by adoption, seeing that they were not his by birth. The church, also, had been built before he came into the parish, many and many years ago, but he had covered the outside with Roman cement; he had replaced the old crazy, cracked, battered windows, with stained glass, some portion of which was ancient, and some part modern, but all prettily and harmoniously blended together, so as to form to the eye of an ordinary observer, one tolerably consistent whole. He had also caused a handsome organ to be built, he had furnished the pulpit and reading-desk with crimson velvet, and with bibles and prayer books, splendidly bound in Russia leather. At his expense the communion-plate, which had been worn and battered to the thinness of an old sixpence, was replaced with massive modern plate. The churchyard, which had once been rude as a common, and neglected as a wilderness, he had enclosed with an impenetrable fence, cleared of its rank weeds, and beautified into

the semblance of a pleasant garden. I cannot convey to the reader, by any description, or by any metaphor, the delightful emotions which I experienced when the harmonious fragrance of many flowers saluted me, as I walked up to the church porch. There can scarcely be a fitter place for flowers than the vicinity of the grave, for that is the place where we learn that man is cut down like a flower, and that is the place to which we look with the fondness of affectionate recollection, and it is pleasant to embalm the memory of the dead with a living fragrance, for the perfume of evanescent flowers is sweeter than all the spices of Araby and the gums of Egypt; and flowers on a grave are a kind of triumph of life over death, a growth of hope from the lowly valley of despair.

"When my friends come to visit me," said my companion, "I like to show them the church on Saturday, that they may not be gratifying their curiosity on Sunday, when they ought to have their thoughts otherwise employed."

"What building is this?" said I to my friend, as we entered the village again, and a building which was neither church, chapel, nor dwelling-house, caught my eye.

"This," said he, "is our village-school; we will look in and see the preparations; they are going to give the children a dinner to-morrow."

"So we looked in, and there was the genius of neatness presiding, as in every other part of the village. Tables were set out in order for the accommodation of

sixty children; the table-cloths were as white as snow, and the knives and forks as bright as silver. The building itself had the look of a hermitage; it was low and covered with a deep thatch that well harmonized with the tall dark trees that grew around it; the little pointed windows, one would hardly have thought capable of admitting light enough into the room; but when I entered, I found it of cheerful aspect, having abundance of light, and now rendered somewhat gay by tubs and pots of flowers and flowering shrubs, brought from the green-house at the lodge.

"Now we must call and ask our new curate to dine with us to-morrow."

"You have no resident rector then?"

"No; the rector, who has the living of this and the next parish, resides there, and as I think it so very desirable to have a resident clergyman, I have persuaded him to have a curate for this parish; formerly the rector used to do both duties himself."

We called upon the curate — a young single man, devoted to his profession and enjoying its duties, because the influential part of his flock co-operated with him in endeavouring to render his ministrations effectual. I have seen many clergymen's studies in the course of my life, and I have wondered why some of them should be called studies. Sometimes I have seen them decorated with fowling-pieces, dog-whips, whistles, scarlet jackets, and cricket-bats; at other times I have seen them redolent of music, rejoicing in fiddles and fiddle-sticks, or occupied with music-stands

and flutes; sometimes I have seen books in the studies, which books have never shown anything but their backs to the light for many years. The study, however, into which I was led at this time, seemed to be actually and truly used as a study, and there could be no doubt that it was the study of a clergyman — all the apparatus and all the books were strictly professional; but every thing was in most exquisite order. Pens, ink, paper, books, letters, cards, notes, magazines, newspapers, — all on the table, arranged in such systematic regularity, that you would hardly suppose that they had been touched since first they were placed there; but when we sat down, and my friend entered into conversation with the good man, and as reference was made to one or other letter, paper or magazine, on the table, I could not but admire the careful neatness with which they were replaced. I must confess that I once used to think that it looked very knowing to throw letters on the ground, to have books of all sorts and sizes lounging about on every chair: I thought it showed a great mind above little concerns—but I have changed my mind since I have seen a neat study neatly used. We may aspire to what is great without neglecting what is little. My friend and the curate spoke a few words together, before they parted, in a very low key and with very serious countenances. I did not attend to what was said, for I supposed it was no business of mine; but I found it out next day.

Next day was Sunday, and a very fine day it was. What a difference there is between a fine Sunday

morning in the country and a wet Saturday night in London! A fine Sunday morning in the country is an interchange of smiles between heaven and earth, physical and moral. And what a difference there is between the beauty of rest and the deformity of idleness! It is worth while to work six days in the week in order to gain an appetite for the rest which the Sabbath affords. "The mind," said Milton, "is its own place." With equal truth may it be said, the mind is its own time; and verily do I believe that the mind of the honest, industrious, sober, serious man, enjoys a whole week's worth of rest in the hours of the Sabbath day, and he lies down on the Sunday night, as much saturated with rest, as on Saturday night he lies down wearied with labour. We went to church in the morning; there is but one service in this village, but from this one service, methinks, I took more spiritual benefit than from ten in London. With an affectionate earnestness the young curate read the prayers, so that they took life from his lips, and they became indeed the prayers of those who heard them. Then there was the music,—now if I had been captious, snarling, cynical, and ill-natured, I should have quoted Pope's couplet,

> "As some to church repair,
> Not for the doctrine but the music there."

The music, though not quite equal to the opera, was certainly far above the ordinary church music in village, or even in city churches. Yet, after all, in a village so neatly and carefully tended, so adorned, as to

the prettiness of its cottages, the cleanness of its fields, the bright smoothness of its roads, the pleasant looks and good manners of its humblest inhabitants, and in a church too so completely fitted up, having such beautiful windows, such handsome pulpit-furniture, and situated in such a pretty garden-like churchyard, it would have been sadly out of keeping to have encountered with the blundering, blaring, roaring, and squeaking, of ordinary village *musicianers*. The music then, with all its refinement, was not out of place; it was in harmony with all the rest of the village proprieties, and therefore it contributed rather to promote than divert devotion.

If I was struck with the great beauty of the reading and the music, I was still more impressed with the sermon, and that not for its eloquence or erudition, for it was plain and simple as one of Mrs. Barbauld's Early Lessons, and it was like them for the home-like profundity of its truth. There was not a sentence in it which the meanest understanding could fail to apprehend. The preacher had no temptation, nor did he seem to have inclination to court applause. The commendation of the simple people of the village was but little worth; but the consciousness of rightly fulfilling his duty was a glorious object, and that seemed to be the leading and directing motive of his labours. He took the fifth commandment for his text, and descanted upon it with such simplicity and earnestness, as to draw tears of joy from the eyes of parents, and tears of penitence from children. I will not attempt to repeat

any sentence, for I could not do it justice; and, perhaps also, part of the impression on my mind might have been occasioned by the pleasing adjuncts of a beautiful day, a new scene, and all the other particulars which I have already mentioned. But there was one part of his discourse which seemed to be more than ordinarily interesting to his hearers, and that was when, towards the close of it, he took occasion to point out the awful consequences which may result from a neglect of parental instruction and admonition. I perceived that every eye was on the preacher, and that the silence was, if possible, more profound than before.

When I left the church, I noticed to my friend the impression which was produced by the sermon, especially the latter part of it. "Ah!" said he, "I am very sorry that there was any occasion for such remarks: it was a painful duty for Mr. —— to perform, but he never withdraws from duty on that account. You must know that there is a young lad in the village, who has been a great trouble to his parents, and latterly there has been cause more than to suspect him of dishonesty. With a view to save him from farther danger, his friends have procured him the means of going to sea, under the eye of a religious and intelligent captain, who has promised to keep a sharp watch over him, and do what he can to restore him to good habits. This was the matter that Mr. —— and I were whispering about last night. I think that the address was calculated to make an impression on him, and on others, too, by way of caution."

"They must be insensible, indeed, on whom it could make no impression," said I.

From the church we proceeded to the school-room, where a dinner was provided for the children; and, as my friend, who is owner of this pet village, makes it a point to attend to every thing that concerns the well-being and comfort of the inhabitants, it has become a kind of fashion in the place and neighbourhood to imitate him in his neatness and love of order, and in his attention to even the youngest and the poorest. The children all looked happy, clean, and contented; the whole village seemed as one family, and a spirit of harmony pervaded the scene. Here was a pleasant illustration of the value of an attention to neatness and order, which are, indeed, close adjuncts to, and strong supporters of, religion and morals: and the beauty of all was, that all these pleasant effects were produced without trouble — the very labour was a pleasure. It has been said that my friend does all this to please himself: certainly he does; and no one can please himself heartily without, at the same time, pleasing others.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

LINES COMPOSED ON A SICK BED, UNDER SEVERE BODILY SUFFERING, ON MY SPIRITUAL BIRTHDAY, OCTOBER 28th.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Born unto God in Christ — in Christ, my all!
What, that Earth boasts, were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest Name, by which we call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, Our Father?
Father! in Christ we live: and Christ in Thee:
Eternal Thou, and everlasting We!

The Heir of Heaven, henceforth I dread not Death.
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true Life. Let Sea, and Earth, and Sky
Wage war against me: on my front I shew
Their mighty Master's seal! In vain *they* try
To end my Life, who can but end its Woe.

Is that a Death-bed, where the Christian lies?
Yes! — But not *his*: 'Tis Death itself *there* dies.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE WRECK OF MEMORY:

OR,

PORTIONS OF POEMS COMPOSED IN EARLY MANHOOD:

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

[NOTE.—It may not be without use or interest to youthful, and especially to intelligent female readers of poetry, to observe, that in the attempt to adapt the Greek metres to the English language, we must begin by substituting *quality* of sound for *quantity* — that is, accentuated or comparatively emphasized syllables, for what, in the Greek and Latin verse, are named long, and of which the prosodial mark is –; and *vice versâ*, unaccentuated syllables for short, marked ˘. Now the hexameter verse consists of two sorts of *feet*, the spondee, composed of two long syllables, and the dactyl, composed of one long syllable followed by two short. The following verse from the Psalms, is a rare instance of a *perfect* hexameter (*i. e.* line of six feet) in the English language: —

Gōd cāme | ūp wĭth ă | shōut: oūr | Lōrd wĭth thĕ | soūnd ŏf ă | trūmpĕt.

But so few are the truly *spondaic* words in our language, such as Ēgȳpt, ūprōar, tūrmōil, &c. that we are compelled to substitute, in most instances, the trochee, or – ˘, *i. e.* such words as mērrў, lightlў, &c. for the proper spondee. It need only be added, that in the hexameter the fifth foot must be a dactyl, and the sixth a spondee, or trochee. I will end this note with two hexameter lines, likewise from the Psalms.

Thēre ĭs ă | rīvĕr thĕ | flōwĭng whĕre | ōf shāll | glādděn thĕ cītў,
Hāllĕ | lūjăh thĕ | cītў ŏf | Gōd Jē hōvăh! hăth | blēst hĕr.

S. T. C.]

I.—HYMN TO THE EARTH.

EARTH! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Hail! O Goddess, thrice hail! Blest be thou! and, blessing, I hymn thee!
Forth, ye sweet sounds! from my harp, and my voice shall float on your surges—
Soar thou aloft, O my soul! and bear up my song on thy pinions.

Travelling the vale with mine eyes— green meadows, and lake with green island,
Dark in its basin of rock, and the bare stream flowing in brightness,
Thrilled with thy beauty and love, in the wooded slope of the mountain,
Here, Great Mother, I lie, thy child with its head on thy bosom!
Playful the spirits of noon, that creep or rush through thy tresses:
Green-haired Goddess! refresh me; and hark! as they hurry or linger,
Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with musical murmurs.
Into my being thou murmurest joy; and tenderest sadness
Shed'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the joy and the heavenly sadness
Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears, and the hymn of thanksgiving.

Earth! thou mother of numberless children, the nurse and the mother,
Sister thou of the Stars, and beloved by the Sun, the rejoicer!
Guardian and friend of the Moon, O Earth, whom the Comets forget not,
Yea, in the measureless distance wheel round, and again they behold thee!
Fadeless and young (and what if the latest birth of Creation?)
Bride and consort of Heaven, that looks down upon thee enamoured!
Say, mysterious Earth! O say, great Mother and Goddess!
Was it not well with thee then, when first thy lap was ungirdled,
Thy lap to the genial Heaven, the day that he wooed thee and won thee!
Fair was thy blush, the fairest and first of the blushes of morning!
Deep was the shudder, O Earth! the throe of thy self-retention:
Inly thou strovest to flee, and didst seek thyself at thy center!
Mightier far was the joy of thy sudden resilience: and forthwith
Myriad myriads of lives teemed forth from the mighty embracement.
Thousand-fold tribes of dwellers, impelled by thousand-fold instincts,

Filled, as a dream, the wide waters: the rivers sang on
their channels:
Laughed on their shores the hoarse seas: the yearning
ocean swelled upward:
Young life lowed through the meadows, the woods, and
the echoing mountains,
Wandered bleating in valleys, and warbled in blossom-
ing branches.

* * * * * *

II.—ENGLISH HEXAMETERS, WRITTEN DURING A TEMPORARY BLINDNESS, IN THE YEAR 1799.

O, WHAT a life is the EYES! what a strange and in-
scrutable essence!
Him, that is utterly blind, nor glimpses the fire that
warms him;
Him, that never beheld the swelling breast of his mo-
ther;
Him, that smiled in his gladness, as a babe that smiles
in its slumber;
Even for Him it exists! It moves and stirs in its
prison!
Lives with a separate life: and—"Is it a Spirit?" he
murmurs:
"Sure, it has thoughts of its own, and TO SEE is only
a language!

III.—THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.

IV.—THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

V.—A VERSIFIED REFLECTION.

[A *Force* is the provincial term in Cumberland for any narrow fall of water from the summit of a mountain precipice. —— The following stanza (it may not arrogate the name of poem) or versified reflection, was composed while the author was gazing on three parallel *Forces*, on a moonlight night, at the foot of the Saddleback Fell.—S. T. C.]

On stern Blencarthur's perilous height
The wind is tyrannous and strong:
And flashing forth unsteady light
From stern Blencarthur's skiey height
As loud the torrents throng!

Beneath the moon in gentle weather
They bind the Earth and Sky together:
But O! the Sky, and all *its* forms, how quiet!
The things that seek the Earth, how full of noise and riot!

SONG OF
THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

(FROM WAVERLEY.)

"The seat of the Celtic Muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her, must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall."

"Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitation of the Bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant water-fall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpress."

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn o'er our mountains is dawning at last ;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the mountains remind you to wake ?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die !

* * * * *
* * * * *

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake !
'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call ;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
Where the banners are blazing on mountain and heath :
They call to the dirk, the claymore and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire !
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire !
Burst the ban foreign yoke as your sires did of yore ;
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more !

A CHAPTER ON CHILDHOOD.

When our first parents had been banished from Paradise, and were sentenced to till the ground with sad diligence and a humble sorrow, they had retrospections which made labour bitter; and their present was a melancholy contrast to their past lot: they could think of what they had been, and of what they might have continued to be, and therefore their thoughts were all of self-reproach. It was no part of the pleasantness of their looks to by-gone days, that they could dwell upon the recollections of infancy and childhood. The sun of their day had broken forth at once in its high meridian; it had not slowly climbed from a dim horizon, peeping through morning clouds, melting the early mist away, and wheeling up and up with diligent toil to the cloudless glory of the mid-day heavens. Their being — not to speak it profanely or with ambition of paradox — began without beginning; they had no visible parents or infant play-fellows; the unseen Spirit was their father, the beautiful earth was their mother; and their companions were the graceful and fearless birds, — the tawney lion, then gentle as a lamb — and the insinuating serpent, then

innocent though subtle. The littlenesses and prettinesses of infant love were not their portion; the prattle that ripens into sober talk, the budding wonder that expands into wisdom, the childish fondness that grows up into reverence and is sanctified by the holiness of gratitude and filial affection, — were blessings that belonged not to them. Instead thereof they had the stateliness of matured devotion, the sublimity of admiration, the accuracy of an awful obedience, till security betrayed them into sin, and sin led them into punishment. Then they looked downwards to the earth which they were destined to till; not upwards— for the majesty of heaven had been offended by their transgression, — not backwards, for the days of innocence were departed, — not forwards, for before them lay labour, and sorrow, and death, — labour for the man, sorrow for the woman, and death for both. Never did so dark a cloud hang over mortals as that which now, without a fringe of light to limit or relieve it, impended over the path of our first parents. But from the darkness came out light, from labour rest, and from the woman's sorrow a new and hitherto unapprehended joy, which made her to doubt whether the curse were not a blessing. In the smiles of her firstborn the cloudless blue of the Eden sky was forgotten, the recollected glories of that quiet garden declined into the dimness of a faded picture, and passed away like the coldness of a dream. There had been beauty in each opening day, as the sun peeped over the distant hills, sweetness in the morning fragrance of the dew-

fed flowers, and sweet music in the revelling song of the newly awakened birds; but no beauty in the bright sun to compare with the light of infant eyes, no sweetness in the fragrance of flowers to vie with the breath of the newly born, and no melody in the whole compass of nature's music to match the wailings of the pretty helpless one. So a new interest was given to life, and a charm was bestowed on death; the thought of the first mother's heart was as the language of the vain poet, *Non omnis moriar*, — 'I shall not altogether die:' thus life became more bright, and death less gloomy. It seemed that God had reversed the doom, which he had denounced on the transgressors, and instead of giving them death, gave them another life.

When the infant Cain lay on his mother's lap, and looked up to read his first lesson of consciousness in his mother's eyes, little thought she that that dawn of new hopes, that infant spring of a new river of feeling and of interest, should in the lapse of some few years be the source of a pang more rending to her heart than the sentence which banished her from Eden. Doubtless when the brother-stricken corpse of Abel gave to Adam and Eve their first idea of death, the mother's trembling recollection flew back like a frightened bird to the hours of Cain's infancy, and to the wordless joy with which she had gazed upon her little one; and the recollection of infant innocence made the contemplation of adult wickedness more bitter, and more awful. And did she then regret the fondness with which she

had cherished her nursling? did she repent the tears of joy which she had shed on the cheek of her babe? — No, — for though the joy of the past was the bitterness of the present, she did not lament that the past had been. Peradventure when first driven from the sweet repose of the garden of Eden and sentenced to a life of toil, the memory of the past might have so embittered and exaggerated the dark contrast as to excite a wish that the pleasant past had never been; — but the delight which a mother takes in the interesting charms of her infant, is one of the possessions with which she will not readily part, and is one of the recollections which she will not easily forget.

Such and so great was the interest in the first child that was born into the world; nor is the interest or beauty of childhood yet abated. The shining heavens and the beautiful earth, from whence the first lines of philosophy were learned, and from whence the first inspirations of poetry were inhaled, are yet fresh in their beauty and unexhausted in their wealth of wisdom; nor in the whole compass of the visible universe is there any one topic more redolent of wisdom and beauty than childhood. Lord Bacon has pleasantly and truly said, that "wise men learn more from fools than fools do from wise men." May we not with great propriety parody this saying by affirming, that philosophers learn more from children than children do from philosophers? How stupidly wrong are they who speak of the dryness of study! And how marvellously sagacious were the fathers of the Latin language, who gave

to the word *studium* the double meaning "study," and "desire!" There can be no study where there is no delight. Even the abstruse mathematician, poring over his lifeless lines and figures, finds beauty in his diagrams, and is charmed with the delicacies of a felitous demonstration. Nor is there less of beauty or of wisdom in the sweetness of childhood.

Children make us proud, and they make us humble, and we love them for both reasons. We love them because they make us proud: they are so sweetly helpless that we have complete dominion over them, and we rejoice and delight ourselves in the pleasantness of patronage. The feeling of patronage is so strong in the human heart, that even children themselves delight in the exhibition of it; they patronize dolls, and butterflies, and little flowers, and love the sweet joys of a powerful superiority. Seeing the utter helplessness of children, and feeling that they are so entirely dependent on us, we cannot but love them; and thus we are led to the apprehension of God's love toward us: we find that his power is father to his love, for we are altogether dependent on him, and are as clay in the hands of the potter. There is no hatred where there is no fear; and we do not fear children, therefore we have toward them only love:—so it is with God to his works, he feareth nothing that he has made, and therefore in the language of Scripture it is said, "He hateth nothing that he hath made."—We love children because we have power over them. Furthermore we love children because they make us

humble. There is a mortification in humility, and there is also a delight in humility: there is a mortification in humility, when we are driven down by those above us; and there is a delight in humility when we are drawn down by those below us. By children are we reminded how guileless and how innocent once we were. And notwithstanding all that the world has done with us and for us, we are still in favor of the innocence and simplicity of childhood. We find that the wisdom which we learn in the world is folly at the best, and is wickedness at the worst, and therefore we are never truly proud of it; but we are more enamoured of the pure simplicity of childhood than of the adult craft of wary manhood; so we love childhood for the lessons of humility which it teaches us.

Childhood is beautiful for its uncarefulness; yet it is not without its sorrows, and is marked by

"The tear forgot as soon as shed."

We pity the sorrows of childhood, — do we not? But how do we pity them? Is it not with a light-hearted and a smiling sympathy? For we know that their sorrows shall soon pass away, and shall vanish as the dew-drops of a summer morning, leaving brightness and beauty and fruitfulness behind. Sometimes we do ourselves occasion the tears of childhood; and wherefore? Is it not for the love we bear to children, and from the hope and wish of future good? — So He in whose hands the destinies and hopes of humanity rest, exercises his creatures with the discipline of sorrow, knowing that from transient sorrow shall spring eternal peace.

Have I not said that childhood is beautiful for its uncarefulness? — Yet children have their cares: yes, so they have, but we know that their cares are of but little avail, and that the leading-strings of their destiny are in wiser hands than their own: — so also doth He know concerning us, who guideth our steps, and directeth the way of our feet. Surely not more completely are children in the hands of their parents, than are creatures in the hand of God. Come then, thou man of anxiety, whose brows are corrugated with care, whose breast heaves with a more than Atlantean weight, — lay down thy burden for a while, and see thy pictured self in the studious infant who builds his imitative houses and castles, and has upon his little breast the care of empires in the cultivation of a daisy!

Childhood is beautiful for its happiness; for the madness of its joy, and the revelry of its glee, for the pretty wildness of its unmingled laugh, for the heartiness with which it gives itself up to the impression of the moment, forgetting the past and unanticipative of the future. How often does man in the journey of life pause on his weary way, and sighingly gaze on the joys of childhood, — enjoying them without the malignity of envy! On the worldly prosperous and rich, on those whose cup runneth over, men look too often with an evil eye, hating the happiness which they desire; but the richest man in the world is not so happy as a laughing child. And wherefore cannot man be as happy as a child? Wherefore, but from want of purity and want of faith? Sad recollections press

upon the spirit, and doubts with a cloud-like density darken the way of life; so that when we are lifted up a while by the light-heartedness of a transient gaiety somewhat above the ordinary level of the tenor of life, we look to the past, and there is the darkness of remorse; we look to the future, and there is the mist of doubt and fear; and sadly we sink down again, moralizing on the vanity of human joys. However, if we love joy, and cannot have it pure in ourselves, it is something that we can sympathize with it as it exists in the sweet smiles and musical laughter of children. So the sight and thought of childhood becomes beautiful and instructive to us: it is delight, and it is philosophy; it is a looking-glass to the mind—a moral looking glass—a medicative looking-glass, helping to correct the deformities which it reveals. It is a merciful and considerate wisdom that thus arranges our lot in life, mingling the mass of society, so that youth and manhood, childhood and old age, form one community: thus all are sweetly dependent on each other; and for the protection which maturity bestows on childhood, a return is made by childhood in the lessons which it teaches, and in the picturesque beauty of its moral chaacter, which renders it so delightful an object to contemplate. So mutual dependence and obligation form the bond of society and the principle of morals; and the dependence of all on the Supreme, forms the basis of devout gratitude and the principle of religion.

W. P. S.

TO MY CHILD.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

They say thou art not fair to others' eyes,
Thou who dost seem so beautiful in mine !
The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks
What name, what home, what parentage are thine ;
But carelessly, as though it were by chance,
Bestows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful ? — To me it seems
As though the blue veins in thy temples fair —
The crimson in thy full and innocent lips —
The light that falls upon thy shining hair —
The varying colour in thy rounded cheek —
Must *all* of nature's endless beauties speak ?

The very pillow which thy head hath prest
Through the past night, a picture brings to me
Of rest so holy, calm, and exquisite,
That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee ;
And I repeat, beneath the morning's light,
The mother's lingering gaze, and long good night !

Yea even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,
(When we two roam beneath the setting sun,)
Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,
A something bright and fair to gaze upon :

I press thy little eager hand the while,
And do not even turn to see thee smile !

Art thou not beautiful ? — I hear thy voice —
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden mirth —
And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring earth.
Yet no gaze follows thee but mine. I fear
Love hath bewitched mine eyes — my only dear !

Beauty is that which dazzles — that which strikes—
That which doth paralyze the gazer's tongue,
Till he hath found some rapturous word of praise
To bear his proud and swelling thoughts along :
Sunbeams are beautiful — and gilded halls —
Wide terraces — and showery waterfalls.

Yet are there things which through the gazing eye
Reach the full heart, and thrill it into love,
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise,
Yet prized, perchance, the brightest things above :
A nook that was our childhood's resting place —
A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress ;
And what it could not say was BEAUTIFUL,
Yet gained the dearer term of LOVELINESS.
The *loved* and *lovely :* so art thou to me,
Child, in whose face strange eyes no beauty see !

MASTER DOD'S BLESSING.*

"Till old experience doth attain
To somewhat like prophetic strain."

Il Penseroso.

In the spring of 1644, the noble and imposing scene which England at the beginning of the parliamentary contest had exhibited, of a nation calmly but determinately arising to demand its century-chartered civil rights, and that inalienable possession, religious freedom, seemed rather like some past illusion than a reality. The bright dawn had been early overcast; still blacker clouds lowered in the distance; and for six years of anxious and toilsome deliberation in the senate, and nearly two of strife and bloodshed in the field, the puritans saw the great prize, for which they had adventured their all, still unwon. At the close of the preceding year, five armies were in the field against them; town after town had fallen into the hands of the royalists; discord was prevailing in the counsels of the parliament; and death in a few short months had

* The chief incident in this tale is founded on fact. The prophetic character of Master Dod's sayings was an article of unquestioned belief among the puritans; and in the comedies of that period, the phrase, 'Master Dod's blessing,' will frequently be found.

snatched from them the brave and enthusiastic Lord Brooke, that noblest of patriots Hampden, and that most profound and influential of their parliamentary leaders, John Pym; while in the forlorn condition of the families that had fled from the fury of the cavaliers, and in the boastful and threatening style of the royal proclamations, they read too plainly what measure of retribution would be dealt out to them, should the royalist party finally prevail. Still, the very extremity of the cause bound yet closer to it the hearts and energies of those who fasted in their families, prayed in the churches, and fought in the field for its success. A devotedness which in any other cause would have been eulogized as worthy the noblest days of Greece and Rome, influenced all classes; and while the 'worshipful gentleman' joyfully consigned his cherished store of family plate to the crucible, and the very maid-servants pressed forward with their silver bodkins, the aged father with equal joy encouraged the heir of the family to advance the parliament banner and cast in his lot with a falling cause; and even the poor widow bade farewell to the staff of her age, as he shouldered his matchlock and prepared to set off to the army, with a smile of exultation rather than with tears.

As the summer advanced, all things seemed to betoken a coming crisis. The Scotch army had marched southward; the Earl of Manchester had collected his forces to aid in the siege of York; and all eyes were cast toward that spot where the first decisive victory

ere long blessed the hopes and the prayers of the puritans. And in the eager strife of hopes and fears, which the solemn pause of preparation awakens even in the dullest breast, thousands, with feelings of earnest devotion which are scoffed at by the present age, because the present age is to them a stranger, rushed to the churches, and with the right hand solemnly uplifted to heaven, bound themselves in the powerful bonds of a religious vow — "in this common cause of religion, liberty, and the peace of this kingdom, all the days of their lives zealously and constantly to continue therein against all opposition."

It was about the close of June, when a young man, whose military equipments were almost concealed by a large horseman's cloak, and whose montero cap was decorated with a large bow of dark blue ribbon, in token of his adherence to the parliament, well mounted, and followed by six troopers in grey coats, with harquebuss slung on the shoulder, and the same badge displayed in the front of their plain steel caps, appeared one afternoon on the road leading from Leicester to the pleasant town of Melton Mowbray, where the broad banner of the parliament, floating proudly from the lofty and richly traceried tower of its noble church, hung a sure sign of welcome to travellers like him. But although the day was bright and beautiful, and the meadows seemed almost ready for the scythe, neither labourer nor team were in the fields;— no playful children loitered by the road side; no busy hum was heard from the town; but all was hushed, as

though every inhabitant had fled before the sword of a victorious enemy. It was the day of the special fast of the neighbouring parishes, for imploring the blessing and protection of Heaven upon those who, ere a few short days, might be called to lay down their lives for the good cause, and for renewing the Covenant: and the spacious church (one of the largest and most beautiful in a county remarkable for the beauty of its churches) was crowded with a congregation composed indeed of all ranks and conditions, from the lordly descendant of Hamo de Belers, who, bearing on his shield the device of his grateful lion, still reposes in feudal pomp in the side-aisle, to the poor tiller of the ground; but all bound together in the strong ties of a mutual faith, and mutual danger. Three times had the hour-glass on the pulpit desk been turned, but no sign of weariness appeared among the vast and enthusiastic congregation; and when the third minister advanced to the communion table (at this period placed in the middle aisle), with the fair copy of the Covenant, which at the close of the service each person was expected to sign, and his place in the pulpit was supplied by an aged man, whose bent figure, sunken eye, and patriarchal white locks, seemed to mark him as a link between the living and the dead, a murmur of irrepressible joy ran through the congregation, that they should be thus honoured on their solemn day of meeting, by the unlooked-for presence, and availing prayers of that Nestor of puritanism, that confessor, who for more than sixty years had uplifted his voice

against the corruptions of the church, 'precious Master John Dod of Fawsley.'

"And truly, sir," said the sentinel, whose sole claim to the character of a soldier, seemed to be the ponderous matchlock which he was unable to wield, and who kept a most inefficient guard at that entrance to the town, in reply to a question from the young horseman, "'tis well your honour is in time for this latter part of the exercise; we shall do marvels with the prayers of yonder powerful minister — methinks I myself could handle a matchlock against any of Lord Newcastle's 'lambs,' ay, or any of Charles' red-coated 'invincibles,' after godly Master Dod hath given me his blessing."

"The blessing of the righteous bringeth indeed success," replied the young man solemnly; "but I wish instant speech of Colonel Poulton, who, doubtless, is at the church yonder. How many men have ye here?"

"Threescore of Sir John Gell's grey coats, some of my Lord Grey's own blues, beside our own Melton men, who, worthy major Hubbard saith, should be called Joseph's troop, seeing that we have coats of divers colours.* Well I wot though, if our coats be diverse, our hearts are one."

"Spoken like a true parliament soldier," said the young man with a smile of peculiar sweetness. "Go forward, Colson," addressing one of the troopers, and

* Very few of the regiments employed on either side in this contest, had uniforms, except those troops that were raised at the expense of the different noble families, in which case they wore a kind of livery mostly grey or blue.

handing a small billet—"loath as I am to disturb worthy Colonel Poulton, yet 'tis not fit that news of the great things that have been done in the west should be longer concealed. Enquire for the worthy colonel, and give him this."

"Great things in the west, honourable sir?" cried the delighted sentinel.

"Great things, indeed," replied the young man, willingly entering into conversation, (for the strict discipline of the modern army was unknown in the 17th century); "the London grey coats, and the Barnstaple and Bideford men have gained a glorious victory over Sir Ralph Hopton — Lord Mohun killed, Godolphin missing, and 'tis said, Ashburnham cannot survive — a wondrous victory!—all Devonshire reduced, the popish army flying no one knows whither. The 'Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer' will be enforced to print off two thousand more copies, that all our brethren may learn this blessed news — 'it is of the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes!'" — and he lifted the montero cap from his brow, and cast up his eyes as though engaged in mental prayer. Struck with his earnest devotion, the sentinel, now that the overshadowing cap was removed, gazed admiringly on his features. He seemed about thirty, with finely formed face, complexion of singular brilliancy, expressive dark eyes, and dark flexible eyebrows, that contrasted strikingly with the sunny brightness of locks that now fell in a profusion on his shoulders, almost sufficient to excite the momentary suspicion of the close-cropt sentinel.

The young man replaced his cap, and as though he had read the passing suspicion, glanced a look at the rich clustering curls, which he again endeavoured to push beneath the cap. "Ay," said he, "these locks shall be shorn ere I again take the field — vanity hath prevailed too long; but it shall no longer."

"Then your honour is about to join the army at York?" enquired the sentinel.

"Yes, and with somewhat of plate and money," pointing to two small but well secured portmanteaus, strapped before two of the troopers.

"Heaven prosper your journey, good sir," cried the sentinel. We of this poor town are about to do what we can in the same way, and some of my lord Grey's blue coats are to set off this very evening in charge of it."

"Saints be praised! good luck still follows!" cried one of the troopers.

The young man turned round with a frown of greater sternness than it might be thought his open and pleasant brow could assume. "Who utters such popish words in my presence? Beware, Halcombe, if ye ever again talk of saints and luck, even your long-tried services shall not secure you. 'Tis an old servant," continued he, addressing the sentinel; "but he lived in his youth among the papists of Lancashire, and fell into their evil ways."

"Sir William hath scant cause to say so," growled the trooper. "I was mighty popish when I knocked the big saint on the head in Arnsby church, and pulled down the inn sign because it was the Cross Keys."

"Peace, Halcombe; and for the future put a guard upon your tongue, as precious Dr. Burgess said at Antholin's lecture," interrupted his master.

"A godly young gentleman," said the sentinel to one of the troopers.

"Truly is he," replied the trooper; "but no wonder, 'twas bred in the family. Methinks there are few who have not heard tell of the Armyns; and our worthy Sir William treadeth both in the steps of his late pious father, and his excellent uncle, of whose deeds in the cause of pure religion the whole land rings."

"A blessed family," said the sentinel; "we have oft in these parts heard tell of them. And is this good young knight himself about to serve in the army?"

"Ay, that he is. Dame Mary Armyn, his pious mother, could scarcely be brought to consent; and she sent a case of conscience about it to the learned assembly at Westminster: but away went Sir William to London forthwith, and took advice of godly Master Newcomen, and old Master Gataker, and powerful Master Antony Burgess, and away was he to the wars. Now if any of you Melton boys needed a leader, Sir William's the man for you: two horses had he killed under him at Edgehill; first was he at the head of the pikemen at the siege of Exeter."

"Worthy gentleman!" ejaculated the admiring sentinel, gazing with wonder at the handsome young knight, who was now in close conversation with the returned trooper. "Come, my lads," said he, after a short pause; "lead your horses to the inn, and follow

me to church. Heaven forbid that we should lose the opportunity of praying side by side of these brethren, side by side of whom we shall ere long face the enemy."

Sir William Armyn, followed by his troopers, entered the church; but the service had concluded, and passing through the dense crowd that were now pressing toward the table to affix their signatures, or "put their mark," to the covenant which they had just before taken, was making his way toward the upper end, where Major Hubbard and Colonel Poulton, and two or three other parliamentary worthies of Leicestershire stood, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a lady, rather past the middle age but still handsome,—whose stately figure, and dignified bearing, in spite of her plain apparel shewed her to belong to no mean family,—who advanced to the table, leading with her a youth of about sixteen, of remarkable beauty. She signed her name, gave the pen to her son, and drawing from beneath her fine lawn collar, a rich but antique gold chain, from whence depended a star-shaped cluster of diamonds, unclasped it, and laid it on the table. "At this crisis of the cause," said she, in a tone of deep emotion, "for which my father breathed his latest prayer, my husband willingly laid down his life, and for which my young son shall, I trust, ere long do good service, heaven forbid that aught of silver or gold should be kept back by those whose hearts have been given. Take, therefore, this sole-remaining relic of an ancient family, and with it

the solemn vow of my only son." The lady took the hand of the beautiful boy, who, with flushed cheek and eager eye, was looking intently in her face, and laid it on the parchment. "Swear, my son! swear in a nobler cause, and on a holier altar than the great foe of the Romans pledged himself upon, never, never to forsake the good cause."

"I swear before angels and men," replied the enthusiastic boy, in a deep clear whisper that went to every heart.

"The blessing of heaven rest on you both!" cried the old minister, bending over the pulpit desk, with uplifted hands; "that blessing which alone can avail ye in life and in death, even the blessing of the Covenant be on you and yours for evermore."

"Truly, worthy sir," said an elderly man who stood beside Sir William Armyn, "depend upon it, my lady Alice Poyntz, although sorely straitened, as we all know, in worldly means, hath a better prospect now before her than any one else here present. She and her noble young son have had Master Dod's especial blessing, and well doth all the country about know, that not one of his words have ever fallen to the ground."

The example of the high-minded lady acted powerfully upon all. Each one as he advanced to the table laid down some offering: the burgess drew off his thumb-ring; the burgess's wife unlocked the brooch from her collar; the farmer drew forth some cherished old coin; the farmer's wife her broad cramp ring; even peasants and children prest forward with glitter-

ing new shillings and hoarded groats; while Sir William Armyn, who had watched with eager delight the whole scene, took a splendid emerald ring from his finger, and laid it on the table.

Evening was coming on, when the young knight, in company with a respectable aged man, the same who had spoken to him in the church, came down to the market-place, and in a peremptory tone called for Halcombe, who was standing amid a group of townsfolk, bidding farewell to the three score of Sir John Gell's grey coats, who, mounted, stood in readiness to march.

"And wherefore this shameful delay?" said Sir William, as Halcombe, psalm-book in hand, advanced to meet him—"the blues can wait no longer for us."

"Methought your honour would choose to ride with these brave boys, seeing they are going direct to Nottingham," returned the trooper.

"Surely not — we must take the Lincolnshire road, and thither Lord Grey's blue-coats are going; so hasten. Little should I mind for myself to travel with only you; but remember, we have charge of treasure, and more than that, I have promised the noble lady Alice Poyntz, to take charge of her son, who hath prayed her most vehemently to let him go with us — 'tis a gallant boy!"

"Ay, worthy sir," said the old man; "methinks the parliament army will rejoice at our coming if it be only to see what a spirit there is in the country. Well, that a young boy like master Arthur Poyntz

should be so set upon going, and that your honour should have so unexpectedly come into these parts to take charge of him, seemeth to me to betoken some special providence."

"It doth, as we shall doubtless see ere long. But what now, Colson?" said Sir William, as the other trooper in breathless haste galloped up the street.

"What charge did your honour give to the blue coats? They said Colonel Poulton put them under your command, and that you have sent to order them off directly."

"Bid them wait—hasten, Halcombe, make ready—it is true, our small company might travel safely; but methinks 'tis a tempting of providence to refuse the escort of these gallant blues. Away, Colson, bid them wait—lady Alice and her fair son are even now here—we will meet you outside the town."

"And now, noble lady, farewell," said Sir William, gracefully bowing as he leapt on his horse—"may your wishes and your prayers meet the answer they deserve. Come, mount, my fair boy—hither, good master, what's your name—and this is the treasure collected at Melton? Methinks Halcombe had better take charge of it—'tis a heavy weight for one horse—the gold chain and diamonds had better not be among it."

"No, no, Sir William," replied the well-pleased boy, "I have them safely here," laying his hand on his breast.

"Stay, my son, only one moment," cried the lady

Alice, "here comes precious Master Dod; let him bless your errand, for never did he bless in vain."

The old minister, supported by two of his brethren, advanced with feeble steps, and laid his hands on the young boy's head. "Good sir, let us *all* have your blessing," cried one of the Melton troop, who was about to depart with Sir William.

The old minister gazed with a troubled countenance at the troopers—"I may not," said he.

"Good master Dod, wherefore?" cried Halcombe, "give us a text, then."

Again the old man paused, and a strange anxiety clouded his brow; at length taking out his small pocket bible, he read—"Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." Each looked at the other with astonishment; for the venerable minister had always been celebrated for the peculiar appositeness of his texts; but what could be the meaning of this? There was, however, no time for thought, no time for delay; the clock struck eight, and the word was given to march.

Halcombe and his fellow-trooper alone lingered behind. "Good master Dod," said he, "I may scarcely make out your text; hast thou not a more intelligible one for me?"

The old man fixed his eyes sternly upon the enquirer—"Wherefore dost thou ask?—hear then the word for *thee*," and he read on—"The extortioner is at an end, the spoiler ceaseth, the oppressors are consumed from the land."

A flush of rage, soon succeeded by a smile of scorn, passed over the astonished trooper's face. "The old hypocrite!" muttered he, setting spur to his horse, "I shall prove him a false prophet ere many days are gone."

"Always too late," said Sir William Armyn sternly, as Halcombe came up with his companions outside the town; "here hath been strange work; the blues are gone forward, and we must gallop hard to get up with them ere nightfall. Well, my brave boys," turning to the little company, at whose head he was placed, "should we fall in with any of Sir Charles Lucas' troopers, we must make the best of it, though my six men, and you ten Melton boys, are scarce a match for two or three score."

"We will try, though, Sir William," was the bold and ready answer of one of the Melton troop, "since we have three good reasons for fighting—the safety of that noble young gentleman, the security of the treasure we carry, and, above all, our love to the 'good cause.'"

"Spoken like a parliament hero," said Sir William; "come, my fair boy, I will take you under my especial protection — let us trust in heaven, and go onward."

The bright hues of a summer sunset slowly faded away; the stars came out one by one in the clear twilight, when Sir William Armyn gave the signal to turn from the main road to one that led by a shorter cut into the vale of Belvoir. "And now,

good brethren, wherefore not raise a psalm," said he—"Colson, strike up the 80th, master Rouse's version,—

"Hear Israel's shepherd, like a flock
Thou that dost Joseph guide ---"

a proper psalm for the evening of our fast-day."

"Methinks Sir William had better have kept on the high road," said the old man, who had charge of the treasure. "Good Master Colson, ride forward to Sir William, and say so; he knoweth not these parts so well as I do." But Colson was too busily engaged in choosing the tune, to deign a reply. "Good master Halcombe," persisted the old man, "surely 'twould have been safer to have stopped at Waltham-on-the-Wold, than to go this lone way, seeing that we carry treasure." Again no answer was returned; for at that moment Colson "raised the psalm," which, thanks to the powerful lungs of his companions, was carried with such energy, that ere they were aware of the approach of horsemen, they beheld galloping down the opposite lane a company of well-appointed troopers.

"Peace, ye brawling conventicle knaves," cried Sir William, "unless ye wish the hangman to do the same office to your tongues he hath already done to your ears. Come, my good fellows, disarm these psalm-singers. Ha, ha! Cleveland, ye shall make a ballad on this. A merry evening, and the blessing of our lady on ye, Sir Charles Lucas; methought you could not miss us; and ye came just in time to save me from

being choaked with their new version," said he, holding out his hand to the leader. "Ay,

> "Vouchsafe
> To make thy countenance to shine,
> And so we shall be safe."

The knaves were just singing it, and, thank the saints, they're safe enow."

"Thou blaspheming papist!" cried the Melton trooper, with an ineffectual attempt to rush forward.

"Every one in his turn," cried Halcombe, beckoning to two of the newly arrived troop, who soon pinioned the unhappy Melton trooper: "but have ye provided good quarters for us, Sir Charles?—my throat's dry with bawling psalms; 'twill take half a gallon of sack to wash down the remembrance."

"What, you here, Major Porter?" said the leader, coming up.

"Ay, and Jack Cleveland, too," answered the pretended Sir William; "you see we are a goodly company, and good luck hath followed us. Ha, ha, ha! if ye had but have seen me signing the Covenant in Melton church! Saints! I have had a hard day's service. Breakfasted, drank, and swore, with an honest cavalier (to whom, for weighty reasons, I did not discover myself); fasted, prayed, and passed myself off for a nephew of Sir William Armyn; and moreover, gave an emerald ring toward the cause of the devil at Melton Mowbray; so now I am in fair trim to finish as I began, with drinking his sacred majesty's health until cock-crowing. But whither will ye lead us?"

"To excellent quarters hard by," said Sir Charles Lucas, laughing; "but, my lord, did ye not run some risk of detection?"

"Not the least:—I reproved Major Porter most piously—manufactured a story of successes in the west—turned up my eyes until the very sentinel thought I was a very saint—half charmed this pretty lad's mother, and gained for my pains the whole collection that the crop-eared crew have made, beside a valuable gold chain and diamonds, which, methinks, would be a handsome present to our gracious queen."

"Heaven forbid!" whispered the agonized boy, instinctively pressing his hand on the cherished prize.

"'Well, now onward, quick time," said the pretended Sir William; "and Cleveland, thou right royal laureate, strike up one of your loyalest songs, that these crop-ears may burst with spite, and thus save both rope and hangman—come, the 'Lenten Litany,' to edify the faithful ones—

> "From two hours preaching, with no word of sense,
> From liberty still in the future tense,
> From a parliament's long-wasted conscience,
> Libera nos Domine.'

"No, my lord," interrupted Major Porter, "let me sing them 'The Distracted Puritan.' Ay, you knave," striking the pinioned trooper no gentle blow with his harquebuss, "precious master Dod hath proved a villanous prophet—saints deliver me from his blessing."

"The saints have truly," replied Cleveland, laughing; "that old sedition-monger could scarce have

given you worse consolation, had he known who ye really were; but see, we have arrived at the end of our journey, and truly, from the look of this goodly mansion, methinks we shall have choice entertainment."

In answer to the peremptory knocking of the advanced troopers, the ponderous doors of the ancient red brick gateway soon flew open, and the whole company rode into the courtyard.

"Hasten, fellows," said the pretended Sir William Armyn, leaping from his horse, and addressing several servants who came forward, "prepare us supper instantly; and hark ye, store of the oldest wine."

"My noble master, sir," said the steward, who, conspicuous with his gold chain, now advanced, "is right willing to accommodate his sacred majesty's forces, so far as we may; but some of this troop must ride farther, there is not room for half."

"Ye shall make room for the whole, master jackanape, within half an hour, or swing over yonder gateway," cried the pretended knight.

"It shall be at the bidding of Sir Charles Lucas, then," replied the steward angrily.

"It shall, at my bidding alone, knave—at the command of George lord Digby, secretary of state to his sacred majesty."

"Lord Digby!" ejaculated the Melton troopers—"Lord Digby!" gasped young Arthur Poyntz.—Yes, that gifted nobleman, whose profound dissimulation, whose singular talent for intrigue, had rendered

him an object of mysterious and awful horror to every puritan in the kingdom!

"Would I had known it," said the pinioned Melton trooper, in a stern whisper, "he should have had the contents of this harquebuss, though I had fallen the next instant. No wonder, precious Master Dod had no freedom to bless our errand, when such a raging Philistine was our leader."

"Well, keep up your hearts," replied the old man who had accompanied them;" and you, my fair young gentleman, especially — this is an astounding providence,—but a *providence* ye shall find it to be."

"What's this?" cried lord Digby, turning angrily round. "Oh! good master special providence, ye find it so now, I'll warrant me. Come hither: these worthy troopers, after their long morning exercise, will need no more holding forth; so you and this fair young lad shall come with me; and as to these sweet psalm-singers, these lambs of the flock, these children of the Covenant, ho! master steward, if ye have an old dungeon, or an empty cellar, give Major Porter the key, and he shall lock them in, to sing '*De profundis*.'

"Ay, most joyfully!" cried Major Porter, driving the now dismounted troopers across the court-yard — "On with ye, little flock! ye shall sing psalms now to your heart's content, for I'll toss the 'new version' in after you, and ye'll need no candle but your 'new lights' to read it by."

"And pray, fellow, where's your master? and what's his name?" said Lord Digby to the affrighted

steward, as he strode into the ancient hall, tossed off his montero cap, and flung his cloak to one of his followers — "Saint Mary! the least he might have done would have been to have bid us welcome at the doorway with a flagon of sack. Gentlemen on his sacred majesty's service demand, methinks, more honour than the rascal rout of the parliament: where is he?"

"Confined to his chamber, my lord, through age and infirmity; but all the house affords shall be at your service."

"That is always the case, wherever I go," returned Lord Digby, haughtily; "for I always am master while I stay. So, off — give instant orders for supper — see that our troopers are well cared for, and our horses duly stabled; and send the butler hither for farther orders."

The butler, an old man, evidently half drunk, soon appeared, bearing, with some difficulty, a massive silver tankard, the contents of which he stirred about with a sprig of rosemary. "Steady, old fellow! steady!" cried Lord Digby, laughing at his awkward efforts to keep his standing: "why, old fellow, thou would'st enact 'Wassail' bravely, in old Ben's masque of Christmas: look at him, Cleveland, and look at that noble tankard; *that* shall be put to nobler purposes soon — ay! two or three such coined into crowns would go some way towards paying our soldiers. No, old fellow, no posset for me — a flask of canary and two Venice glasses; though perchance, in this outlandish part, ye have scarce heard of drinking glasses."

"No, my honourable lord," stammered the butler; "but I pray your worship to do Sir Reginald Broxtowe right, in a cup of burnt sack. Alack! alack! time was, and Sir Reginald would have swore and drank with the best; for, thank the saints! we are no puritans here—but life is but an hour, as one may say."

"Sir Reginald Broxtowe!" said Lord Digby, turning to Cleveland: "methinks, I've heard of his loyalty. We are, then, in Broxtowe House?" turning to the butler.

"Ay, truly, your lordship," replied the butler, with a hiccuping laugh, "this is Broxtowe House, unless ye call it by its new name, which the psalm-singing brethren gave, because we set up a May-pole in the churchyard, and put some brawling knaves in the stocks. Ha, ha! Broxtowe House was its old name; but 'tis now called, all the country round, the House of Moab."

"Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab!—be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler!" ejaculated the old man. "Be comforted, my young sir," continued he, going up to the bench on which the sorrowful boy had disconsolately sate down; "said I not that none of Master Dod's words ever fell to the ground? Have we not fallen into the hands of the spoilers? Now, mark me well, and ye shall see that even among this heathen household, we shall find friends."

"And what shall we do with this young puritan?"

said Cleveland, as, at the welcome summons to supper, Lord Digby and the officers entered the adjoining oak parlour.

"If the lad be but conformable, and refuse not to toss off a cup of canary to the health of our gracious queen, and confusion to the Covenant, I mind not if he sit down with us," replied Lord Digby. "His family are good, though they hold villanous principles — Come, my fair boy," filling a small silver cup, "off with your cap — down on your knees."

"Never!" indignantly replied the boy.

"Then go to the devil!" cried the enraged nobleman, dashing the wine in his face — "off with you! though, first, let me relieve ye of your precious chain — ay, my lady Alice's wishes and prayers have now met with the answer they deserved."

Resistance was vain. The struggling boy, with bitterest sorrow, saw the cherished gold chain in the hands of those whom he had been taught to look upon as enemies alike to God and man; and, heedless of what might now befal him, scarcely knew he had been led out of the room, until he heard the peremptory order of Lord Digby — "Ho! where is the housekeeper? or the old man's nurse? or some of the women here? Show me the way to the upper chambers."

"For the love of heaven! for the love of our lady!" screamed an old woman, whose huge bunch of keys at the girdle shewed her to be housekeeper, stumbling down the wide flight of stairs, "have some pity on my old master! Alack! honourable sir, he hath not long

to live, and he starts and cries out at every noise: give orders to the troopers that they come not up stairs — 'twould be his instant death did he see them."

"Bid your master make his will, then, and leave all his plate to the king, old woman!" said Lord Digby; "and do you take charge of this silly boy—I could find in my heart to have put him in the cellar, only he's of gentle birth."

"Saints! what can I do with him? O, good sir! do remember my poor master; he's scarce right in his head; and there is every room full save Sir Reginald's bed-chamber and the next."

"Put him in with Sir Reginald, then."

"Nay, sir, that cannot be: is not my worshipful old master to have *one* room to himself?" angrily replied the housekeeper.

"Not unless I please: so, on — open the door!" and, leading the young boy by the collar, Lord Digby ascended the stairs. "Give me the key instantly — in with ye, and 'Master Dod's blessing,'" said he, pushing him in. "Now, take strict charge of this young prisoner, old woman? for if he escape, I will send six troopers to bear your old master company."

"Sathanas confound them all!" cried the housekeeper, as the heavy door swung to, when they entered: "I marvel what usage they have for puritans, since the well-affected are treated more like dogs than Christians?"

Stupified and bewildered, young Arthur Poyntz

timidly looked around, and found he was in a large chamber, at the upper end of which stood a cumbrous ancient bed, and close beside, a large high-backed chair well stuffed and cushioned, in which sate a venerable looking man, of very advanced age, wrapt in a damask night-gown. His features seemed fixed in almost immoveable rigidity; and but for the eager and almost fierce glance which he from time to time darted around, he might have passed for a corpse rather than a living man; but his gaze was chiefly fixed on the hearth, where, notwithstanding the fine summer weather, a small fire burned, and, ever as the heavy tramp of the troopers, or their drunken shouts, struck on his ear, he started, seized the ebony staff that stood beside him, and pushed it among the smouldering embers, as though anxious to extinguish the fire.

The angry looks with which the housekeeper first regarded her new and unwelcome charge, soon wore away: the mild and quiet demeanour of the sorrowful boy seemed to win her favour; and, with motherly kindness, she placed refreshment before him, at the same time requesting him to keep at the farther end of the room, since Sir Reginald had not hitherto detected his presence. Again, shouts of merriment, and tramp of footsteps, as though ascending the stairs, burst on the stillness of the chamber. "They are coming!—coming to take me to prison!" muttered the old man, and, seizing his staff, he began scattering the ashes on the hearth-stone.

"Our sweet lady save us! Good sir, wherefore

will ye always say so?" said the housekeeper: "the rascal troopers shall not come near *you*."

"The troopers?—who are they?" cried the bewildered old man—"I'll tell you what I will do—I will go up to London, to the High Commission Court; Lord Northampton will stand my friend. Burghley and Walsingham always hated me, and called me a popish recusant: it was false, and they knew it—and so was what that puritan teacher said. *I* never burnt a will—*never! never!*"

"Alack! good sir, what can you mean? We have no High Commission Court now," cried the housekeeper: "good sir, there's nought but a parliament at London."

"Ay, but parliaments can do nought like the Star-Chamber and High Commission. You shall look out the gold caudle-cup, with the eagle, and the ring with the table diamond, as a present to the queen's grace, and I will write a petition to my Lord of Essex; for the queen loveth him——and yet, what was that they told me about her being dead, and that James of Scotland was king?" continued the old man, to whom, in the almost total wreck of mind, the events of the last forty years were but as a dream, and the long past alone appeared reality. "Methinks I went to London to see him: but hasten—bring me the cup; don't you hear the pursuivants? Speak them fair, and keep them away—but go."

"Alack, poor gentleman! 'tis almost over with him," said the housekeeper; "but I must do his bid-

ding. Now, my fair young sir, would ye watch him, only while I fetch this cup?—and truly 'tis as well to put it out of those thievish troopers' clutches. Be not afraid," continued she, "Sir Reginald's harmless.—Ay, ay, sir (as the old man's voice, raised to its highest tremulous pitch, again bade her go)—here's a fair young gentleman come to see you, and he will take charge of the cup."

"The old man gazed earnestly, but with no expression of surprise, upon Arthur Poyntz, who now approached him. "Welcome, my pretty boy," said he, "give my service to Lord Northampton, and tell him that I never burnt the will—but come hither."

Let not the reader of the 19th century smile at the terror with which young Arthur drew back, when the ponderous door shut him in, almost at the awful hour of midnight, alone, with one who seemed to be surrounded by the spirits of other days;—more terrified than even when in the grasp of Lord Digby, he drew back, and anxiously looked around. "We are safe," said the old man in a whisper, seizing his staff, and pushing aside the ashes on the hearth-stone; "come hither, you're a good lad, and sent, methinks, by heaven; so lift up this." With a trembling step young Arthur, his curiosity half overcoming his terror, again drew near, and, bending down, perceived a slight mark as though part of the stone had been cracked. "Take that part of it up," whispered the old man. This was easily done, and the neatly bricked hearth appeared beneath. "Take up these six bricks," again whis-

pered the old man, pointing to them with his staff; "then press down your finger, and a door will fly up —take out the box, and put all back again."

Almost as swiftly as the orders were given, all was done; and the wondering boy put a small box into the old man's hand. "My pretty boy," said he, fixing his dark eyes, that shone with a strangely troubled light upon him, "I have been haunted by the devil for many years, and he hath oft told me to burn this, and sometimes methought I would. But here it is," drawing forth a parchment," and now you shall take it to my Lord Northampton, and pray him to do the best for me. Come this way;" and with a greater effort than the dying man seemed capable of, he arose from his chair, staggered a few steps, and drew back the tapestry that lined the recess beside the bed, pressed a secret spring, which opened a door, so neatly made in the wainscot that it seemed like one of the pannels; and placing the box in the delighted boy's hand, together with a key,—"the saints prosper your journey," said he; "go down yonder staircase, open the door beyond, and your way lies straight across the park—farewell."

To descend the stairs, to open the door, and to bound into the park, was scarcely the work of a moment; and when he felt the cool air, and looked up to the clear sky, where the early twilight of a summer's morning already trembled, young Arthur Poyntz felt as though the strange events of the past night had been but a distempered dream. He soon scaled the park wall,

and found himself in the lane, along which, the preceding evening, he had rode. "Good young master, is it you?" said a low voice by his side. He turned, and, with feelings of indescribable joy, recognized the bold Melton trooper, who had been the especial object of Major Porter's ill-will. "All will end well, young sir," said he—"one of the servants, a townsman of mine, hath let me escape, and I am now making the best of my way to Melton, to pray Colonel Poulton to come hither."

It was early in the morning, but nearly all the population of Melton Mowbray had assembled in the market-place to gaze at the gallant array of troopers (part of Colonel Ireton's own regiment) who had just arrived, and were to march with all possible speed toward York; and Colonel Poulton was there getting his own troop in readiness, when young Arthur Poyntz and the Melton trooper arrived, and told their eventful story.

"A box of papers from Broxtowe House?" said the chief officer—"good Colonel Poulton, see what they are: I knew Sir Reginald of old, and there is doubtless what will throw light on some important state affairs."

"There is nought but this," replied Colonel Poulton, holding up a parchment; "it appears to be a will, and here is Master Dod's signature to it."

"A will!" cried the officer—"ay, full fifty years ago I have heard my father say Sir Reginald got in sore trouble about one—this is mystery indeed: let me look at it." The officer glanced his eye over it with an expression of great surprise. "Said ye not Master

Dod was here! I would some one would go, and say I pray instant speech of him. —— Remember ye this will, and this signature, worthy sir?" continued the officer, addressing the old minister.

"Truly do I, as well as yesterday, though fifty-six years have passed away. Sir Reginald Norton fell out with his only son, and whilst he was travelling abroad, took greatly to his nephew, who had been named after him—this Reginald Broxtowe; who so dealt with him through fraud and cunning, that he made a will in his favour, and the estate, not being entailed, he wholly disinherited his son. When I learnt this, I had much talk with him about it, and his son soon after coming home, they were reconciled; but not long after, the old knight fell ill, and ere, he could see his son, died. This very will was executed but the night before his death, and I therefore sent to his son to come and take possession; but ere he arrived, his cousin was there with the former will, and as this was never seen by any save by us who signed it (and the other two were creatures of his), the poor gentleman's claim could never be sustained, and he was spoiled of his rightful inheritance."

"Alas, worthy gentleman, said the officer, "he hath been long since dead; but his daughter yet lives, a most christian lady, and widow of that gallant parliament officer who lost his life at Edgehill—the lady Alice Poyntz."

"Gracious heaven! how wonderful are thy ways!" cried Captain Poulton—"Young Arthur Poyntz then

hath been unknowingly made the bearer of the instrument that will restore his mother and himself to their inheritance! Truly, worthy sir, ye spake not your own words, when ye gave this youth your blessing.—And now," turning to his troopers, "we'll off, my lads, to Broxtowe House, to rescue our brethren from captivity; and then onward, boot and spur, to York."

Only three days passed, and then bonfires on the neighbouring hills, and couriers spurring their jaded horses toward London, amid the ringing of bells, and shouts of the joyful multitudes, told that victory had blessed the banner of the parliament; and, mounted on a splendid charger, one of the spoils of that eventful day, the bold Melton trooper thundered up the market-place, waving a captured standard, which bore the device of an ostrich holding a bar of iron. "The Lord hath been mindful of His Covenant, my brethren," said he to the eager group that assembled round him; "and truly said our old townsman, that none of Master Dod's words ever fell to the ground. Lord Digby's heathen crew, after plundering Broxtowe House, and causing the old man to die of fright, rode off ere we came; so we had nought to do but to release our brethren, and follow them hard to York. And now, see ye this standard?—'tis Lord Digby's own. see ye this horse?—'twas Major Porter's, who lieth dead. The good cause hath prevailed! and all their treasure, even that noble lady's chain and diamonds, and our own poor offerings, are among the spoils of the victory of Marston Moor."

H. L.

O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNY.

A Scotch Song of the Olden Style.*

I.

O THE ewe-bughting's bonny, baith e'ening and morn,
When our blithe shepherds play on the bog-reed and horn;
While we're milking they're lilting sae jocund and clear;
But my heart's like to break when I think o' my dear!
O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks i' the fresh simmer morn:
On the steep ferny banks they feed pleasant and free—
But alas! my dear heart, all my sighing 's for thee!

II.

O the sheep-herding's lightsome amang the green braes
Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-blossomed slaes,
Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent the saft gale,
And the cushat croods leesomely down in the dale.

* The first verse of this song is old. It was transcribed by the editor, many years ago, from a fragment in the handwriting of the celebrated Lady Grisel Baillie, inclosed in a letter written from Scotland to her brother Patrick, who was at that time an exile in Holland along with her father (afterwards Earl of Marchmont) and her future husband, Baillie of Jerviswood. The style is not unlike that of her own sweet song—"O were na my heart light I wad dee." The other four verses are an attempt to complete the simple ditty in the same pastoral strain.—T. P.

There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae the thorn,
And blithe lilts the laverok aboon the green corn,
And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime —
But my heart 's wi' my love in the far foreign clime!

III.

O the hay-making's pleasant, in bright sunny June —
The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune —
But while others are joking and laughing sae free,
There 's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my ee.
At e'en i'the gloaming, adown by the burn,
Fu' dowie and wae, aft I daunder and mourn;
Amang the lang broom I sit greeting alane,
And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

IV.

O the days o' our youthheid were heartsome and gay,
When we herded thegither by sweet Gaitshaw brae,
When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-bells
By the Cayle's ferny howms and on Hounam's green fells.
But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the laird,
To win honour and gowd—(gif his life it be spared!)
Ah! little care I for walth, favour, or fame,
Gin I had my dear shepherd but safely at hame!

V.

Then, round our wee cot though gruff winter sould roar,
And poortith glowr in like a wolf at the door;
Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles to clink,
And a barley-meal scone were the best on our bink;

Yet, he wi' his hirsel, and I wi' my wheel,
Through the howe o' the year we wad fend unco weel;
Till the lintwhite, and laverok, and lambs bleating fain,
Brought back the blithe time o' ewe-bughting again.

T. P.

WOMAN.

A Song.

Be gentle with Woman, our heart of hearts,
Who loveth us even while life departs!
Oh, call her not fickle, nor false, nor vain!
Oh, touch not so tender a heart with pain!

What, Woman,—the treasure, the gem, the flower?
The star that is bright in the wildest hour?
The bird that comes singing to *our* stern breast?
Ah! should we not teach it to *love* its nest?

Come on! let us vow that they all are fair:
Let's shout of their virtues to earth and air!
Let's soothe them, and guard them, and so repay
The love that they lend in our darker day!

Oh, value their gifts beyond gifts of gold,
All you of the sterner and coarser mould;
And learn that their love, amidst toil and strife,
Is the Spirit that calmeth and crowneth life!

A SONG;

ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

I.

Like a rose sprang Jeanie,
From a blue May hour,
Friendship all her pride,
Virtue all her dower.

II.

Like a rose spread Jeanie,
Whom warm skies illume,
Like its breath in sweetness,
Like its dye in bloom.

III.

Like a rose fell Jeanie,
Smit by winter cold,
Loved — destroyed — derided:
So, — her tale is told!

IV.

Oh, too tender woman!
Heed her shame — her pain.
Let's not tell her story
A thousand times in vain!

A FAREWELL.

Of thee to think — with thee to rove,
In fancy, through the gentle bowers
That witnessed once our vows of love,
In joyous youth's enchanted hours:

To picture manhood's ardent toils
By love's endearing looks repaid;
While fancy culled her fairest spoils
To deck thy home's domestic shade:

To think how sweetly thy control
Had soothed the wound that aches unseen;
While griefs that waste the secret soul
Had passed — perhaps had never been!

To dream of hours for ever past,
And all that ne'er again can be —
My best beloved! is this the last,
The only solace left to me?

It must not be — I may not trust
My fancy with the fond review —
Go, perish in the silent dust,
Ye dreams, that bright with transport grew!

Ay! vain regrets shall soon be o'er,
And sterner cares the tumult quell;
And this lone bosom throb no more
With love and grief's alternate swell.

Silent and sad, I go to meet
What life may bring of woe or bliss;
No other hope can be so sweet,
No parting e'er so sad as this!

Ambition's strife, — without an aim, —
No longer can allure me now —
I only sought the wreaths of fame
To bind them round thy gentle brow!

LINES

ON A WILLOW REFLECTED IN THE WATER, AT CAEN WOOD.

In yon reflected image of a tree
An emblem of this mortal life I see;
Poor shadow of a higher self, it bends
To a mock heaven — and as it soars descends.

C.

Drawn by A. Stephanoff. Engraved by J. S. Smith.

THE BALL ROOM

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THE BALL-ROOM.

A Tale of the Gay World.

My 'Sketch from Life' opens with a ball given by the officers at ——, in the vicinity of the metropolis. The group in which we are more immediately interested, consists of a Mr. and Mrs. Whitby (both lately returned to England, after a twenty years' residence in India), their daughter Julia, and Adeline Melbourn, an orphan niece. The latter young lady had been consigned to them soon after their arrival by her maternal grandfather, and was now residing with them, the death of her mother having rendered such an arrangement apparently desirable for all parties.

Of Mr. Whitby, I need only say he was usually reckoned a most worthy man, and might be described as a combination of negatives, for, to do him justice, if he was not remarkable for any distinguished good qualities, he had no very predominating bad ones. Mrs. Whitby formed a good companion to the portrait, receiving that respectable title, an "amiable woman," a term which, in such society, is rarely applied to a lady who has much pretension to wit, beauty, talent, or accomplishments.

Julia, who was just nineteen, was rather below the

middle height. Her features were pleasing, without possessing any remarkable character, except that of good humour, which sparkled in a pair of bright black eyes, and rendered her countenance always agreeable. She was clever, gay, and social—was always in requisition, for she would play quadrilles on the spur of the moment to promote an impromptu dance—would sing in the largest party without the slightest trepidation; and as she was neither very sensitive nor very reflective, she was not much alive to the spiteful criticism or sarcastic praise often encountered in such society. In fine, like almost all those who are remarkable for eternal sunshine, she was not endowed with acute feelings, or strong affections.

Adeline was a few months younger than her cousin, and, in every respect, a perfect contrast. To a form, which might have furnished a model for the sculptor, she united features that might be termed lovely, rather than beautiful; a complexion of transparent whiteness, a profusion of fine hair, and a pair of soft blue eyes, which seemed to vary their hue from a colour more nearly approximating to grey than a modern beauty would desire, to the deepest azure, according to the intensity of the feeling which animated them. Her countenance possessed that indescribable charm of expression, which often acts as a spell in recalling some beloved object, or even some tenderly cherished recollection, without one being able to discover any trace of the actual resemblance in feature, or the links which unite a chain of thoughts apparently without connexion.

Her natural disposition was cheerful to excess, for she was extreme in every thing; yet, possessing that unfortunate temperament so rarely understood, which is susceptible of receiving the most delicate and minute, but lasting impressions, she was sometimes liable to fits of depression, without apparent or adequate cause. Her mind had been cultivated to the highest degree of refinement, and her affections were intense, even to pain — recoiling, as it were, and concentrating in her own heart, for want of some kindred spirit on whom to lavish them. She possessed qualities calculated to excite the most ardent affection; yet she was neither generally appreciated nor beloved. Her accomplishments were equally undervalued, for she required the assurance of a favourable disposition in her audience before she could exert even those talents with effect, which she was conscious of possessing in a preeminent degree. A slight whisper of detraction at her very superior musical powers was sufficient to paralyse her efforts for a whole evening, for if she failed to to give pleasure, she shrunk from the appearance of display.

On the present occasion, Julia had very soon her host of partners for the evening completed; but Adeline was consigned to her seat after the first quadrille, with the perfect good will of her partner, who pronounced her to be a proud and pretty piece of still life. He had, in truth, some reason, for on that night she was in one of her saddest moods. She had put off her mourning for the occasion, and her thoughts were now

painfully employed in contrasting her present isolated position, in a circle where she was comparatively unnoticed and unknown, with that from which the loss of her parents had removed her. I do not, in a ball-room, speak of another kind of sorrow, or venture to describe the feelings of the motherless girl, as she looked round, heart-struck and bewildered, on a scene in which she almost felt her own presence to be an impiety.

Mrs. Whitby had removed to the farthest part of the sofa on which Adeline was sitting, to chat with an old acquaintance, and her niece therefore remained alone, revolving recollections of past scenes until they became so vivid as almost to efface her perception of the present. It was only by the strongest efforts that she could restrain the free current of the tears which already trembled on her eyelids. At this moment, her attention was attracted by a group of young officers, who were leisurely commenting on her face and figure with the coolest effrontery. Adeline shrunk from the impertinence, half in feminine shame, half in indignation; but just when she had almost abandoned the hope of seeing any one whose arm she might accept in seeking her uncle or Julia, a young hussar, whom she remembered had once been at a party at her mother's, approached, and with an air of respectful gallantry entreated her to join the waltzers, and honour him by making at least one tour with him. Without heeding the half-uttered assurance that she had resolved not to dance again that evening, he gently, but firmly, kept posses-

sion of her hand until he had succeeded in withdrawing her from a spot, evidently rendered disagreeable to her by the unremitting gaze of her admirers.

"Where have you been hiding yourself, Miss Melbourn?" said her very handsome partner, "since that brilliant ball, when you would not honour me with a promise even for a twentieth quadrille? It was only by stratagem I obtained you for one tour de waltz. You see, I remember it well, for you were indeed the presiding goddess of the night — I think it was your debut, was it not?" Adeline's voice faltered as she assented, for he had, unconsciously, presented a mirror of her own thoughts, in recalling an image which she fancied was suggested by an intuitive knowledge of what was passing in her own mind; she felt grateful therefore for the kind motive which she believed had induced him to recur to her first introduction in general society, and for his delicately expressed interest in her feelings, when speaking of her mother.

In the course of the evening she presented him to Julia, and soon after to her uncle and aunt; but in doing so she felt an unwonted degree of interest in the effect they would produce on him; for Mrs. Melbourn had moved in a sphere totally apart, and considerably higher than the Whitbys.

Captain Seaton, however, though scarcely five-and-twenty, was too perfect an adept in the art of adapting himself to the society in which he happened to be thrown, to betray his real opinion at a glance. He had from early youth been accustomed to associate

with the *élite* of elegant society, and had acquired those refined habits of good breeding, which often conceal the absence of good feelings, and fascinate, even when we are aware that they are merely artificial. Before the close of the evening he had received an invitation to dine in Brook-street next day, en famille. And thus terminated a ball, which was the commencement of an intimacy that progressed so rapidly as to produce some good excuse for almost daily intercourse, in the short space of a few weeks from their first introduction.

Adeline was the only one who reflected on this with surprise. How could such a being as Seaton prefer the society of a circle so different from that in which he had habitually moved? An idea that she herself might be the talisman, no doubt, suggested itself, for there were times when his looks and tones when he addressed her, spoke eloquently to her heart. Yet, if so, why not be explicit? Julia evidently liked him; but did she prefer him to any other handsome young man with whom she danced and flirted? No, Adeline felt sure of this, and although she sometimes wished for that unalterable gaiety her cousin possessed, as it appeared to amuse him, she was aware he preferred her conversation, and estimated her intellectual superiority.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitby seemed to consider him an especial friend of their own, without any idea of his preference for either of the girls. His small fortune was a sufficient obstacle in their eyes to prevent his marrying at all, he being a younger brother of a noble, but very large family.

Adeline was to possess a moderate fortune on coming of age, which would however be reduced to a mere pittance if she married during her minority without the consent of both her guardians. Mr. Whitby was one, and Colonel Melbourn, whom Adeline had not seen for years, was the other. The latter was now on his return from the continent with a nephew of his deceased lady (Lord Ullerton) to whom Adeline was considered partly engaged. A species of conditional promise had bound Mrs. Melbourn to favor his pretensions on his return from his purposed tour, Adeline's extreme youth preventing a positive engagement before his departure.

Time rolled on, and Seaton appeared to have become a necessary appendage to the family group; but he was still silent. He knew of the implied engagement, and that Adeline had been accustomed to consider her mother's judgment as unerring, and to make her affectionate suggestions the rule of her conduct. Adeline grew more thoughtful, and now often absented herself from numerous parties in which Seaton was the constant attendant of Mrs. Whitby and Julia; for Mr. Whitby was only too happy in allowing the young officer's escort, when he was himself disinclined to go out.

On one of these occasions when Adeline had excused herself on the plea of indisposition, Julia, contrary to her usual custom, sought her cousin's chamber before she retired to her own.

"You must be quite well to-morrow," said she, "if you mean to enjoy a merry party we have just made up for Ascot. We are to be absent for three days; we shall

visit Virginia Water, and I do not know how many places, before we come home; so do not spoil our pleasure by looking as pale as a ghost, and tired to death, the moment we set out."

"Who is to be of your party?" asked Adeline languidly. "Oh! the Selbys and Mr. and Mrs. Telford, and Adolphus Telford, and Seaton of course — by the by he looked horridly miserable to night; somebody told us he had been very unlucky at play lately. I heard also that Lord Ullerton will be here next month, with your grim old uncle; and now good night. Mamma says you are to be ready by nine to-morrow, so you had better go to bed than sit reading all night, as you seem inclined to do:" and away tripped the light-hearted girl, without having perceived the effect her intelligence had produced on the almost stupified Adeline, who had been stunned by this twofold blow, which rent asunder the veil she had interposed between herself and the real state of her heart.

She passed the night in such a state of feverish excitement, and her looks were so haggard and alarming when she made her appearance in the morning, that Mrs. Whitby, although she never dreamt of postponing their intended tour, determined on leaving her behind. The poor patient was so relieved by the respite, that she took, almost cheerfully, her slight and solitary repast, and the gentle opiate prescribed by the physician; and the next morning, in compliance with the same advice, went out to walk in the park, attended only by a female servant, at an hour when it

is only frequented by children and their maids or governesses.

What was her surprize, when she was accosted by Seaton—pale, and evidently as much startled by the unexpected meeting as herself. Thrown off his guard by the unlooked-for delight of finding her alone with him, he drew her arm through his, and in a torrent of resistless passion poured forth his love, his struggles to conceal it, his motives for deferring its avowal, and his present misery.

Adeline was above the affectation of denying the pleasure these assurances conveyed, and her heart was innocently laid open to him in all its deep and guileless devotion, the moment she found her aid essential in soothing a state of agitation, which she had never conceived to be possible in one who had hitherto appeared so imperturbably tranquil.

"Adeline," said he, somewhat calmed by her confessions, "you say you love me — that you prefer me with all my faults, and encumbered as I am, to Lord Ullerton and the brilliant position his offer will ensure you — could you follow me in difficulty and endure privation, if my wayward destiny so wills it?"

"Cheerfully, proudly, nay triumphantly," replied Adeline, her imagination kindling as she spoke, and enthusiasm glowing in her beautiful face.

"Then mine you shall be," exclaimed Seaton, in a voice suffocated with contending emotions —"mine in spite of every future obstacle, —mine to-morrow before this hour ——."

"What mean you, Seaton?" said Adeline gently, as she shrunk from his wild and incomprehensible expression of countenance.

"I mean," replied he, "that if you do not repent your promise, you will prove it, by meeting me here alone, to-morrow, unless you can trust your maid."

"Impossible!" interrupted Adeline; "I will not meet you clandestinely, nor will I have a menial for my confidant."

"Then we part, and for ever!" said her lover, in a tone of despair.

"What madness is this! I threw myself on your affection, Seaton. Even if I consented to forfeit my own respect for your sake, would not my compliance lower me, even in your eyes?"

"No, Adeline; for, ere this hour to-morrow, you will be mine, by the most sacred ties—you will be my wife. Let to-morrow escape us, and I may never call you by that name. If you are capable of the sacrifices you say, give me this convincing proof that you are sincere, and our marriage shall not be avowed until you are of age."

"I will prove my sincerity, openly," said Adeline; "and will convince you of it, by confessing my affection to my uncle the very day they return; and, if he cannot procure Colonel Melbourn's consent, we will await my coming of age."

"Then, cruel girl, we must part for ever! My leave of absence is well nigh expired, and I must resign you

to the happy and successful Ullerton. But you never loved me!" he exclaimed, in a paroxysm of agony.

Adeline *did* love him. She was young, motherless, and friendless; she had no adviser — no one to inspire good resolutions, or to remind her of duty and principle. Of *religious principle*, alas! she had never been taught to appreciate the inestimable value — the only safe pilot through the quicksands of life, the only secure anchor amid its tempests! Need the sequel be told? He did not leave her until assured of the certainty of their meeting next day, and of her compliance with his plans for preventing her absence from exciting suspicion, even to the servants in the house.

Adeline returned home in a state of nervous excitement indescribable; but she did not repent her promise — her high-wrought imagination seemed to have discovered its end and aim, in the power to bless, and she was alive only to the unparalleled joy of feeling how madly, and beyond all measure, she was beloved, where she had already given her whole heart.

Seaton had made all the necessary arrangements in the interval, and both the lovers were punctual. His bride went to take her singing lesson in Albemarle-street, where she was met by her lover, carried in a hired vehicle to St. George's, whence she returned home, the wedded wife of a man who required inviolable secresy as her first duty.

To her, the whole affair appeared a dream. But Seaton, amidst the intoxicating happiness his right to dictate her future conduct inspired, did not forget the

necessity of preventing suspicion in the minds of the Whitbys. Having been detained in town, contrary to his intention of accompanying them on the preceding day, he now hastened to join them, lest it should be imagined that his knowledge of Adeline's remaining in town had prevented him. And thus, without allowing time for more than one affectionate protestation of eternal gratitude during their short drive from the church, the husband left his young bride to collect her scattered thoughts, and revolve their singular position, until he should return with the rest of the party.

She had scarcely recovered an appearance of tranquillity, before they returned next day. All were in good spirits: Julia had planned another excursion during the present month, in which Seaton was no longer to be a recreant, nor Adeline an absentee; and Seaton found a moment to request that she would second Julia's scheme, as it was originated by him.

Poor Adeline! She would have gloried, like a true woman, in the probable sacrifice of her fortune, as it proved her husband loved her for herself alone; but she abhorred to practise deception in order to retain it.

"Why will you not propose for me, and endeavour to gain the consent of my guardian?" said Adeline, the first moment she had an opportunity of speaking to him unheard, though not unseen.

"Because they would not give it," said Seaton: "Colonel Melbourn has heard that I have the reputation of being devoted to play, which I am not, although unfortunate enough to have given colour to the imputation."

"But," said the confiding girl, "you will never more deserve that character: that was the only condition I made in giving you myself."

"I acknowledge it, dearest," replied Seaton, fondly, "but I have much to say to my own Adeline, that will convince her she must be prudent, if she values her husband's interests. We shall find an opportunity, during our country excursion, to speak freely — and without any penetrating eye to watch us, such as I perceive now bent on us by that suspicious Mrs. Telford. Be satisfied, my beloved, until I can explain my reasons for caution, with the knowledge of your unbounded influence over me in every thing else."

The new excursion was to Richmond, where apartments were secured in that hotel which commands a view of one of the richest landscapes in the world. Adeline was accustomed to read until a very late hour, but, latterly, her books were sadly neglected; for, when we begin to read our own hearts, it is a volume that occupies our whole attention, and all others seem useless, unless they throw some light on our new and engrossing study. Having retired for the night, after their promenade on the terrace, she was still gazing on the beautiful landscape, with her hair floating around her shoulders, in all the luxuriance of its unbound tresses, whilst she passed her fingers mechanically through the clustering ringlets, when a slight murmur induced her to close her window, and listen for a repetition of the sound. Again she heard her name pronounced. It must be Julia, whose apartment

joined hers — perhaps she was unwell. Adeline wrapped her shawl around her, as she stepped out on the corridor, and encountered, not Julia, but her husband.

"Adeline," said the intruder, "I come now to tell my beautiful, my beloved bride, all my future prospects. They are sadly blighted by my own follies — but will my wife refuse my confidence? will she throw away our only opportunity of discussion? Some hours are yet our own — will you accept my unreserved confessions? will you aid me in my future plans?"

Adeline made no reply — it was not, however, expected; and thus, for the first time, the husband unfolded, secure from interruption, those circumstances which he believed most likely to ensure her silence on their relative position for the present.

If Adeline, now she felt the happiness of breathing the same air, of associating in the same scenes, of hearing the most ardent expressions of homage and admiration, which her husband, in the fulness of his love, heaped upon her, the system of concealment, laid down as an undeviating rule, pressed heavily on her heart; and, when she heard from her uncle, that they must return to town, immediately on the arrival of Lord Ullerton and Colonel Melbourn, she renewed her entreaties that she might undeceive Ullerton, at least, and claim his influence in procuring that consent from Colonel Melbourn, which would supersede the necessity of dragging on a chain of miserable deception for two years longer. Seaton, however, was inexorable

and Adeline loved him too fervently to persist even in what her own judgment approved.

As Adeline had never loved Ullerton, she thought of him only as a friend, who might be easily converted into an ally. Not so Seaton. He seemed to detest the idea of her reposing the slightest confidence in his former rival, if such Ullerton might be called, for Adeline had seen so little of him before his departure, that she had never considered him in that light.

Colonel Melbourn had signified, in his letter to Mr. Whitby, communicating their arrival in England, how deeply he felt interested in the ultimate union of his niece with Lord Ullerton; and he so quickly followed his dispatch, that he was announced in Brook-street the same evening they returned from Richmond. Adeline soon found her uncle was not a person whose manners could inspire confidence, or whose prejudices could be easily removed. It was evident he already looked on the Whitbys with a feeling nearly approaching to contempt; and they repaid him amply, without being aware of the cause, by one of dislike. As he was to dine with them next day, and introduce Lord Ullerton, they resolved to break the restraint his formal demeanour imposed on them all, by inviting a few other friends. Seaton was of the number, and arrived long ere the dinner hour, that he might be present when his rival should make his appearance. At length, Ullerton was announced, and all eyes were turned on Adeline — hers were transfixed by Seaton's agitated glance. It was but for a moment that this

unguarded look escaped him, but that glance had penetrated Adeline's very soul; it bespoke suspicion, jealousy, dislike—but of whom?—of what? She was his own, beyond the power of friends to separate them.

Ullerton would have been a formidable rival. He was now in his twenty-fourth year, and combined the advantages of a handsome exterior, cultivated understanding, and polished, though reserved, manners. It was evident he considered himself in the light of a favoured suitor to Adeline, whose delicacy, as a wife, was wounded by the very existence of such an idea among the guests, and she endeavoured to discourage it, by the coldest demeanour she could assume towards him. She persisted in this course for some time; but Ullerton was not to be repulsed without a decided explanation; for he was unable to discover, under this cold exterior, any trace of personal dislike. She even appeared desirous of seeking his good opinion, and, sometimes, even of securing his friendship.

Seaton, however, prevented her from manifesting her really high estimation of his character, by reproaches, which cut her to the very soul, when she allowed any expression of this kind to escape her; and, as Ullerton watched their motions, with a degree of pertinacity which prevented the intelligence hitherto carried on between them, she sought, with all the ingenuity affection inspires, expedients for repeating her vows of unshaken fidelity, in a manner which he only could comprehend.

The season was now almost over, and the Whitbys

were preparing for Cheltenham. It was necessary, therefore, that the formal proposal which Ullerton determined to make for Adeline, ere they left town, should be no longer delayed.

Julia, though less volatile than formerly, was as reluctant as her cousin to leave town. In proportion as Adeline contrived new pretexts for lingering, Julia seemed to become less devoted to pleasure; yet they both wished to spend their last evening in town at a ball given by a lady of supreme bon ton, which was sure of collecting all their acquaintance. Adeline knew, that in a crowd of this sort, she could give her whole attention to Seaton's parting words, instead of listening to the cold and polite expressions of regret for their departure, in which she knew he must disguise his real sensations, if she saw him for the last time in Brook-street. And thus, with a foreboding of impending evil, she prepared for the opera, from whence they were to proceed to Lady F———'s.

Singularly enough, the performance had been changed from the Cenerentola to Zengarelli's Romeo e Guilietta. Julia was to have accompanied Mrs. Telford, whose box was near the centre of the house, in order that she might see the scenery of the new ballet in perfection; but for some cause, or caprice, she did not choose to explain, she determined on remaining with her mother in their own box near the stage. Adeline, therefore, occupied her place in Mrs. Telford's, and soon identified herself with the scene; for, in listen-

ing to Malibran's soul-subduing expression of grief, she enjoyed the luxury of weeping at will.

She was roused from this apparent display of sensibility, by some visitors who were unknown to her, who soon began to attract her attention, by remarks to Mrs. Telford on several of their acquaintances, severe, though not without truth. At length, they fixed on the Whitbys, and, unchecked by Mrs. Telford's look of precautionary admonishing, as she glanced at Adeline, asked if there was any engagement between Miss Whitby and Captain Seaton. Mrs. Telford, who had long desired Julia for her son Adolphus, replied in the negative, although she had often suspected a secret partiality for Seaton was the cause of the young lady's indifference to the absurd and affected advances of Adolphus; and she felt by no means sure of the fact she thus positively asserted.

"Have you heard," said one of the new visitors, "that Seaton has lost his commission."

"I suspected he would not be able to retain it long," replied the other; "but when did you hear this?"

"You must tell me the whole affair," interrupted Mrs. Telford, rejoiced in the prospect of some pretext for the dislike she entertained for Seaton, solely on account of his superiority to her son; and regardless of Adeline's presence; who now sat like a breathing statue, listening to a recital that froze her hitherto fast-flowing tears ere they fell; for in the detail of circumstances which she would have sacrificed her life to hear disproved, his honor and his principles were alike im-

plicated. During the narrative she felt that sensation, which one may imagine a sudden extinction of the vital functions in the animal frame with a redoubled activity in the intellectual powers might produce, if such a case could occur. Though each word plunged a poisoned dagger in her heart, no sign of suffering escaped her; no heaving bosom, no sighs betrayed her inward agitation; she scarcely seemed to have heard the conversation; and as she did not express a wish to return home, instead of following Mrs. Whitby and Julia to Lady F——'s, Mrs. Telford was the more confirmed in Adeline's indifference to Seaton, and that Julia was the real object of his attentions.

But Adeline expected to meet Seaton at Lady F——'s, and her whole soul was occupied in that anticipation. If all she had heard was true, there was no longer any chance of obtaining Colonel Melbourn's sanction to their connection at any period, and probably this would be her last opportunity of speaking with him on their present terms of intimacy; she therefore nerved her mind to hear a confirmation of her worst fears, and the necessity of separation until she was of age.

With these forebodings she entered the ball-room with a sensation of horror: its brilliancy, its decorations, its groups of cheerful faces, its exciting music, which sounded, as in mockery to her feelings, in the liveliest strains, all conspired to heighten the contrast of what was passing within her own bosom; every thing took the colouring of her own thoughts. The

lights seemed but to illumine her steps in the path of dissimulation; the company were exulting spectators of her misery; the music the knell of her departing hopes; harbingers of mirth to others — to her all things here were the symbols of despair. But who amid such scenes has not felt that solitude of the soul which increases in proportion as we find ourselves surrounded by numerous acquaintances, amongst whom there is not one friendly bosom to receive the burst of anguish for some poignant grief, which the full heart swells, even to bursting, in labouring to conceal, whilst the countenance is masked in smiles.

Adeline had been deceived by Seaton's half confidence: she had believed she knew all; and now most ardently she desired to be re-assured in this belief, for to him alone could she turn for consolation and sympathy. But if the sketch she had heard was not exaggerated, he was no longer entitled to the firm and unbounded reliance she had placed in his veracity.

It was with feelings little short of desperation that Adeline saw Ullerton approaching her; she knew he must have come solely on her account, for he disliked crowded parties, and she felt that her last chance of speaking with Seaton unheard, was thus destroyed.

Ullerton saw she was ill, but attributed it to the heat of the room, and immediately opened a window that led to the conservatory, and placing himself beside her, commenced that dreaded explanation she had hitherto averted.

"If Miss Melbourn will listen to me for a few minutes, she will appreciate my motives for delaying an avowal of those sentiments she must have been long aware I entertained for her. I own some slight misgivings of her preference for a man I could not think worthy of her choice, prevented my explicit declaration; and I feared to lose the privileges of her friendship in aspiring to a warmer feeling: I find however that Miss Whitby is the object of Captain Seaton's ultimate wishes, and that he has left London this morning, for the purpose of communicating with his family at Malvern on the subject, preparatory to joining you at Cheltenham. Is it so? or does his sudden departure from town arise from circumstances unconnected with your cousin?"

Adeline's faculties seemed paralyzed: she gave no sign of intelligence.

"Will Miss Melbourn allow me to interpret her silence as a tacit approval of my future hopes?"

She strove to speak, but no sound escaped her lips—"I would not distress you, dear Adeline!" said Ullerton hesitatingly, and alarmed, as he looked up, and saw that her motionless features seemed incapable of relaxing from their expression of deathlike rigidity: "say but that you permit me to await your decision at whatever period hence you choose: you know I have nothing to fear from your guardians; give me but the slightest sign that I am not disagreeable to you."

Adeline uttered some low, broken murmurings, which Ullerton seemed to consider as confirming his

pretensions: this could not be allowed, even for a moment, without compromising her self-esteem.

"Lord Ullerton," said Adeline, making a powerful effort to break the spell, which seemed to fetter her senses, "I am grateful for your good opinion, but I do not desire it: — ask me no more."

Ullerton looked stedfastly on the pallid countenance which seemed an image of calm despair. "One question alone," said he — "do you prefer another?"

"I can never be the happy wife of any man living," replied Adeline, in a low, sepulchral tone, which communicated a sensation of pain to Ullerton he was unable to define, and which convinced him there was some mystery in the evident distress she struggled to conceal under that calm demeanor.

"I would not appear presumptuous," said Ullerton; "but, if I might offer to prove my sincere regard for you disinterestedly, think of me as a friend only."

"Oh! not now, not here!" interrupted Adeline.

He bowed, in token of acquiescence, and felt he had chosen an improper moment for soliciting her confidence. "I shall call to-morrow before you leave town, and if, in the mean time ——"

Ere he had finished the sentence, a burst of hysterical sobs attracted the unhappy girl to the spot whence these sounds proceeded, for it was Julia who was thus the subject of general observation. Many gentlemen were seeking fans, smelling-bottles, and vinaigrettes; whilst the ladies were crowding round, recommending different remedies, and speculating on

the cause of this sudden indisposition with equal indifference as to their effects.

Mrs. Whitby was in the refreshment-room, and Adeline was obliged to assist Mrs. Telford in supporting poor Julia, whose agitation had been caused by the repetition Mrs. Telford herself had given of the conversation at the opera, on purpose to try the effect on her, without, however, anticipating such an open display of interest as it had called forth; and she now seconded Adeline in attempting to avert the suspicions of others from the true cause.

"Julia," whispered Adeline, "look around you;—will you not make some effort to abridge a scene like this. Lord Ullerton, give Julia your arm, and let us try the conservatory—the heat of this room has overcome her. Come, Julia," said she, lowering her voice, "or they will guess some other cause."

The miserable Adeline felt, on this night, as though she had two souls;—the one inactive, and capable of enduring in silence whilst shrinking within itself, and alive only to its acute sense of anguish—the other active in repelling all manifestations of increasing sensibility, and desirous of sparing the feelings of those who could not enter into her own.

"And now, Julia," said she, when her spirits were sufficiently restored to bear questioning, "what has caused this agitation?—shall we go home?"

"Oh! not yet, Adeline; I wait to see Seaton—do you think he will be here to-night? But you don't know what reports are in circulation—if papa believes

them, we shall never be as intimate with him as we have been!" and her tears now fell fast.

This was an additional pang; and Adeline felt herself doubly a traitress in thus receiving her cousin's confidence, without undeceiving her as to the real state of Seaton's feelings, and for having tacitly permitted the growth of an impression he had encouraged by his apparent attentions.

With almost supernatural power, she suppressed her own emotions whilst soothing her cousin's, and repelled those insinuations, relative to Julia's sudden indisposition and Seaton's absence, connected with the current reports concerning him, which reached her ears during a night that seemed to her interminable, but which the papers of the day described as "combining all that could delight the senses, and inspire hilarity among the numerous guests, who were still dancing with untiring gaiety, unconscious of the flight of time, until long after the daylight admonished them of the hour."

Adeline reached her chamber without having betrayed any sign of those agonies she had endured with fortitude worthy of a better cause; but to leave town without seeing Seaton, without any final arrangement for their correspondence, uncertain of his plans, of his actual resources, of the real extent of his participation in the humiliating transactions ascribed to him, was beyond her strength. She believed Seaton would incur any risk in seeing her, rather than abandon her to so cruel an alternative. She had never doubted the sin-

cerity of his love since he had known and appreciated her; and she yet clung to the fond hope of redeeming him from his early follies, and of inspiring him with higher principles of action.

What, then, were her feelings of desolation on reading a note from him, confirming Ullerton's intelligence of his having already quitted town, which she found on her toilette. He had taken no especial leave of the family on the previous day, intending to meet them at Lady F——'s; he had, therefore, now written a separate note to each, bidding them farewell, and expressing his intention of passing a few months with his family.

But Adeline's envelope contained a few hurried lines that buoyed up her sinking frame for some hours longer; they run thus: —

"Do not believe all you hear of me — you are the only being who know my *real* failings, and the only being I prize on earth. I will not quit England without attempting to see you, which must be to-morrow night, if at all. I know your plans, and you will arrive in Cheltenham at ten. I shall be there before midnight; but I am obliged to make some arrangement at Malvern, that prevents my waiting your arrival. No one must be aware that I have been in Cheltenham, and I must quit you by daybreak. I shall easily discover your apartment, for I know the suite which has been reserved for you. I need not say, watch for me; I know the strength of your affection will support you until after I am gone. Keep

our secret — all depends on it. I live but in the hope of seeing you, and assuring you that I am ever your own faithfully, and, towards you at least, *blameless*.—"

He had well calculated on the energy of her disposition; for she *did* support her spirits during their journey, without exhibiting greater signs of fatigue than Julia, whose interest for Seaton had nearly all evaporated on reflecting that he had made no proposals for her.

They reached Cheltenham, fatigued as much by their last night's vigils as the journey, and retired to rest, as Seaton had presumed, immediately on their arrival. Adeline, therefore, employed the short interval before midnight, in writing to her grandfather, for permission to spend a few weeks with him, declaring she would prefer his society alone to the routine of gaiety she was too unwell to participate in at Cheltenham. And thus, with the hope of conciliating her venerable relation, and precluding the possibility of Seaton's jealousy, by avoiding Ullerton, who was to visit them at Cheltenham, she closed her letter, and listened, in breathless anxiety, for the well-known footsteps of her husband.

Midnight was passed, and all was tranquil in the hotel, yet Seaton had not arrived. She read over what she had already written, or, rather, she tried to read: her eyes ran over a succession of words, but her mind rejected their import: she struck her repeater — one o'clock had passed. Again she commenced writing, but it was now impossible; her eye rested alone on those palpable indications of time, the hands of her watch, which seemed to her immovable. Two o'clock

came. The rain had descended in torrents during the last two hours, but this only increased the dreariness, not the danger, of his journey; she knew tempestuous weather would never impede his movements. A feverish impatience had now given way to an undefined sensation of terror; yet he had taken the road so often before. The suspense was awful: her very efforts at composure became a species of reproach to her, as fancy suggested some fearful catastrophe; and she blamed herself for admitting the bare possibility of danger to him, without losing the power of thinking. She paced her room in that restless agony of spirit which seeks relief in wearing out the animal powers, even without a hope of procuring a temporary oblivion in repose. Three o'clock had passed, and now her mind had worked itself into a state of phrenzy.

She flung herself on the ground, and wept, in the bitterness of her soul, until tears were no longer supplied in mercy to relieve the overcharged brain. And now all hope of seeing him was over, for the gray dawn had already lapsed in the bright glow of morning. Her stimulus for exertion thus gone, those images of horror which fancy had conjured up to appal her during the dark hours of night, assumed new forms, and passed in terrible succession before her — not less fearful to encounter, because arrayed in the semblance of truth, and based in reality.

A thousand times she repeated her firm conviction that he had been misrepresented, and that she should see him, and hear the charges she blushed to have lis-

tened to indignantly repelled, and as often contradicted her own assertion, in the very intensity and hopelessness of her affliction.

At length, nature could sustain no longer this internal war, and Adeline pressed her hands to her burning forehead, with a new and overpowering sensation of pain. She had taken neither repose, nor nourishment, since that fatal conversation, which seemed to have annihilated her capacities for renewing either; and now the natural effects of her long suppressed sufferings were manifesting themselves in the way she most dreaded, for her senses seemed to be deserting her.

Adeline was absent at the hour of the family reunion; and, on Mrs. Whitby proceeding to her chamber, she discovered the miserable girl, flung recklessly across her bed, half dressed, having vainly attempted to descend, as usual; but her forces had abandoned her, and she was now in a state of physical and mental excitement that baffled description.

Careful of her secret to the last, she had endeavoured to destroy Seaton's note, by tearing it into a thousand atoms; but she knew, in the increasing violence of her disorder, Seaton's name might be unconsciously mingled in the wild and incoherent ravings of her bewildered brain, and she resigned herself patiently to the strong and painful applications prescribed for her, in the hope of obtaining a temporary relief, which might enable her to arrange her scattered thoughts. She had judged rightly, that amidst the confusion of ideas which she knew were oppressing her spirits, even to madness, his image would be ever present, and suggest

those expressions of unconquerable attachment, which might not be controlled when the natural tone of her mind was no longer under the domination of reason.

Amidst her continued wailings for having justly lost her reliance on him, she mingled the most bitter reproaches to herself, for giving credence to any thing that should stain his character; and her strong attachment for him, hitherto scarcely suspected, was now beyond all doubt. Colonel Melbourn himself was moved by the unconscious ebullitions of an affection, so entirely and purely devoted as hers manifested itself. Amidst the wildest paroxysms of her disorder, she seemed anxious to preserve her existence, for some hidden purpose connected with Seaton alone; but her right to cherish these feelings as a wife was not suspected, and the extent of his participation in her attachment was yet doubtful. From the extreme eagerness she evinced, in her short intervals of reason, for a letter from her grandfather, (whose advanced age had latterly prevented him from corresponding with his family,) they imagined she had confessed to him her hopeless attachment, for such they concluded it must be; and they feared to tell her, that intelligence of his death had reached them, on the very day her disorder had been pronounced a brain fever of the most dangerous kind.

For many days her life had been despaired of; and now her weakness was becoming more evident, as her consciousness increased. Mrs. Whitby and Julia were almost entirely prohibited the room, and Adeline was scarcely aware of their presence, in the short visits

they made during the day. At length she seemed struck with Mrs. Whitby's dress, and inquired why she wore black. Unmindful of its probable effects — for she had two little real feeling to be alive to the necessity of precaution, in breaking the subject to her gradually — she replied that it was for her grandfather, whose funeral had already taken place some days ago.

Adeline raised herself suddenly in her bed, and desired to see Colonel Melbourn, and alone.

He approached the sufferer, more alarmed by the energy she displayed, which contrasted with her wan and attenuated appearance most forcibly, than by her request; but she now spoke with a degree of calmness he had not anticipated.

"Colonel Melbourn," said she, "has my grandfather's will been opened?"

"It has," replied Colonel Melbourn.

"What property do I inherit from him, and in what manner is it bequeathed me?" continued Adeline.

Melbourn stated the precise sum, and said that it would be hers, absolutely, on her marriage, or becoming of age.

"But suppose I were already married before my grandfather's death?"

Colonel Melbourn thought she was again light-headed; but Adeline repeated her question.

"Your grandfather's will was made some years ago," he replied, "and the fortune would, therefore, now become your husband's."

"Are you sure of this," faltered Adeline, her mind now reverting to the probable return of Seaton, and melting into a flood of tears; for her conviction that she

could never more participate in his joys or sorrows, was fully confirmed by her own sensations.

"And now," said she, "let me see my uncle, my aunt, and Julia; I must tell you all that I —"

She hesitated. "And now," said she, collecting her remaining strength, "that I am dying, I have the courage to avow myself a deceiver."

Colonel Melbourn started involuntarily.

"I know," proceeded Adeline, "that you would not attempt to evade any one's just rights. For months I have been Seaton's wife; that property then is his; if you will further the speedy arrangement of affairs, and convey this assurance to him, with the intelligence that will reach him soon of my ——. Tell him," said she, "promise me that you will tell him — I kept our secret, and thought of him to the very last. Will you not assuage the bitterness of death, by your simple word? Only —" entreated the expiring, but still enthusiastic sufferer.

Colonel Melbourn was not unfeeling, though austere. He gave the solemn promise she required, though scarcely able to suppress an imprecation against her destroyer.

"Mother!" said the dying girl, who appeared to have withdrawn her thoughts from surrounding objects, the moment her wish had been obtained; "Mother, I come again to your bosom: will you receive your erring child? If *you* had been with me! — if —mother! — Seaton!" The last name came tenderly and lingeringly from her lips, which then closed for ever.

C. R.

THE VALLEY OF VISION.

A Fragment.

BY THE EDITOR.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven."

Old Ballad.

Methought a valley wild and wide,
With granite cliffs on either side
Embattled, stretched from sea to sea:
Old Ocean's voice came dreamily
From its dim openings east and west,
Where clouds and misty vapours rest:
And from beneath the eastern cloud
Of human kind a countless crowd,
Methought, were landing evermore,
Like seafowl flocking to the shore,
And up that vale incessant wending
In a train that had no ending.

Then, lifting up my eyes to view
The path this multitude pursue,
I straight beheld a giant mound
Stretching across the valley ground,

So high the eagle's wing would fail
Its sky-topt battlements to scale.
Soon by that rampart's frowning wall
I stood, and heard a herald's call;
While, like the current of a river,
The human tide rolled on for ever.

Two passages received that tide:
The one, a gateway large and wide,
Like a triumphal arch bestrode
The level highway, sweeping broad
Right through the rampart to the left:
The other, like some fissure cleft
By earthquake or volcanic fires,
All overgrown with thorns and briars,
Appeared so dismal, strange, and rude,
That of the countless multitude,
Methought, comparatively few
Sought there to find a passage through.

But by that rugged entrance stood
A herald, grave, yet mild of mood,
Proclaiming, in high solemn strain,
That all who peace and rest would gain,
Or 'scape the fierce Pursuer's wrath,
Must enter by the Narrow Path.
And, as he cried aloud, I saw
That many heard the voice with awe,
Hushed a brief space their boisterous din,
And turned, as if to enter in

By that rude portal; till amain
From the great gate some mirthful strain
Lured back their giddy hearts again.

Then, looking to the left, a blaze
Of dazzling lustre caught my gaze,
Where by the gate a lady sate,
In queenly guise, on throne of state:
She wore a crown of gems and gold;
Her robe was loose, her looks were bold;
And round her a voluptuous train
Of bacchanals and jugglers vain
Were dancing to a Lydian measure:
It was the court of Worldly Pleasure.
And thus unto the passing crowd
The cunning Sorceress cried aloud:—

"Heed not, my friends, the frantic call
Of that old maniac, by the wall!
The dismal chasm he calls a path
(A relic of some earthquake's wrath)
'Mong savage rocks and grottoes wending,
Must end — if it has any ending —
In some dark gulf or dreary bourne
Whence living wight shall ne'er return!

Come hither; this way bends the road,
Well-paved and pleasant, smooth and broad,
Which none but madmen would forsake
For yon wild track by cliff and brake.

Come hither; cast off foolish fear;
The Land of Pleasure lyeth here.
Look through the gate: behold the bowers
Of citron, shedding fruits and flowers;
The groves of palm by limpid brooks;
The grottoes cool, the grassy nooks;
The banks where joyous groups recline,
With music solaced and with wine.
Come, enter freely the domain
Where I, indulgent empress, reign:
Each moment lost is wasted time,
Till you have gained that luscious clime:
Haste then, and every sense employ —
For life was given you to enjoy."

The Enchantress thus: and, with a shout
Of high acclaim, the heedless rout
Pressed through the portal's mighty jaws.
Yet many made a doubtful pause,
And some (too few, alas! were they)
Recoiled, and took the Narrow Way.
The rest irresolutely stand,
Gazing on the delicious land
Within; yet blushing, as with shame,
To look on that seductive dame,
And those who danced around her throne
With drunken gait and loosened zone:
And oft, as if with sudden fright,
They glanced with terror to the right,

Whence rose the herald's warning cry —
" From the Betrayer hither fly !"

Then that Witch with smiling malice
Quickly seized a golden chalice,
And its charméd mixture threw,
Sprinkling all that hapless crew —
Those alike who hasten in
And those who halt, but fly not sin —
" Thus," she said, " I make you mine
By a sure baptismal sign !"
Then, submissive to her call,
Through the huge gate hurried all.

Soon or slow the fiendish spell
Wrought on all on whom it fell :
While I gazed, a fearful change
Came o'er all with aspect strange :
By degrees the human face
Lost each intellectual trace,
And the features took the cast
Of the bestial kind at last.
Yet still within the eyes there dwelt
A look as if the wretches felt
A hateful consciousness of harm,
Produced by that prevailing charm,
Which gave man's countenance divine
The expression of the wolf or swine.

* * * * *

LADY BLANCHE;

OR,

The Two Victims.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

The bright rays of a declining sun were glancing through the painted windows of the cathedral, lighting up the solemn arches, and touching, with variegated beauty, the rich tracery of carved work which ornamented every stately pillar, when a traveller, apparently of middle age, with athletic form, entered the central aisle, and walked, with deliberate and determined tread, close up to the altar; where, after looking round to ascertain that he was observed, he made an evidently constrained obeisance before an image of the crucifixion. His dress was that of a traveller from distant lands — time-worn, and soiled with travel: his air, though somewhat plebeian, was dauntless and stern; the contour of his sun-burnt features, harsh and forbidding; and there was something in his deportment altogether so well calculated to overawe the timid and suspicious, that the craven follower, who showed the wonders of his native city alike to friend and foe, recoiled from the hoarse command which bade him leave the stranger alone.

"These, then, are their mummeries," muttered Peter Herman to himself, as he threw a scornful glance

around. "These are the gauds and the mockeries with which they celebrate the worship of Antichrist, while the heritage of the Lord's people is the brow of the barren mountain, or the low cave of the desert. But strong is the arm that has arisen—terrible the power that worketh in secret, and mighty the sword that shall avenge. If I have bowed myself to put on a Babylonish garment, and polluted my fingers with the touch of beads, and my breast with a mockery of the cross, may the end of my righteous mission be sure, in proportion to the loathing with which I endure these deceits."

Concealing himself behind a range of broad pillars, he watched the motions of those who entered, some of whom, wearing a look of grave anxiety, knelt down in earnest supplication. Others stepped forward as if engaged in the mere business of the day, uttered unmoved their ordinary invocations, and departed: while, strange to say, the scorn and indignation of the traveller was most called forth by the former class of suppliants. "For these," said he to himself, "are sinning with the heart; the others only with the lips."

While he was mentally sitting in judgment and denouncing vengeance, there emerged from the darkness of a gloomy aisle the figure of a female, so gentle and spiritual, that even the rude wanderer was awed for a moment into reverential silence.* That she was a lady of rank and distinction, was clearly denoted by her cross, her air, and by the page who followed, bearing a

* See Frontispiece — "*The Devotee.*"

prayer-book on a crimson cushion. Had these, however, been the sole symbols of her dignity, Peter Herman would have turned away unmoved; but there was, besides, a sweet majesty in her face, a calm gentleness in every gesture, and a solemn firmness in her step, that were altogether unconnected with circumstance or station; and she wound her silent way amongst the stately columns, like some being from a higher world bound upon an embassage of more than human import.

To a common beholder, observant of the trappings of worldly greatness, nothing could have been more striking than the contrast betwixt this airy vision and the structure of the gothic cathedral — dark, cold, and heavy. Beneath the high and solemn arch she bowed her head, from which the flowing tresses and light drapery floated like a misty cloud, and the light fall of her slender foot upon the stony floor, was heard along the echoing aisle. Bright gems and rich embroidery glanced out amidst the folds of her spangled robe, and a string of costly beads, and a heavy cross of gold, were hung around a neck, whose perfect symmetry and snowy whiteness were fit only for the courts of kings.

It was but a momentary vision, and she was gone — gone to offer up prayers the sincerest, the deepest, and most fervent, that ever agonize the human heart — prayers for the salvation of one erring soul, and that the dearest and the most beloved.

"And who may that fair creature be?" said Peter Herman, when he was again joined by his guide;

who, wondering that any one should have been ignorant of the rank and dignity of the English lady, stopped to dilate upon her various excellences, not forgetting, amongst the virtues of bountiful almsgiving, holy vows, and faithful pennance, that she had lately drawn within the pale of mother church, a young nobleman from her own land; "and blessed be our holy Virgin," continued the man, "she is about to bestow upon him the reward of her hand."

"But her name?" asked the traveller impatiently.

"Her name? She was sent over by her parents when but a child, to be educated in this convent, where she is called the Lady Blanche; and, if you would know more, you may ask of father Paulo to-morrow, when she is to be married, according to the rites of our holy religion, to the young Lord George Devereux; but you have yet five churches to see, besides the sacred relics — would it please you to proceed?"

The traveller, who heard little of the churches and the relics, and cared less, was leaning his sturdy figure against the wall, with arms folded, and one finger placed impressively upon his lip, in the attitude of deep consideration; nor was it until the guide had thrice warned him against delay, that he was roused from his reverie; but, when he did answer, it was to say that he should want his services no more that day; and, with hasty strides, he then walked onward, winding along dark alleys, until he reached a gloomy staircase, which he ascended with thundering tread. It seemed as if his heavy step had disturbed the soli-

tary musings of the only occupant of a chamber, which opened on to the stairs; for a tall figure, wrapped in a monkish habit, started from a couch in a dark corner of the room, and hastily laid his hand upon the latch of the door. The well-known signal was given, and the door thrown open in an instant.

"Is it you?" said the tall youth, who threw back his cowl, and displayed a haggard countenance, into which the rough greeting of his companion had brought a momentary flush.

"Is it I, indeed?" said the older traveller; "you visionaries never know the tread of a friendly foot. But sit down, and listen to my story, for I have caught the line that shall unwind a wondrous clew. There is a noble family in the north of England, who are suspected to be strenuous upholders of the Romish faith, of which no greater proof need be given, than the fact of their sending their only child to be educated in a convent abroad, under the plea of completing her accomplishments and fooleries. Rumours of their treasonable dealings with wandering papists, such as the harbouring them when homeless, and relieving their necessities, it is said have reached the ear of royalty, of which no open notice hath yet been taken; but the vengeance, that seemeth to sleep, will no doubt requite their iniquities.* You may possibly be aware

* "Had the government of Elizabeth kept the promise of its earlier years, her reign would have been a period of unclouded glory. But, unhappily, as she grew powerful in Europe, and secure on her throne, her pretensions became despotic, and her policy intolerant." "Had she tolerated the religious worship of the Roman Catholics, her life would have been more safe. The worship of God is a want of the people: they will

that at the court of Queen Elizabeth, who (saving her majesty) hath at times lent too much ear to vain flatteries, there was one George Devereux, held in high esteem for his polished manners and smooth tongue, with which he sometimes would beguile the queen into the belief that royal beauty could not fade, and that love and power might be centred in the same heart. Now, it is he, a false renegade, who to-morrow will publicly renounce the protestant faith, and wed this fair daughter of perdition; and it is I, or thou (if thou like the errand) who will speed back to Britain, and bear the tidings to the Queen of England; thereby ensuring her gracious confidence and her princely aid, in uprooting the heathen from our land."

"And what will be the consequence?" asked the young listener.

"Did Queen Elizabeth ever see a gallant escape from her thraldom, without finding a victim for her vengeance? The peerage of England may possibly boast one name the less, and a noble family may want an heir; but, said I not that the righteous cause, in which we have embarked, would gain the confidence of a powerful sovereign, whose suspicions of our

have it at any cost; and to subject their indulgence of it to the peril of life and fortune, was to breed fanaticism and vengeance. When she made the exercise of his functions by a Roman Catholic priest a service of life or death, she held out England as a tempting and exclusive theatre to the missionary zeal of desperadoes and fanatics. If the Roman Catholic laity received and sheltered, as spiritual directors, priests, whose tenets and practices were dangerous to the safety of the state and the life of the sovereign, it was because they could have no other. Persecution was never yet employed by a government, without recoiling upon its authors, in the very evil which it was intended to prevent."---

Mackintosh's History of England. Vol. iii. Chap. 5.

loyalty have hitherto thrown difficulties in our way; and if I said not, at least I thought, that thou and I might be more fittingly employed than in skulking here, like traitors instead of true men, feeling the pulse of princes whose vibrations are too feeble to afford us hope of succour. I know not how this secret mission may suit thy temper, but it grates upon my very heart-strings to appear what I am not."

The young man shook his head, and rising from the table, upon which he had been leaning with both his arms, walked to the window, and gazed for one moment upon the distant mountains.

"When I accepted thy call to aid the work of reformation," said he, "I thought to have gone forth in the character of a shepherd to the lost sheep of Israel. I was prepared to be despised and rejected of men, to make the herb of the desert my food, and to drink of the wells of the wilderness; but I expected, at the same time, to be able to bare my brow in the face of day, as an upright man and a minister of the gospel. I imagined not that a righteous cause could be supported by falsehood and guile; and the hatred, the shame, and the loathing, with which I was schooled into my lesson, are wearing away the energies of my life, and dragging me downward to the grave."

On the following day, the two travellers took their station in the cathedral, concealed by the shadow of the same range of pillars, under which Peter Herman had stood the evening before. It being generally known that the solemn adjuration of an English noble-

man was about to take place, an assemblage of grave fathers and devout catholics were present. From the aspect of Lord George, it would have been difficult, at first, to say whether he did not esteem the price he was paying for earthly happiness too dear; but no sooner did a silent figure glide in from the opposite door, accompanied by a troop of admiring and devoted friends, than his brow was calmed, and his eye fixed and determined in its gaze; nor was there any hesitation in his voice, or trembling upon his lips; but the words he had to speak were uttered in a tone so firm, and earnest, and apparently sincere, that she, for whom he had renounced his early faith, for one instant lifted her white veil, that she might look up to heaven in the fulness of her gratitude.

"What ails thee?" whispered Peter Herman to his companion, who had seized his arm with a hand that trembled like an aspen — "what ails thee, Moray?"— But the young man only answered, "Let us depart." And they had passed the last arch of the cathedral before he spoke again; when he went on, in a low voice, as if communing with himself, "Surely there are victims to suffice without these."

It was a calm quiet evening in Autumn, the atmosphere so clear and the heavens so cloudless that the wild weeds and rugged outline of the beetling rocks were shaped out in distinct lines against the blue skies above; and the fringe of brier, and fern, and heather, that found scanty food for root and branch upon the

brow of the crag, were touched with the golden glory of the setting sun. There was a chilly sharpness in the air, that spurred on the reaper returning from the harvest-field; and the wanderer who had journeyed all day, began to think of the food and the fire that would welcome him at night.

In a deep ravine amongst rude and sterile wilds, a quiet dell, through which a wimpling stream went gurgling on its way amongst the hills, enclosed on both sides by abrupt and sometimes overhanging cliffs, a small company of congregational worshippers were assembled around a youthful minister of that devoted sect who arose amidst the persecutions of popish zeal, and held on their undeviating and determined course, with a fortitude that not unfrequently procured for its victims the dignity of martyrdom.

The last gleam of sun-set had vanished, the misty shades of evening had closed in, and the cold moon had risen high above the distant mountains, long before the preacher had ceased from his earnest exhortations. Raised above his eagerly attentive audience, by a projection of solid rock, his tall and graceful form was still distinctly visible, and the paleness of his countenance contrasted with the wreaths of raven hair that strayed over his neck and shoulders; while the waving of a slender arm, and the quivering of a thin bony hand, in the clear moonlight, gave a strange, mysterious, and spiritual influence to a voice that was singularly clear and musical.

Immediately before the speaker, and wrapt in medi-

tation, was an aged man, who rested with both hands upon a staff, and at his side was a young female with features too much like those of the speaker for her near kindred to be questioned.

Night came on, and one star after another stole forth to smile upon the simple worshippers in the wilderness, whose canopy was the blue heavens above them, and whose tabernacle the rude rocks beneath. But they were a people who had pledged themselves to come forth from the abominations of an idolatrous church; and to maintain the standard of a pure and righteous faith, they were ready to give up all worldly possessions, to sacrifice their daily food and nightly rest, yea, even suffer unto the death.

In deep and fervent prayer they had again offered up their lives that night, if so be they might be the means of bringing their weak brethren out of the forms and the ceremonies of a false religion; and then they joined their voices in chaunting a low and plaintive strain, that, echoing far along the valley, was lost in the undistinguishable murmurs of the wandering brook.

All was now over, and the grave company began to disperse according to their separate ways; a few solemn and strengthening words were uttered, and hard hands were linked together with firm and friendly grasp. But the old man still lingered for the arm that was ever ready for his support; and why did the young preacher delay? A stranger had joined the company that evening, and Isabel told her father, that when he laid his hand upon Allan's shoulder, at the conclusion

of the prayer, a paleness like that of death stole over her brother's face.

"Where are they now?" said old Moray.

"I gat a glisk o' their garments round the point o' yon craig; but the puir lad whispered to me wi' a trembling voice, that we were na to bide his coming."

After some consideration the old man took the arm of Isabel, and the two went wondering on their way.

The path to their dwelling led them over many a broken fragment of rock, and at last opened out upon a comparatively public road, from which they could perceive the light of their own 'ingle blinking bonnily,' and showing a welcome to the weary travellers. On reaching the door of their humble but pleasant habitation, they both stopped involuntarily to look round and listen; but nothing was visible except the wide landscape, silvered over with moonlight; no sound could be heard but the ripple of a moorland rill; and, without uttering a word, they entered beneath the humble roof, where the quiet home feeling, ever associated with dear remembrances, with family love, and heart-felt confidence, for a short time served to beguile them of their anxious fears.

"They come na' yet," said the old man, after Isabel had added fresh fuel to the turf fire, which threw a genial glow over the apartment, that was furnished with all things necessary for homely comfort. "They tarry lang. What thaught ye o' the stranger? Did he look like a man o' peace?"

"He might be a man o' peace," answered the daugh-

ter, who concealed her anxiety under an appearance of bustling preparation for their evening meal. "He might be a friend for aught I ken, for in thae doubtfu' times there's nae distinguishing friend and fae."

It was difficult to keep up any kind of conversation, when one engrossing subject had subdued the minds of both, and especially when, on that very subject, there were so few facts, and so little certainty to dilate upon. At last approaching steps were heard, and a well-known tongue speaking behind the clay-built hallan. "Such as our habitation is," said Allan, ushering in a sturdy figure, "you shall not say that you have come amongst us without finding a welcome." But there was something in his voice, when he spoke, that sounded strange and fearful in his sister's ear, and she looked into his face to see if any thing terrible had happened. There was no mark of violent dealing upon his dress, no blood-stain upon his brow; and yet, why that sad, sad voice? and why the awful paleness and quivering of his lip? and why the hectic flush upon his cheek, that went and came like a sunbeam on an April cloud? It was her part, however, to prepare the simple meal, to welcome the stranger, and, if possible, to chase away the gathering gloom; and she applied herself to the task with dutiful and truly feminine zeal, ever and anon stealing anxious glances at her brother, who leaned his head upon his hands, and wiped away the perspiration from his brow.

Of all the party, he who had brought dismay along with him was the most at ease. With cheerful confi-

dence he addressed the old man, and soon gained his confidence in return, by explaining the nature of his connection with Allan Moray. Speaking of the secret mission on which they had been employed together, he dwelt warmly upon the young man's character and capabilities, and hinted that his talents might possibly procure him promotion to higher service than that in which he was now engaged.

"Never!" said Allan, and he rose from his seat, and confronted the traveller with a stern brow.

"I will not believe that the service which involves the sacrifice of another can be higher than that which is purely a sacrifice of self. I was nurtured in the bosom of the Roman Catholic church, and fitted for a minister of its unholy rites; but I and my father's house were called to witness a purer light: and if, by renouncing my expectations of worldly prosperity, I have condemned myself to a life of poverty, it is not one of shame. Of the cup which I drink, I compel no one to taste the bitterness; and the sufferings I endure have already become my glory. Leave me! Oh! leave me to watch over this little fold in the wilderness!" — and he fixed his eyes upon the face of the stranger with such a look of imploring agony, that Isabel burst into tears, and wringing her hands, entreated for she knew not what.

Peter Herman was one of that class of enthusiasts who would rather desolate the world than suffer any thing which they account a heresy to remain; who appear to be possessed with hatred of the cause which they op-

pose rather than love for that which they uphold; whose object is to pull down evil rather than to build up good. Herman was also a bold, persevering, and wary sophist. Born in a foreign land, and accustomed to the varied scenes and circumstances of a wandering life, he had been chosen, partly for his talents, and partly for his knowledge of the continental languages, to execute a mission from the Scottish reformers, which required that two trustworthy servants of their cause should travel through France, in the disguise of mendicant friars. Those who employed him were not aware that Herman was secretly tainted with the heretical fanaticism of the Munster Anabaptists of that day. Chance had thrown in his path the enthusiast Allan Moray, whose blood was then boiling with youthful ardour, and whose heart panted for meritorious distinction. Confiding, generous, and disinterested, little did the high-minded youth apprehend what sacrifices would be required at his hands. "Ready! aye ready!" might have been his chosen motto; for with this feeling he embraced the proposal of Peter Herman, without waiting to examine closely the nature of his engagement. Faithfully and firmly he performed the duty imposed upon him, because he had voluntarily undertaken it as a duty; but fatal to his noble spirit was the disappointment with which he first learned that a pure and spiritual worship was to be defended by carnal weapons, and that a holy covenant was to be maintained by unrighteous means.

A second trial was now come upon him. "There

must be two witnesses," said Peter Herman. "The Queen of England, with her wonted professions of love for her subjects, or a desire to maintain their safety and happiness, refuses to listen to our report, without positive evidence that the two suspected individuals maintain, in their own household, the performance of the rites of the Roman Catholic church. Now all that I propose to you is, that, in the disguise of a wandering monk, you should solicit alms and shelter of the charitable Lady Blanche; and thus, by introducing yourself to their private worship, strengthen our testimony to the adjuration of Lord George."

"And why," interrupted Moray, throwing a contemptuous glance at the speaker, "does the accomplished Peter Herman shrink from this delicate task himself?"

"Because," answered he, coolly, and without emotion, "I am not accustomed to win the favour of fair ladies, neither is my voice musical, nor are my features regularly turned — and, least of all, have I sympathy with the tears and the tenderness of the gentler sex." Finding, however, that he should gain nothing by this kind of trifling, he assumed an air of the deepest gravity, and proceeded to state the arguments with which he had previously stored his memory, and to which the young man listened with earnest and fixed attention.

Old Moray, who had been seated by the fire, drew his chair closer to the speaker, while Isabel, recoiling from him with an involuntary impulse, placed herself by the side of her brother, and held his hand affectionately between both her own.

All that could be said to reason away the scruples of a tender conscience, and stimulate a dormant faith, Peter Herman brought forward; denouncing sentence of fearful condemnation against those who were shaping out their own course; choosing for themselves a peaceful portion, while the Lord's heritage was laid waste by the spoiler; preferring the slumber of repose to the warfare of the church militant upon earth.

"For my own part," continued he, "I have sworn that I will heed neither the tears of the widow, nor the cries of the fatherless, when they would stay the vengeance of God against idolatry; and therefore I hold myself separate from all the ties that sweeten life, and make it too precious to be willingly resigned. Therefore I go forth a wanderer, without a home; therefore, the heat of summer, and the storms of winter, fall upon my brow unfelt; and therefore I call upon thee, Allan Moray, by what I myself have sacrificed and suffered —by the burning brow, the weary foot, and the unsheltered head — by my companionless travels, my joyless bosom, and my homeless heart — I call upon thee to come forth from the luxury of social endearments, to assist me to bear the burthen under which not I alone, but many more worthy, have bowed themselves to the very dust. Where," he continued, "is the mighty sacrifice of dwelling beneath this pleasant roof, of shrouding thy coward bosom in a sister's love, while the hardest duties of thy calling are a delight and a glory fit only for the reward of the faithful. I tell thee, puling boy, there is no trial worth the name of

suffering which does not uproot, and tear away, and utterly destroy, the fond associations of early life. I speak not of things which I have neither known nor felt; but, blessed be the Power that can strengthen for its own glorious purposes, the remembrance of past bitterness is all that I feel now. It is for the young and the inexperienced to talk of suffering, when they first behold the consequences of tyranny and oppression; when they first hear the cry of the needy, and listen to the prayer of the destitute; when they first perceive that a blight has fallen upon their pleasant future, and weep their farewell to long-cherished hopes. But let years of experience pass over them; let them become so hardened in the fiery furnace that they can perform deeds they once abhorred; and till the cry of the needy and the prayer of the destitute reach them only as the sighing of the wind: and when they have ceased to feel the hope of sunshine, or the fear of blight, and when the remembrance of early joys and sorrows steals over in moments of weakness and want—called up, like spirits from the grave, by sounds, and sights, it matters not how simple — perchance, the smoke of a cottage chimney in the wood, the sheep-bell on the mountains, or the singing of a mother to her babe — oh! then, when burning and unwonted tears will force themselves through dried-up channels, let them talk of suffering, as I do now!"

A solemn silence followed; for the stranger had drawn his cloak before his brow, and no sound was heard but his deep and long-drawn sighs.

"It is past the hour of midnight," said old Moray; "let us join in prayer." And they all knelt down together, while the young minister implored, with fervent supplication, that help and guidance might be imparted to them in their sorrowful and dubious way.

After this simple but impressive service was over, the old man and Isabel departed for their nightly rest, if that could be called rest which excluded all possibility of forgetfulness.

Hour after hour passed away, and Isabel was yet tossing on a sleepless pillow, when a gentle signal was heard at the door of her chamber, and her brother advanced to the bed-side, his countenance so wild and ghastly, that she often questioned afterwards whether she had not, in reality, beheld his wraith.

"I am going, Isabel, dear," said he, with quivering lips and choaking voice.

"Oh! dinna mind the tongue o' that wily German," said his sister, throwing her arms around his neck — "it gars gude seem like evil, and evil like gude. The Bible is the book, an' it bids us no do evil that gude may come."

Allan Moray shook his head. "He has taunted me," said he, "with a love of self, and selfish indulgence; and I will show them that it is neither danger nor hardship that I fear. See, the morning already dawns — take away thy arms, my sister Isabel, for I *must* leave thee."

Early disciplined to the same firmness and decision which characterized her family, and which were con-

sonant with the times, Isabel obeyed; and when her brother pressed upon her brow a parting kiss, and bade her cherish and support her father, they both felt a foreboding that there would be urgent need for support, beyond what human help or comfort could supply.

With few words and fewer smiles, the two travellers commenced their journey. The older, however, whose feelings, from long usage in rough and perilous service, were not subject to depression, soon recovered the familiar confidence with which he was accustomed to regard the world in general, whether presenting the aspect of a peopled city or a barren solitude. But Moray was still sad and silent, wrapt in gloomy meditations, from which he had no relief, except in casual gleams of hope flitting across his mind that there might possibly be ways and means of turning his present purpose to some account, that would be more in unison not only with his own feelings, but with what he believed to be the dictates of that religion which he had pledged himself to uphold.

Before the last day's journey was completed, his companion left him, to pursue a different course; and it was no slight relief once more to have his thoughts and actions to himself.

The evening had begun to close in, when he first obtained a view of the rich domain and stately mansion to which his course was bound; and, turning into a little shady valley, he took out of his wallet the monkish garb, in which his appearance underwent a speedy transformation; and placing his well-worn Bible in

his bosom, with lively confidence that it would both direct and support him, he turned again into the public road, and walked up to the gates of the mansion, where the porter was too well instructed to refuse admittance to one of his appearance and profession.

Before many hours were over, the traveller had shared in the evening devotions of the family, in an oratory or chapel, which communicated by a private passage with a suite of apartments that were occupied by Lady Blanche and her confidential friends and domestics; and in one of these, appropriated solely to the accommodation of such guests as Moray was supposed to be, the wandering monk was seated by the side of a blazing fire, with one arm resting on a table spread with simple but yet untasted refreshments. The apartment was furnished with every thing necessary for shelter and safety, but nothing which invited to luxurious repose. A faded and imperfect picture of the crucifixion was suspended at the farther end, and representations of martyrs in their dying agonies gave a gloomy appearance to the whole. The wind was rushing fitfully around the outer walls, and wreaths of dark green ivy were trembling in the moonlight, that gleamed in through the deep-mullioned windows, and flickered over the cold stony floor. But neither the howling of the wind, the rustling of the ivy, nor the glancing of the moonbeams, disturbed the traveller in his deep and earnest meditations; until at last, with a heavy sigh, he shook from him his sad thoughts, and, taking from his bosom the blessed book of consolation,

applied himself to the diligent perusal of its sacred pages; nor was his attention once attracted by outward things, until a light step was heard at the door, which gently opened, and a figure of the most unearthly beauty stood before him.

In an instant, memory recalled the scene in the cathedral abroad, and Moray knew it must be the Lady Blanche herself; for no other being upon earth, thought he, could look so pure, so gentle, and so fair.

"I have come," said his gracious visitant, "to assure myself that all your wants are supplied." And when Moray, glancing for the first time to the table, and the couch, that were both spread for him, expressed his warmest acknowledgments for the hospitality and the welcome of which he was all unworthy to partake, the lady still lingered as if she would be glad of any plea for continuing the conversation.

"These are perilous times, holy father!" said she, sinking down upon a seat at the opposite side of the fire; and, while she gazed unconsciously upon the glowing embers, Moray could see distinctly that her blue eyes were filled with tears.

From an impulse of natural kindness, he was about to utter some words of assurance and comfort, when, suddenly recollecting that he, of all men living, was the last to offer consolation, his heart recoiled within him, and the half-articulated accents died upon his lip.

"These are such times," continued the lady, "that we hardly know in whom to trust. Rumour tells us,

that base enemies, in the disguise of your sacred order, have partaken of our hospitality, for the purpose of giving evidence against us. Do you think, holy father, there is that man living who could be so treacherous and so cruel?"

Well was it for Moray that the look which she fixed upon his face while speaking these words, was not one of scrutiny or suspicion, but a look which appealed to the best feelings of the heart, in confiding trust.

"I do believe it," said Moray in a low and almost unintelligible voice; and then the afflicted lady covered her face with her hands, and wept afresh at this confirmation of her fears.

"I have daring enough for an open enemy," said she, recovering her self-possession; "but there can be no defence against the serpent's guile."

"A spotless conscience," answered Moray.

"Ah! you say truly, father, and we do not prize this consolation as we ought. It is not so much the tyranny of our heretic rulers, the dread of imprisonment or bonds, or even death, that I shrink from. If the tyranny were open and avowed, I would submit; if the imprisonment were certain, I would reconcile myself to it; if the bonds were made sure, I would bow myself beneath them; and if I were this moment led to the stake or the scaffold, I would glory in obtaining a crown of martyrdom. But to be haunted with fear and suspicion, I know not of whom or what; to think of poison when I partake of hospitality, and a dagger when I receive an embrace; to have my

thoughts diverted from prayer and penance, by the face of a stranger, who may possibly be a spy ; and if less blameable, at least more wretched than this, to have all the social hours of home enjoyment, and sweet confidence, and peace, broken in upon by fearful dreams and terrible forebodings, is more than I have patience or fortitude to endure."

Moray could only sympathise with the lady in her reasonable complaints, and after a few expressions of encouragement, which she thought cool, both to herself and her creed, he proposed to read to her some passages from the Bible, which he still held in his hand. Lady Blanche looked amazed at the proposition, such not being the custom with reverend fathers of the Romish church ; but thinking that from lips so holy nothing but good could flow, she offered a willing and attentive ear ; and not even when the young minister expatiated upon the power and the blessedness of that divine record, did one thought of suspicion flit across her mind.

When the morrow came, the traveller evinced no signs of desire to proceed on his way, and day after day passed on, and found him still laying hold of every opportunity to catch the lady's attention, while he endeavoured warily to introduce the doctrines of a better faith ; yet under such disguise, that her prejudices had no need to take alarm.

Lady Blanche, possessing the common characteristics of her sex, was more ready to feel, than to understand ; to trust, than to reason ; and the first im-

pressions being generally the strongest, it was almost impossible to change her opinion on any subject that was not evident to the senses. She had been early taught the importance of a rigid adherence to the rules of the Roman Catholic religion, and thus had become one of its most bigoted, zealous, and faithful devotees. Under the influence of self-renunciation, faith, and holy love, in short, of almost all which constitutes the true spirituality of religion, the Lady Blanche and Allan Moray might have knelt together at the same shrine, and offered up their prayers in unison of feeling. But the utterance of a few talismanic words, relating chiefly to the observances of outward form, would have made them each start away from the side of the other, choosing rather not to pray at all, than to mingle their supplications with the polluted atmosphere of heresy, or idol worship.

Although the time fixed by Peter Herman for the monk to repair to a certain place of appointed rendezvous was now passed, he still lingered at the habitation of his gracious host, for it was more congenial to the feelings of the young pastor to labour for the conversion of one erring soul, than to sacrifice the happiness, perhaps the life, of such an individual, for the promotion of a public good. Such feelings, however, were rare in those troubled times, and a powerful party were stirring in the field of action, where Peter Herman proved himself a determined and efficient workman.

On a clear and beautiful autumnal morning, when

the birds, as if beguiled into sweet remembrances of spring and summer, carolled forth in plaintive melody, the Lady Blanche walked forth, as was her wont, upon a green terrace which overlooked a deep woody dell, where the unruffled foliage wore all the richness and variety of that loveliest season. At her side was Lord George, and both appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation; while Moray was seated, sad and solitary, a little below the terrace, and concealed from their observation by the closely interwoven branches of the trees.

In an instant he was roused from his reverie by a loud and terrible shriek; and before he had time to reach the terrace, from whence it proceeded, it was followed by another more fearful still. The first object which caught his eye, was Lady Blanche fainting on the ground, while Lord George was defending himself against the officers of justice with such rash and desperate valour, that their attention was entirely directed to him; and the domestics by this time having thronged around their lord, the contest grew more warm, the confusion more fearful.

Moray, ever bent on some immediate good, scarcely gave himself time to think; but seizing the senseless form of Lady Blanche, plunged immediately into the concealment of the wood, where, resting his precious burthen for one moment on the ground, he had just begun to collect his scattered thoughts, when the crackling of the branches over head once more warned him that danger was at hand. Without one word of threat or

parley, he was seized as if by the grasp of a giant; eyes that were terrible in their fury—eyes that brought back a thousand horrors glared upon him, and in another moment the merciless hand of Peter Herman had plunged a knife into his bosom.

"It was a rash act—a rash and bloody act," said Peter Herman, as he paced to and fro with folded arms, as if measuring the extent of a gloomy apartment, where the bare walls and high grated windows looked too fearfully like a prison to be regarded without shuddering awe. His ponderous figure, hard features, and determined tread, accorded well with the scene; but he was not alone. A gentle form that looked more like a visiting angel than a mortal sufferer, was resting on a rude couch at the farther end of the room, with one snowy hand folding down the leaves of a book, and the other half hid amongst the wreaths of flowing hair, that fell like a misty veil over eyes which had almost wept away their beauty.

What errand of mercy could have called down such a visitant? Alas! she of the gentle form, the drooping head, and the breaking heart—she was the prisoner; and that strong man of fierce brow, and determined aspect, was at liberty to come and go, and trouble her with his hard speech and evil report.

Again he advanced to the side of Lady Blanche, and expressing a desire to hold some converse with her, she bowed her head, and signified her permission that he should proceed on any subject except one.

"I have borne," said she, "this intrusion upon my time and privacy, in order that the promulgators of heresy may have no cause to say of my religion, that it does not teach me the christian graces of forbearance, patience, and fortitude. And now, for the same reason, and because they are more intolerable to me than aught else that I can conceive, I endure your presence and your speech."

In this spirit Lady Blanche had received the visits of many able reasoners in the cause of reform, who, having been invariably repulsed by her haughty and reserved demeanor, neither condescending to argue with them, nor abating one iota of her creed, had at last desisted from all farther attempts to convert her from the error of her ways; and Peter Herman, but that a load was upon his conscience which he could not otherwise remove, would willingly have left her too.

"It is not especially upon that forbidden subject that I am now about to demand your attention, but upon one that will not let me rest when I lie down at night, nor lift up my voice in prayer when I join the congregation of the Lord's people.

"You are acquainted with the fatal accident by which your person was delivered over to the powers of justice. I say an accident, because, although this arm was the instrument, I have no recollection of even a momentary design that would have hurt one hair of the head of Allan Moray. But so it was — I thought he had played me false, and in a moment of frenzy I slew him. You shudder when I speak of death; but oh!

had you seen him when I stood by his bed in the cottage to which his body was conveyed! — he knew that he had but a few moments to live, and yet he held my hand and struggled hard to articulate some words of kindness, even to me.

"'Go back to Scotland,' said he, 'and tell my father and my sister that I did not sacrifice that lovely lady. Tell them that I had more peace in reading to her the words of eternal truth, than I could have had in uprooting a host of idolators. Tell them it was my last entreaty, whatever they might henceforth undertake, that they should use none but righteous means. The end is with him who knoweth all things, and must assuredly be right. Oh! if I had faithfully adhered to this rule!'—and he lifted up his hands and implored forgiveness for past errors, with such unutterable anguish of soul.—But why do I dwell upon these things to you. After recovering a little strength, he spoke again, and charged me, with his last breath, diligently and faithfully to labour for your conversion by the gentlest means I could use. And now, proud lady, if you can form any idea of the sound of words that are half uttered between lips fast closing in the stiffness of death, you will pardon what you are pleased to call my intrusion upon your privacy; for plead with you I must and will; and if I grieve that I am not gifted with gentle speech, it is for his sake more than yours."

With such unwelcome and unwinning pertinacity did Peter Herman continue to persecute the poor pri-

soner, persuading himself all the time that he was acting in conformity with the dictates of conscience. Of all men living there could scarcely have been one found so ill calculated to produce a good effect upon the mind of Lady Blanche; and to judge by her manner of receiving his unwelcome visits, that mind was distinguished by deep-rooted and intolerable pride. So strange is the metamorphosis wrought by one human character upon another.

A few kind and judicious words from one who was deeply influenced by the power of religion, would have softened her heart at once; and then the remoulding might have been more easily accomplished. But alas! there came no such friend; and the stern brow of Peter Herman was again before her, threatening, or promising hopes, she hardly could tell which; for there was a mysterious lighting up of his countenance which she had never seen before, and his unusual readiness to speak, in a short time divulged the secret.

It was a truth in which he triumphed, but not altogether as christians triumph, that Lord George Devereux had made his peace with his sovereign, by renouncing wholly, and for ever, the new profession to which he avowed himself only to have been nominally a convert; and Peter Herman bore the glad tidings to his faithful consort, without the faintest idea of the death-blow he was dealing.

The first sign by which he perceived that his words had taken effect, was the figure of Lady Blanche gently kneeling down upon the cold floor, and pressing the

crucifix to her lips and bosom; at which indubitable evidence of sinful idolatry, the reformer invariably commenced his most vehement and lengthened oration, which he was but too well accustomed to enjoy without interruption, to notice any thing extraordinary in the silence of his listener at this time. At last, however, even this, his longest discourse being at an end, he was anxious to produce some acknowledgment that it had at least been heard, when, after addressing himself repeatedly to Lady Blanche, and suspecting from her continued silence that something unusual must have occurred, he raised her from the ground, and looked into her face to see if life were still there.

There was indeed life, if habitual movements, and regular pulsations, the ebb and flow of the crimson tide, and the motion of the eyes and lips may be called life; but if that be death which is an absence of all intellectual capability—of the power to think, and feel, and suffer, Lady Blanche was indeed no more!

Thus were two victims added to the long catalogue of those who have suffered in mind, body, and estate, from false notions of that religion which was sent upon earth with the glad tidings of peace and good will towards men; from the mingling of human passions, prejudice, and frailty, with the pure dictates of eternal truth; and from the substitution of narrow views of self-aggrandisement and party feelings, for the broad and sure basis of benevolence and christian love.

EARLY DAYS.

Oh! give me back my early days,
The fresh springs and the bright
That made the course of childhood's ways
A journey of delight.

Oh! give me back the violet blue,
The woodbine, and the rose,
That o'er my early wanderings threw
The fragrance of repose.

And give me back the glittering stream,
The fountain and the dew,
That neither day nor nightly dream
Can ever more renew.

I would give all that tears have bought,
Of wisdom, wealth, or love,
For one sweet hour of early thought
This sordid world above—

One happy flight, away, away,
On wings of tameless power,
One golden morn, one glorious day,
In childhood's rosy bower—

One sail upon that summer sea,
Whose passing storms are all
Light winds that blow more merrily,
And dewy showers that fall.

But ah! that summer sea no more
Shall bear me gaily on;
My bark lies on the weary shore,
My fluttering sails are gone.

'Tis not that hope her radiant bow
No longer bends on high,
But light has faded from her brow,
And splendour from her sky.

'Tis not that pleasure may not bring,
Fresh gladness to my breast,
But I am worn with wandering
To find a home of rest.

S. S.

THE SUMMER.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

I.

THE Summer!—the Summer!—the exquisite time
Of the red rose's blush, and the nightingale's chime,—
The chant of the lark, and the boom of the bee,—
The season of brightness, and beauty, and glee!
It is here—it is here! It is lighting again,
With sun-braided smiles, the deep heart of the glen;
It is touching the mountain, and tinging the hill,
And dimpling the face of the low-laughing rill;
It is flooding the forest-trees richly with bloom,
And flinging gold showers in the lap of the broom!

II.

I have heard the lark warble his hymn in the sky,
I have seen the dew-tear in the meek daisy's eye,
I have scented the breath of the fresh-opened flowers,
I have plucked a rich garland from hawthorn bowers;
My footsteps have been where the violet sleeps,
And where arches of eglantine hang from the steeps;
I have startled the linnet from thickets of shade,
And roused the fleet stag as he basked in the glade;
And my spirit is blithe as a rivulet clear,
For the Summer, the golden crowned Summer, is
here!

MARY OF GLEN-FYNE.

A Highland Song.

AIR—"*O mo Mhairi Luogh.*"

I.

Oh, my lovely Mary! Mary of Glen-Fyne!
Oh, my gentle Mary! Mary thou art mine!
Oh, enchanting maiden! thou dost far outshine
All who wear the plaiden in this glen of thine! *

II.

By Loch-Moraig's wild wood young affection grew,
Ere our simple childhood love's sweet language knew:
Kindness still grew stronger, till its depth was more
Than was known to lovers in this world before!
Oh, my lovely Mary! &c.

III.

Cushats, fondly cooing, taught me how to woo;
The soft art of suing woodlarks taught me too;
And the laverok, thrilling in the sky above,
Told the tender accents of impassioned love!
Oh, my lovely Mary! &c.

* This chorus is from the Gaelic. T. P.

IV.

I am but the herdsman of Loch-Moraig's flock;
She, my mountain rosebud, boasts no gentle stock;
But for rank or riches I shall ne'er repine
While that priceless jewel, Mary's heart, is mine!
Oh, my lovely Mary! &c. P.

SONG.

SCOTCH AIR — "*Oh tell me the way how to woo.*"

I.

I LOVE the free ridge of the mountain
When Dawn lifts her fresh dewy eye;
I love the old ash by the fountain
When Noon's summer fervours are high:
And dearly I love when the grey-mantled Gloaming
Adown the dim valley glides slowly along,
And finds me afar by the pine-forest roaming,
A-list'ning the close of the grey-linnet's song.

II.

When the moon from her fleecy cloud scatters
Over ocean her silvery light,
And the whisper of woodlands and waters
Comes soft through the silence of night,
I love by the ruined tower lonely to linger,
A-dreaming to fancy's wild witchery given,
And hear, as if swept by some seraph's pure finger,
The harp of the winds breathing accents of heaven!

III.

Yet still, mid sweet fancies o'erflowing,
Oft bursts from my lone breast the sigh —
I yearn for the sympathies glowing
When hearts to each other reply !
Come, then, gentle Helen ! with kindred devotion
To worship with me by wild mountain and grove;
Oh, come, my sweet bride ! with still dearer emotion—
With rapture to hallow the chaste home of love !

SONNET.

Mid laughing circles of the gay and young
I found thee, lady ! like a seraph bright,
Fair as the glowing visions of delight
That round my paths of first enchantment sprung :
Far o'er the frivolous train that round thee hung
Soaring; yet linked to Wrong though loving Right;
And, ah ! unable, by a glorious flight,
To burst the chains that fashion o'er thee flung !
Amelia ! can that ardent soul of thine,
With meteor blaze round folly's circuit driven,
Its better birthright weakly thus resign ?
Bethink thee that a nobler choice was given—
A Star of Peace, o'er life's dark maze to shine,
And guide benighted wanderers to Heaven !

P.

DONNA FRANCESCA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER.

Donna Francesca looked in her husband's face, and smiled. "You will not have to chide me here for weeping at the thought of Italy, my own beautiful Italy," she said. "Here is a sky as deeply blue, as cloudless; and trees are here as rich in graceful foliage, and this air, which feels like a fan of downy feathers on my face, has rifled the delicious fragrance of an orange grove: I'm sure it has, I know the scent at once—though long years, long at least to me, have passed since I have left an orange grove."

Francesca's voice was very sweet; often as her husband had been charmed by its sound, he thought its silvery tones more sweet than ever. "I did not like to say too much of this fair home of ours," said Don Leon, "for I feared that my fond and early associations might colour the scene too highly. Yet this terrace! my Francesca, I have sometimes told you of this terrace, and its dark over-arching cedars; its thickets of roses, where the nightingale sings first and latest: the orange grove, which, as you rightly guessed, is near at hand, and—"

"And," said Francesca, interrupting and yet continuing his words—" and the long sweep of this lovely bay, where the grey mountains slope upwards at once from the shore, and where, as in my own Italy, the myrtle hangs almost over the clear waters of the sea. Yes, my husband, I remember well your beautiful descriptions, and my doubts and banterings, when you said that Spain could match with Italy. You did not like to say too much of this fair home! Why, sir! Why, Leon! don't you remember that I used to tell you, whenever you said any thing about it, that no land but Italy could answer to your glowing descriptions. But you were right, my Leon, my own grave Leon, quite right, as you always are. Don't be so very grave, so gravely Spanish here. There is no occasion, now we are in Spain, to wear your Spanish gravity, as you have done in other places, fearing, it seemed, that you might not else be taken for a Spaniard."

Don Leon smiled, and answered playfully, that his looks were not more sombre than her dark attire, better suited to the wintry fogs of Brussells, than the soft and sunny atmosphere of their own home. She took him at his word, and flung back her dark hood, and threw aside her soft but heavy sables, laughing as she did so, and playfully defying him to fling aside as easily his Spanish gravity; and then she took her husband's arm again, and they ascended the broad marble steps to a loftier terrace, and so went onward through another grove, towards the palace. She would

have lingered also on that upper terrace, for the air, though not less soft, was even fresher there; and her eyes sparkled as they cast a hurried glance over the quiet bay, for the golden sunbeams of the morning fell thick upon the rippled waves, and blazed upon the gilt and painted galley which had brought them from the more distant vessel to the shore.

"I see it all, my sweet and gay Francesca," said her husband, replying to her speaking looks; "and we will often come hither, often gaze together upon this glorious prospect, and drink in this pure fresh air." Then drawing her arm again within his own, he led her onward, still smiling and speaking, her beautiful hair blowing about in the wild sportive wind, and the rosy freshness of health and exercise glowing in her cheek and parted lips.

Francesca was gentle and quiet; her gaiety was always that of a very feminine spirit; there was no levity about it; she was only gay in those delightful seasons, when, to enjoy is to obey. There was a deep and serious thoughtfulness upon her brow, when Don Leon found her one evening in the quiet loneliness of the ancient library. She was bending down over a volume, which lay open before her, resting her cheek upon her hand. "I have been thinking," she said, as her mild and earnest gaze met that of her husband. — "I have been thinking, perhaps more deeply than

usual, and asking myself many questions. There are some, my Leon, that we must answer together."

"Is not this always the case, sweet one?" he said, in a voice as gentle and as serious as her own, "when you search the pages of this inspired volume. Have we not often agreed that we cannot read this book as we read other books, for every now and then its words pierce like a sword of fire, even to the heart."

"And sometimes," said Francesca — "nay, Leon, you have told me oftentimes the same; they fall as the dew falls upon the parched and drooping herbage."

"But these questions, which we must answer, my sweet wife?"

"We must answer them," she continued, "to Him who searcheth the hearts, who knoweth our most secret thoughts. And they are—They are these," she said:— First of all — Are we not too happy, my Leon?"

"Too happy!" he repeated; "can any one be too happy in this uncertain world?"

"Yes, too happy!" she said again—"too happy to be in a state of safety. You know, Leon, that I am not naturally mistrustful; I have ever seen the bright side of every object.

"I know it well," he answered; "and I do therefore wonder the more to find you speaking thus."

Francesca made no reply at first, but pointed silently, with her finger placed upon the page, to the words she had been reading in the Bible: they were these—"I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity; they come in no misfortune like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men."

"Does not this apply to us?" said Francesca, modestly, the pure colour deepening in her cheek as she spoke. "We love each other tenderly, devotedly. We love all God's creatures; but do we love their Creator and our Creator, their God and our God,—are we not ungodly? And yet I think we should not say, 'we *do* not love Him now,' but rather, 'that we *have* not loved Him till very lately,' nor have we ever known his Holy Bible."

"It is our chief treasure," said Leon, "and yet how little we thought, when we came into possession of this rich inheritance, that one unknown and unnoticed volume,* would be soon more precious than our heavy coffers of gold."

"Far more precious," continued Francesca, "than those caskets of diamonds which you opened before me, dearest, when you first brought them to my dressing room, and were a little, a very little disappointed, because I did not look upon them with the childish delight that you expected to find in me, or when I complained that the ropes of orient pearl, which I wore to please you at court, were as cumbrous as they were beautiful. How worthless do all the precious things of the world begin to appear, to one who has found the pearl of great price. You will smile, my Leon, but our very prosperity as to the blessings of this world, has begun to alarm me, since I have studied the holy Bible, as to the safety of our spiritual con-

* The Bible was the rare Spanish Bible of Bonifacio Ferrer.

cerns. I am uneasy, lest the things of time and sense should be occupying that place in our hearts, which the things that are eternal, and of God, should fill alone. Had you come to me a little sooner, you might have found me trembling and in tears before my God, for I had found the place where it is written, 'What is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Now I am sure the desire of gaining has never possessed my heart, but I am also sure that I have had scarcely a thought beyond the enjoyment of God's gifts, bestowed in such abundance upon us. I have not held them with a steward's hand, nor have I estimated them as a pilgrim should his wayside pleasures."

"I have not had a wish ungratified, but I have received the goodness of the Lord rather as my right, than as a favour from his gracious hand. Our dear child, are we not blest in him? Many parents whom we know, are childless. God has dealt most graciously with us."

"He has, indeed," said Leon, "and henceforth we will not forget Him, my Francesca. If he has distinguished us among our fellows, we will strive to love Him more than others."

Donna Francesca sat in her favourite saloon, waiting for her husband, and wondering at his long absence — an absence longer at least than usual. She had ordered a table to be spread with cooling fruits, beside the fountain in the marble hall, for there the refreshing atmosphere was delightful during a sultry day. This

hall was connected with the saloon, where Donna Francesca was sitting, by an open corridor. Had a stranger entered that magnificent apartment, and seen the lovely and smiling lady with her noble looking boy, he would have agreed with Donna Francesca that there were few more blessed with worldly happiness than herself.

"You look not like yourself to night," said Donna Francesca to her husband; "you are not estranged from me, I am quite sure of that, but something has happened. What has happened, my own Leon, to make you look so melancholy?"

"Send Alfonso to bed, dearest," he replied, looking mournfully on his little boy; "is he not up later than usual?"

"A little later, dear Leon," she replied, "for I wished him to see you before he went to bed — but he disturbs you, and perhaps your head aches. Come Alfonso—nurse is only in the anti-room." The little boy was taken away.

"I have seen a sad sight to day," said Don Leon: "I did not tell you where I was going, but I went on purpose to be present at the Auto de Fe, at Seville, this morning. It was a fearful and humiliating sight, Francesca. There was one of our own rank, a man whom I have known and loved since I was a boy, a Ponce de Leon; you may remember him, for Don Juan was with us soon after I brought you to Spain. Your heart would have ached, had you seen him to day; his fine manly form, clad in the horrid sanbenito, and the co-

raza* on his noble head, both painted over with flames and fiendish figures, — an extinguished torch in his hand, and a halter round his neck, while a friar walked on either side of him, talking to him of that mercy in heaven which they denied him on earth. Doctor Juan Gonzalez suffered also; perhaps there was not a finer preacher in Andalusia; and he went forward with so firm a step, and a countenance so calm and cheerful, that one could see he had made his peace with God. Two of his sisters were with him, doomed to the same horrible death. And he often turned to them with looks and words of cheerful encouragement, and began to sing some holy psalm, but his inhuman persecutors thrust the gag into his mouth. I feared from their pale faces and heavy downcast eyes, that his two sisters would have yielded to the influence of mortal fear, and made their recantation; but on their arrival at the place of execution, they seemed to be suddenly inspired with new strength, and bore their cruel fate like true heroines. But why should I tell you more of these frightful persecutions — for persecutions I must call them; the great crime of the poor sufferers is, that they take a view of our holy faith somewhat differing from that held by the Roman Catholic clergy; and to say the truth, unwilling as I should be to separate from what I have ever considered the true church, I feel disposed, since we have begun to search the Holy Bible for ourselves, to pass no heavy censure upon the fol-

* The cap worn by the condemned.

lowers of this new learning, and their bold leader, Martin Luther."

"I have heard but little of the new opinions," replied Donna Francesca; "but of this I am certain, that I would rather give up our teachers, should there be no other alternative, than the Holy Scriptures, which it now seems they would take away from us."

"Tell me, dear Francesca," said Don Leon, "for it has not occurred to me till now to ask you. Have you taken away our Spanish Bible? I left it on the table in my own dressing room this morning — I left it open, and when I came in just now it was not there."

"It is surely there," replied Francesca. "Not an hour ago I was there, hoping to meet you on your first entrance, (for you know I often meet you in your dressing room,) and the Bible was lying as you left it."

"I know it was, for I remained there to read it."

"I will go at once and look for it," said Donna Francesca.

"You will not find it there," he replied, as they left the saloon together. The Bible was not found. The servants were questioned about it, but they either knew nothing, or would tell nothing. Don Leon and Donna Francesca returned to the saloon; but the countenance of the former was even more troubled than it had been before. "Alas!" said he mournfully, "our time of trial may be close at hand, Francesca; are you prepared to meet it, or shall we seek in any way to avoid the coming storm?"

"Should there be any holy way of escape from per-

secution, we might flee by that way, but if not—" she hesitated, for her eyes fell upon her husband.

"Well, my Francesca," he said, "if not, we must pray for faith, and for patience;—were those the words you would have added?"

"I hardly know," she replied, with a trembling voice and a faint smile; "and yet I think I am prepared for any trial, and for any danger, to be shared with you."

"But if we should be called to trials that we may not share together, my sweet wife, let us think even of the worst, and let us from this moment be prepared."

"My husband, my own friend," said Francesca, calmly, "you must not blame me if I differ from you now. You seem to me, to bring forward dark forbodings, and then to call them preparation. Does our Heavenly Father require such a frame of spirit in his children? does he not rather say in His Blessed Word,—'Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.—The events which may happen beyond the present hour will be ordered by Him whose love is equal to His wisdom. Why speak of being prepared for heavy trials. I am quite sure, my Leon, that he will do all things wisely and well; and as for the future, if we are called upon to suffer, His strength will be made perfect in our weakness. Is it not true, that when he sends afflictions to his children, He sends also the strength to bear them?

Donna Francesca had scarcely spoken the last few words, than she turned very pale; she placed her trembling hand upon her husband's arm, and whispered, "There it is again," pointing with her finger towards the hall.

"Tell me what alarms you thus?" he exclaimed, "give me some explanation of this sudden terror?"

"I will, I will," she said; "but come with me first, there is some listener skulking near; I am certain of it. I saw his shadow plainly by the moonlight."

"We will see his face," said Leon, snatching up the lamp and springing forward. In the corridor, between the hall and the saloon, where they had been sitting, stood a tall dark figure, he did not stir at their approach, and, as the lamp flashed full upon his face, his cold but steady look met the angry glances of Don Leon. "Who are you," he demanded, "and by what authority have you dared to enter these apartments? Speak at once, or take the consequences upon yourself."

"I may answer all your questions," replied the stranger, very quietly, "by a few words. The Holy Office has called for your presence this very night; you will go with me at once."

"This is not to be borne," exclaimed Don Leon, indignantly, and almost fiercely. "You have been meanly listening to us in this our own chamber. Our Bible has been stolen by your sacrilegious hands, I know it has," he said; for his eye had fallen on the silver chains attached to the sacred volume; they were

held, it seemed very carelessly, by the inquisitor, and the Bible hung suspended from them. He received no answer, but the monk walked slowly to the door and opened it. In another minute, Don Leon and his wife were surrounded by the familiars of the office.

"Alas!" he said, in voice of low deep agony, "I must leave you, Francesca! it is useless to think of resistance."

"You will both be conveyed to the Holy Office," said the Inquisitor.

Donna Francesca, who had stood before like one lost as to speech and sense, uttered a cry of delight, and threw herself into her husband's arms. They remained for some minutes locked in one tender and loving embrace. Then Don Leon, encircling her slender waist with his arm, signified his readiness to depart. He led her gently forward, and was about to lift her into the covered carriage which stood waiting at the door of the palace, when she was suddenly torn from him and carried off to a separate conveyance. His efforts to free himself, his frantic air, were those of a madman; but he soon lay resistless, bound hand and foot, and the gag in his mouth.

A terrific storm came on with the closing shades of evening, the pale and forked lightning playing with a wild lustre upon the iron window-bars of a low but spacious dungeon, in which many female prisoners were

confined. The pealing bursts of thunder had alarmed them all, but one fair and delicate lady. She was sitting apart from the others upon a low seat, or rather niche, which had been hollowed into the rocky wall Her wrists were crossed one over the other, and her hands hung listless down; her head had drooped upon her bosom, for overcome by fatigue and grief, she had at last sunk into a quiet sleep.

Few would have recognised the fresh and beautiful Francesca in that pale and wasted creature. She had suffered much from torture on the horrid rack, but far more from the sentence which that evening had been declared to her; it was, Perpetual Separation from her husband, and Imprisonment for life.* She was now like one stunned and stupified by the mere weight of her grief. She was scarcely conscious that they had put upon her the loose zamarra or vest of yellow cloth, (the sanbenito she was condemned to wear); and when the morning brought the pleasant sunshine into her dungeon she noticed it not, she heeded not the bells that tolled from all the churches, nor the crowded procession of the Auto de Fe in which she walked among the poor wretched prisoners. Once or twice she looked about her, but her eye met not the only object which it sought. If Leon were there, she saw him not.

Another trial awaited Francesca. During her imprisonment she had often entreated to be allowed to see her child, the request had apparently received no

* See M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Spain, for punishments even more unjust and dreadful.

attention. On her return to the prison, she was put into a carriage and taken to a convent about three miles from Seville, a friar of the Office accompanying her. On their arrival they were at once shown into the convent parlour, to which the little Alfonso had been also brought: the child was in the arms of a strange nurse when Francesca appeared. Notwithstanding her strange dress, Alfonso stretched out his little arms to her, and she was permitted to clasp him to her bosom, and to cover his face and forehead with kisses. Francesca had not expected this indulgence, and for some little time it quite overcame her. Laughing and weeping by turns, she addressed her dark and silent companion. She awoke at once to new life, and poured forth her warm and eloquent thanks, and blessed him, from the fulness of heart. He, however, noticed her not, nor even raised his cold glances from the missal which lay open on his knees. At length becoming calm and composed, she sat gazing, with smiles, and in silence, upon her young and beautiful child. Her smiles died away as she became more and more thoughtful — died away so entirely, that the child, after staring at her with astonishment for some minutes, stroked his little hand over her pale and sunken cheek, and then, putting his arm fondly round her neck, laid his head on her bosom, and sighed deeply. The door of the parlour, which led to the interior of the convent, opened, and the lady abbess entered, accompanied by a Spanish lady of high rank, a near relation to Don Leon. Donna Anna de Segura was a strict Roman Catholic herself,

but she was really grieved for the distresses of her friends. It was chiefly owing to her entreaties that Francesca had been permitted to see her child; but she had promised to exert all her influence with Francesca, and to work upon her feelings, by means of the child, to bring her to recant her heresies. She left no way which she could devise untried, to convince or to win over Donna Francesca, and she was ably seconded by the abbess. The heretic, as they deemed her, listened to them attentively and replied to them gently; but, after all their arguments, and all their persuasions, they found her even more unmoved than when they began to address her.

"It is really useless," said Francesca, meekly, as the two ladies stood before her, silent, and evidently mortified at their want of success: "I have counted the cost of all I am forced to give up, in order that I may keep a clear conscience before God; and I only grieve and vex you, my kind friends, for kind you are, notwithstanding your harsh words. I have heard all that you can say, and am rather strengthened than otherwise in my determination to suffer persecution, as I see no honest means of escape."

Donna Anna was a proud and violent woman of superior talent; she had persuaded herself of success, and in her self-confidence had pledged her word to others, that she would convince Francesca of her errors. She had been gradually working herself into a violent rage with the poor feeble prisoner: she now overwhelmed her with reproaches and bitter invectives, she

snatched the child roughly from its mother, and when she implored her to give him back to her arms, losing all command over herself, Donna Anna struck her a violent blow. The more gentle Abbess now interposed, and even the inquisitor raised his eyes for a moment on the extraordinary scene. Donna Anna had no sooner struck the unoffending Francesca, than all her anger turned against herself. She threw herself at the poor mother's feet, she put the infant into her arms, and bathed in tears, she knelt before Francesca, and entreated her forgiveness. Francesca's smile and voice were saintlike in their heavenly sweetness, as she bent down to raise the penitent woman, and kissed her forehead, and her cheek, and looking upward, prayed that God would bless the kind and sympathising friend who had brought her infant to her once again. But now the Inquisitor closed his book and rose up, coldly desiring Francesca to accompany him, unless she had determined to recant her errors. Francesca quietly prepared to go with him. She looked, however, at her child with a look of such heart-broken wretchedness, that Donna Anna, weeping as she spoke, renewed her entreaties.

"Do not torture me any more, my kind kind friend!" said Francesca, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper.

The Inquisitor turned to the abbess, and without the slightest emotion either in tone or countenance, he said with a look of cold but decided authority, "Take the child from her."

The abbess approached, but the child, as if aware of what was intended, threw both his arms round his mother's neck, and clung to her with a look of alarm. But now Donna Anna threw herself at the feet of the monk, urgently entreating him to allow but a little longer time, if nothing more. The time is already expired he coldly replied. But here Francesca spoke "You *will* wait," she said, with a look and manner of such dignity, and with so firm a voice, that even that stern inquisitor was awed by its authority. — "You *will* wait till I have embraced my child for the last time. He shall not be taken from me — he will obey me when I bid him — my sweet Alfonso," she said, drawing the child closer and closer to her bosom, "kiss me, and then go to those kind ladies without saying a word." The little fellow seemed to understand her at once, by the obedience that he shewed to her words; he kissed her, and when she led him to Donna Anna, he made no resistance. Once or twice she passed her hand over his soft hair, and her lips moved in prayer, then she kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his eyes, his mouth, and pressed him once more to her bosom; she then left him with a countenance as calm as it was grave and sorrowful. — The monk had opened the door and passed on; Francesca was passing through the door-way, when Donna Anna sprang forward, she seized one of the passive hands of Francesca, and entreated her to stop — she rushed past her, and stood in the way, holding up the lovely child, and as she presented him she said "Can you consent

to part with him for ever? never, never to see him more?"

"Hear me for the last time," said Donna Francesca, gasping for breath as she spoke: "I have neither will nor power in myself—in pity let me pass! It has been said by Him who will help me, who is with me now, 'He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.' For His sake let me pass——"

Nothing was ever clearly known of the fate of Don Leon de Valera, Marquis of Jurailla, or of the gentle Italian lady, Donna Francesca, whom he married. Their rich possessions were seized upon by the state. A year or two after their condemnation a rumour was in circulation that Don Leon had been seen in Germany, and about the same time a portrait of Donna Francesca was set up in the most public part of Seville; copies of this picture were also sent to several of the frontier towns; and a high reward was offered for her apprehension. Some said that Donna Juana of Portugal, the king's sister, had secretly favoured the escape of Francesca. Others declared that the picture exhibited was not the portrait of Donna Francesca, and that the dark hood and furred mantle were not according to the style of her costume.

ILL GOT, ILL GONE.

An Irish Sketch.

BY JOHN BANIM.

"Well — it's my turn, now, sure enough, genteels, to tell my story; and it will be most about how ould Square (Squire) M'Cass come by the great fort'n, that he couldn't keep with as strong a hand as he got it — 'Ill got, ill gone,' ye know, neighbours." In these words, one of a circle of Irish villagers, assembled round a winter-fire, and beguiling the long holiday evening with their favourite amusement of story-telling, began his imposed task. The tale is preserved in his words, or as nearly so as possible.

"Every one that hears me, young and ould, knows who I mean by Square M'Cass, though he's dead and gone from among us many a year. Let any gorçoon or little girl that doesn't know — or, at least, that has heard tell of him, but not of what a great man he was, in his time—just step over the thrashold of the door of this good friend's house, and look up the slant of the hill, in the moonlight. There is to be seen the remains of the big barrack of a place he built for himself, more than fifty years ago, though its tall gables and chimblies are now tattered and torn with the weather, and

the bat and the scarecrow have more to say to it than Square M'Cass. And, when any one looks at that ould ruin, and is tould, more-be-token, that all the land you can see from the highest window-hole, at every side of it, belonged to him that built it once upon a time, then, certain sure, it will be guessed what a man he was.

"Well, genteels: 'Tisn't of Square M'Cass, alone, I have to say 'Ill got, ill gone;'—the word fits them he got his money from, as well as it fits himself: but ye shall hear what ye shall hear. I had the story, in bits and scraps, from more than one knowledgeable body, and from time to time; from the poor darling mother o' me—rest her soul in glory!—from cousins and cousins' children of some of the people I'm to talk about; and from Jude Murphy, the mistress of the Fighting Cocks, below in the village, and own granddaughter of the widow Murphy that kept the same house before she was born. And, sure enough, its into the kitchen of the Fighting Cocks we are to step, the first going off.

"A nate, cosy kitchen it was; kept clean, and well-swept; a full barrel always in the corner, and a fire-side almost as snug as this one we are sitting at—every thing befitting man and horse that came that way, supposing them the first in the land—and barring that the horse had his own good lodging in the warm stable, nigh at hand. And so, Biddy Murphy was sitting forment her man o' the house (they were newly married at that same time) by the pleasant fire, of a

winter's evening, like this, only earlier, when she hears a sound she was always glad to hear—the noise of horses' feet, stopping at her door; and, when she hurried to the thrashold, two decent, well-dressed, mannerly men were stepping down from their saddles. She made her curtshee to them, and called Mickle Murphy to put up their horses; and soon she had them settled in the warmest corner, a can of good ould *shibbeen* (home-brewed ale) a-piece, in three hands, and the fresh eggs and the nice bacon screeching in the pan for their supper. And, certain sure, she said in her own mind that she had the luck to have two responsible (respectable) pleasant bodies, in her house that night; and, when Mickle came back from the stable, and made one at the fire-side, they all chatted jocosely together, of one thing or another, though nothing particular till after.

"Biddy Murphy's hand was on the frying-pan, to turn out the eggs and bacon on the dish, when she stopt herself, and said, 'Hushth! merry Christmas to me! but I hear another man and horse for the Fighting Cocks this blessed night!' and, sure enough, she whipt to the door, laying the pan on the hearth, and stepped back with a new-comer.

"He was a sogering-man, a trooper, discharged from the wars, as it turned out to be, after ould Shamus ran from the Boyne, but still in his soger's clothes, and carrying his long sword at his side, that clanked at every step he made across the floor, in his jack-boots and spurs. His tongue betokened that he came from

the Black North, where they don't speak either English, or Irish, or Scotch, but a kind of a mixtrum-gatherum of their own, made up of the three together, that's not like any dacent christian speech — much good may it do them. The way he had with him tould of the place he had come from, more-be-taken; for he was not sprightly nor pleasant in his looks or his words to Mistress Murphy, nor any one about him, but as serious as a pig getting a sun-dial by heart, and stand-offish, and apt to find fault with other people's discourse, and quite full of himself; the greater the shame for a young man like him, that night, at Biddy Murphy's hearth, and she doing her best to please him; for, young enough he was, not above thirty, and a tall, broad-shouldered trooper, into the bargain.

"When he took his stool at the fire, after seeing his horse in the stable, the hearty gossip that had been going on there, afore he came to the door, was amost put a stop to. He would not laugh at any thing that the woman o' the house, or the man of the house said, to cheer up the hearts of their customers, or that the two jocose-looking men, who had come in before him, said in return; and so, by degrees, every body grew as down in the mouth as himself: or, if the discourse was taken up now and then, it had no laugh in it, but turned on serious things. Even the good supper that he had his share of, and the *cruiskeen lawn* (full cup, or pitcher), left at his hand, couldn't make him put on a merry face, so that the people round him might find heart to be jocose again: no, nor as much as make him

join in the most in-earnest talk; only from time to time he said a cross word, blaming the victuals, or the *shibeen*, or making out that his companious were discoursing like fools, or not like christian creatures. By and by, howsomever, he found a little more of his tongue, though it was the bad tongue still.

"'Ye are not of our parts, genteels?' says Mistress Murphy, to her other two customers.

"'No, ma'am,' says one of them, making answer, 'this is the first time we ever came into the county Louth.'

"'And ye came a good way up the country, I'll go bail,' says Mistress Murphy, again.

"'All the way from Kerry, ma'am,' the man said to her, very civil and hearty.

"'Musha, ay? that's a good step, of a certainty. And, is the place round about here very strange to ye, after leaving your own place, so mortial far in the south?' asked Biddy, over again.

"The two men looked hard at each other, before he that had spoken first said, 'We have a quare answer to that question, ma'am; for, though this *is* our first journey into Louth, as I tould you afore, and though the night fell on us just after crossing the bounds of the next county, only a stone's throw from your snug house, we think we could describe every tree and bush of——'

"'Hushth, Aby!' says the second man, taking the word out of his gossip's mouth.

"'Never fear, Dick,' Aby made answer, 'I'm not

going to make a fool of myself, or you — every tree and bush, ma'am,' he went on, turning to the woman o' the house, 'and every thing in the world besides, of a certain spot, not very far from the spot we are talking on this blessed minute: it's a truth, sir,' he repeated, nodding to the trooper, who, at his last words, raised up his eyes from the hearth, to look at Aby.

"'Well, and that's quare, of a certainty, as you promised it would be, sir,' says Biddy Murphy; 'ye got your knowledge of the spot ye mean, out of a book, I'm thinking?'

"'No, indeed, ma'am,' says he.

"'Then ye saw it drawn out and painted in a picture, and the name printed under it?' Biddy a second time demanded of the man.

"'Nor that, either, upon my word and credit, ma'am,' he replied to her.

"'But somebody that knew it well described it to ye, stock and stone, afore ye came — sure that must be it?' says Mistress Murphy for the last time, very curious to find out, as ye may suppose.

"'No living tongue has ever made mention of it to us, ma'am!' was all that Aby answered, only he spoke in a remarkable way, very slow, and half under his breath.

"'Blessed hour!' cries Biddy, opening her mouth, and her eyes at her two customers. The trooper also grumbled out something, and kept staring.

"'Biddy,' says the man of the house, handing her the pipe, 'I'll guess it for you. The two genteels saw the place in a dream, whatever place it is.'

"'Hoot-toot,' grunted the trooper, shifting himself on his stool, and turning sideways to the company, eyes and all, mighty wise and scornful.

"'The Lord save us!' cries Biddy again, while the two Kerry men only looked more and more serious.

"'You may hoot us, sir,' the husband went on to the trooper; 'but I'll lay you a small wager I am in the right — and, more than that, I'll lay the same wager that the dream was about money being hid in the place, and that the two genteels have dreamt it together, over and over, and that they are come into Louth, to-night, to see their dream out.'

"'All nonsense, and turf and butter-milk,' the trooper made answer, in words like my words, though may be not the very same, for I don't pretend to speak his north bad English — 'and all come of the errors and superstitions of ould papistry.' And he gave himself another swing round, and spoke down in his throat, and turned up his nose, like my lady's lap-dog at could pyaties. And, upon that, every soul that heard him snapped at him, because they were all good Christians like ourselves, or had the name of it, at laste; and Biddy Murphy's husband dared him to make the wager; and her two customers promised to decide it, by making oath of the truth one way or another; and she called him names, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself; and, at last, he consented, and wagered his sword against two gould guineas that the Kerry men could not and would not uphold what Mike Murphy had said. So, the sword and the money

were put on the table together, and he swore the men on a little Bible he took out of his pocket; and, sure enough, the sword was lost, for they made oath that every word Mike had spoken was gospel.

"'Now, what's the reason you don't take it up, man o' the house?' says the trooper, speaking to Mike, who did'nt make the least motion for the sword, but only looked at it as a body would look at a live thing that might turn on a body, and bite. He thought he had a reason for keeping his hands to themselves—or, may be, two reasons. Biddy used to say that, first and foremost, he did'nt half like to meddle with it, and its gruff-looking owner to the fore, even supposing he had won it quite fair: but she used to say, besides, that he caught the Kerry men winking and smiling at one another, in a knowing way, just when they were going to kiss the little Bible; and, upon that, Mike was'nt sure of them, out and out; and, moreover, he thought the trooper saw them doing the same thing, and had a meaning in his words and look when he said—'What's the reason you don't take it up, man o' the house?'

"'Never lay a finger on it, Mike!' cried Biddy, as soon as the speech was out of his mouth—'Huth, sir,' facing herself about to the trooper, 'put your purty-sword at your own side, where it ought to be—it's little use I or my good man has of such things; and sure it was all out of fun we laid the wager with you, and no more did we want than just to show you that Mister Murphy can make a sharp guess at a riddle now and then.' And Mike himself bid the trooper

take it, saying the same words that Biddy said; and so he stretched out his big long arm for it at last, with a grave kind of a smile on his own face, for the first time that evening.

"Very well. Ye must not think, genteels, that Mike Murphy had any doubt of the guess he made—no such thing: he believed firmly, and so did Biddy, that the Kerry men, Aby and Dick, as they called each other, had dreamt the dream, and come into Louth to dig for the money; and when I said that he did not depend on them, out and out, for winning the wager, it was to give ye to understand that he feared they did not kiss the book right—only their thumbs, may be—that was all. Very well again. Mighty uneasy he was to try if they would tell him whereabouts in the neighbourhood they expected to find the treasure; and so, giving a sign to Biddy—and Biddy wanted little asking—he got her to try Aby on that head; but Aby was not entirely the fool she took him for; and all she had for her trouble was—'Ah, ma'am! and sure that would be telling!'

"It was growing late, and the two men got up from the fire, as if going to shake themselves, and make ready for bed. The saddles of their horses lay in a corner where they had put them down; they took them on their arms, and stood a while together, whispering. The trooper was nearer to them at that time than the master or the mistress of the Fighting Cocks; and it's said he heard a word or two, for all his not seeming to take notice. In a minute or so, Aby said

to the other, speaking loud, 'Come up the loft with me, Dick, till we take care of the saddles, and then we'll settle who is to go out, and have a peep first.'

"'It's talking of looking at the place, out of doors, they are,' says Biddy to Mike: and then she tould them not to be uneasy about the saddles, for that they would be quite safe in the kitchen—as safe as if they put them under their heads, for pillows, on the loft where they were to sleep. But they made answer, that the saddles did not belong to them; that they had borrowed them of a friend or two in Kerry; that they were new, and of value; and that they did not like, for the same reasons, to trust them out of their sight.

"'Of great value they must be, surely,' says the trooper, getting up, too, from his stool—'of great value to make ye so careful of them; I ought to know a good saddle from a bad one; let me handle one of them;'—with that, he whipt Dick's saddle off his arm before any one could hinder him: 'And, sure enough,' says the trooper, says he, 'this is a serviceable sort of a saddle; but what makes it so heavy, I wonder?'

"'Huth, that's the virtue of it,' answered Dick, snapping it back again; and then he and Aby went up the ladder to the loft, and staid there a long while, whispering over again.

"No one had come down, when the trooper said he would walk out a bit to stretch his long legs, after his hard day's ride, before he went to bed. 'He's slipping out to lie in wait for them, Mike,' says Biddy to the husband—'let you step out, too, and who knows

but you might have a share of what's going :' and many a time she bid him try his fortune ; but Mike Murphy was a quiet man, and staid where he was.

" While they were talking under their breath, Dick ran bouldly down the ladder, and, looking pleasantly at them, and speaking as if he wanted to make no great secret of any thing, except the real spot where the money was, said, ' Now for it!' and darted out of the house. The man and wife sat at the fire, going on with their gosther. Aby soon made one among them again. In a short half hour's time, Dick came in, rubbing his hands, and dancing about, now on one leg, now on another. ' You have found the place?' asked Aby.

" ' The very place, sure enough,' says Dick. ' And honest people, we'll tell you. Lend us a spade, a crow, and a pick-axe, or borrow them for us from the neighbours, and wait here till we go try our luck — 'twould be unmannerly for any one to follow us — and, according to what we may find, ye will be the better of your civility.' And no sooner said than done : Mike and Biddy got the things they asked for in a jiffy, and out they went together, stripping off their coats and waistcoats to be handy for their work.

" For the hundredth time, ay, and more, Biddy wanted Mike to steal easy after them ; but she could'nt get him to stir. ' Well, then, salvation to me, but I'll have an eye after them myself,' says she ; and, putting on her cloak, she was as good as her word, sure enough, crossing the thrashold, and leaving Mike alone at the fire.

" The place, above all others, nigh at hand, that a

body would dream of finding money in, was an ould castle, built by the thieves of Danes the time they had all Ireland to themselves, before Brian Boru the Great drove them all into the sey at Clontarf, like a flock of half-starved wolves. And Biddy Murphy was not the woman to forget that same the moment she left her house, but straight away she bent her steps to the ould four walls. Round about the narrow window-holes, and the low doorway, she went peeping like a cat; and it was easy for her to see the Kerry men inside on the ground floor. But they were not digging, and did not seem as if they were much in earnest about going to dig — not at all; but there they sat, side by side, on the big, loose stones that had tumbled in from the top of the castle, and the moon shining strong on them through the doorway: and Biddy thought they were only listening, as if to hear some footstep they expected might come, laughing low to one another, and looking very 'cute and knowledgeable all the time.

"And at last she heard one of them say to the other, with a big curse — asking your pardon, genteels — 'The hussey! won't she steal over here to watch us, after all? If she does n't, half our good plan fails.'

"'She will, man alive,' the other made answer — 'she's the woman to do it, I tell you; the husband is a gom (ass) — but Biddy has the right curosity in her.'

"'Thank ye kindly, gossips,' says Biddy to herself, and faix 'tis n't a bad guess ye have, no more than Mike Murphy; and so here goes to give ye a notion that I *am* here, but not that I know that *ye* know any

thing about it.' For Biddy had it in her mind, in a minute, that they wanted her to see them raise the treasure, and be a witness for them that it was honestly dreamt of and come by. And with that she stirred her feet among the weeds and rubbish, outside o' the ould place where she stood, so that they might hear her a little, which they did, at the same time, and then, with signs to each other, the two rogues of the world began to clear away the big stones, and to dig at last.

"They were but a short time at work, when Aby cried out, as his spade sounded like music against something, 'Here it is, by the piper!' and down they threw their spades, and began to clear round the treasure with their pickaxes, and, one by one, they drew out of the earth a great many little tin canisters, like. 'Goold in them all! goold in every one o' them! and the whole lot full to the brim!' they said, dancing like wild men, the same that Dick had done in the Fighting Cocks, according as they examined the little canisters one after another — 'Goold enough to make rich men and gentlemen of us, for ever and a day!' They went on, 'Goold enough to buy a nate bite of land out of ould Ireland's ground!'

"'Yes,' said some one else that Biddy did not see at first — 'Yes, but not for ye!' — and behold ye, genteels, with that the big trooper came jumping down upon them, from a hiding-hole in the ould wall of the room, or whatever we are to call it, and his sword in his hand, and his cross face, now looking terrible entirely. Down he jumped, and rattled, jack-boots,

spurs and all, among the loose stones; and the first thing he made bould to do was to split poor Aby's skull to the chin, before any one could say — 'Don't sir, and I'll be obliged to you.'

"Biddy was going to screech murder, as loud as she could, when something flew, whistling — for all the world as if one of the good people (fairies) did it — by her ear, and stopt her breath; and to tell the truth, she was more and more frightened at the noise of a gun or a pistol going off, entirely at the same time; for it came into her mind that it was the bullet she heard so close by her ear, and that she had what might be called a great escape, for the same reason; and the second Kerry man fired the shot, sure enough, at the trooper, thinking to have revenge for his gossip's death, only he missed his mark, somehow; — and he drew another pistol from his bosom, and presented it, when the trooper knocked it out of his hand, and then they closed and had a brave wrastling-match.

"Biddy now found her voice, and pillalooed, and clapt her hands, and danced on her heels, at the narrow window-hole, enough to bring down the remains of the ould castle on all their heads, though she had not the thought, nor may be the strength, to do a better thing by far, that is, run home to Mike Murphy.

"'Hould your tongue, woman!' cries the trooper to her, roaring all the time that he was shaking the Kerry-man, like a dog worrying a rat — 'hould your foolish bastely tongue, and come in here to us! — I am glad you came in time to bear witness.'

"'Musha, and I'm in great request with you one after another, for bearing witness,' says Biddy, 'and what good can I do *you*, mister trooper, by giving a true account of what I have seen?'

"'Come in, and you shall learn,' he grumbled, and in speaking these words he got the Kerry-man on his back, and was strapping his arms behind him.

"'Come in?' asked Biddy —'come in to you, to be murdered, as you are after doing to one of my honest civil customers, and are going to do the other?'

"'Fool of a woman!' roars the trooper, madder than ever —'you do not know what you say;—but I care little, so you listen to me, and heed me. The man I have cut down with my sword was a great high-way-robber, and so is the man who lies bound at my feet. For many years they have pursued their desperate calling in the south; nor are their hands clean of the blood of some of the people they plundered. They had amassed a power of riches by their evil deeds, and thought to leave Ireland with it, and live like grandees in a foreign country, But the government, and the great gentlemen of the south, hearing of their plan, sent descriptions of them, printed, all over Ireland, and to every port where they could take shipping, in particular; so that after many attempts, they gave up their notion of going abroad, and laid another plan to enjoy their riches at home. And it was this last plan that sent them into Louth, a good distance from every place where they were well known, and set them upon inventing their story of the dream, at your fire-side.'

"'Blessed hour, sir!' says Biddy, speaking in through the split in the ould wall—'but how did you come to know all this? and did not they find the treasure nigh to the spot you are standing on, at any rate?'

"'He that hides can find,' the trooper made answer. 'Before they left your home, together, for this place, one of them came here alone, and put the gold into the ground, and heaped stones over it. I saw him at the work. Ay, and I suspected his intent before he quitted your roof.'

"'You did, sir, did you?' asked Biddy again.

"'I did; and from the moment that I took his saddle in my hand, too, for it was almost as heavy as so much lead, by reason of the gould that was hid in it. Ask me any other question you like,' he went on speaking in a very slow, determined voice—'any other question; but be quick, my business must be finished.'

"'Why, then, it's only what I asked you before, sir,' says Biddy.

"'That is,' says he, taking the word from her, 'how have I come to know all the rest I have told you: You shall learn. After the man, who now lies dead, had concealed the gould, he went back for his comrade, and I remained where I was till they came side-by-side, carrying their spades, and other things. Here they sat down to wait for you; and from their discourse together, I learned who and what they were; and the hopes they had that, upheld by your evidence, the fable of their having found the money, by virtue of a dream, might pass current in your superstitious neighbour-

hood. I also recollected a description of them, which I had often read in the printed hue and cry raised after them, and not a doubt was left on my mind. Then my part was soon taken. You have seen me go half through with it. Having to face two desperate men, both well armed, of course, I knew that it behoved me to rid myself of one of them at the first blow.'

"'And so you did, sir, to a certainty — but who does the treasure come to?' says Biddy.

"'To me! — fool, I call you again, for asking!' — cries the trooper. 'Do you think a single man will dare what I have dared for nothing? Learn that the proclamation made for taking these men gives all the money found in their hands to the person who does its bidding on them, dead or alive, ay, and a good reward besides. And so you may tell whom you like, that you have seen me gather up my own;' and saying these words, he stooped down, sure enough, and put the little cannisters into his pockets, one after another, as many as twenty of them. 'You are looking at me, too,' he says again, turning his eyes on the sham Kerryman, who, to tell the truth, was watching him mighty close; — 'but 'Ill got, ill gone', you know, comarade. And come, now, stand on your legs, and walk with me down to the village, till we can see about sending you to be well looked after; help me, woman, to lift him.'

"Biddy, none afeard, did as he bid her; her mind not at all easy on the head of which of them was the real robber, and which not. But the trooper's story turned out to be true enough. The man he had bound

was sent to jail, put on his trial, and hanged, upon the oaths of many who knew him well, and there was no law to take a single goold piece from the trooper; but, as he tould Biddy it would happen, he got more and more riches and the greatest of praise, and who but he from that day out. And, now, genteels, ye'll be grudging the trooper's name, afore I tell it to ye; and sure enough it was M'Cass; the very M'Cass that bought all the land in these parts, and was the great Square M'Cass among us. And 'ill got, ill gone,' was his word to the bould highwayman; but men and women are now living that can say the same word of himself; for, after the first spurt of his good luck, nothing went right with him; he soon became a struggling man, canting (selling) and driving, early and late, to make both ends meet for the keeping up of his big house, and his hounds, and his horses, and his ladies. Aye and a sorrowful man he was, too; without wife or child, kith or kin, true friend or kind neighbour; and so he spent his life, and so he died; in poverty he was put into the ground, without any christian show of a funeral, without a tongue to *keenth* (nail) him, or a hand to fix a stone at his head; and people have it, that the night he departed, Square M'Cass talked as if the man he cut down in the ould castle was sitting on his bed-side; and that the last saying heard from his lips was his own saying of ould — 'Ill got, ill gone — Ill got, ill gone'— repeated over and over, till he was stiff."

IPPOLITO:

A Chimera in Rhyme.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

"This is the night — this very night —
Have I not read the stars aright?"
With an eye of fear and a brow of pain —
Ippolito gaz'd on his books again,
And clos'd them — 'twas in vain!

Two vessels stood on the table; —
Ippolito to him the vessels drew, —
One was fill'd with honey-dew,
One with hemlock sable.
Steadily as he was able,
Of poison he pour'd a single drop,
On the honey-dew it fell,
Still as water in a well,
And it rested on the top.

"Hast thou not bitten the moongrown plant?"
Ippolito lifted the cover of lead —
The toad was shrunk with eager want,
For it never would be fed.
It lifted its eyes like a human thing, —

" Poor wretch! " he mutter'd, " it pines and
pines,
And cries to my soul with its piteous signs—
Eftsoons"— and with a hasty fling
Down he shut the box of lead, —
" To night it will be dead!

" Every token tells me true —
The poison rests on the honey-dew,
And the toad is dying too.
I took it as it sat alone,
Drawing the coldness out of a stone,
And I pluck'd the shrieking mandrake root,
And the plant beneath its slimy foot.
Of all the stars that in heaven are,
Was it not under the very star?
And know I not by that star in the sky,
When it dies that she must die?"

He lean'd his brow upon his hand;
The youth was weary with his woe,
And his brain was dry as sand;
For never a loosen'd tear would flow,
Since he had sought to understand
What mortals may not know.
But the air was through the casement fann'd,
And with it wafted a melody,
A passing strain — a murmur'd song,
Which a voice from a Gondola gliding along
Breath'd, as it floated by.

" My Isabella, — I dream of thee!
My sweet one sang that song to me
When, by these sheltering hands carest,
Her dear head nestled on my breast:
O dove within a vulture's nest!"—

With heavy heart the youth arose,
And from the casement pour'd his gaze,
Where, stretch'd beneath, the city glows
In the sun's declining rays;
And a thought of happier days,
Soothing his spirit to repose,
Like a saint within him prays;
And his lips are softly mov'd,
As he speaks of his belov'd.

" Venice, since first thy glory rose,
The sport and terror of thy foes;
Since first thy youthful arm began,
To scourge the insulting Ottoman;
Encircled in thine azure zone,
Like Venus risen from the sea,
Thy daughters, Venice, fair as she
Where ever beauteous known.
Yet, ne'er within those marble halls,
Whose richly-variegated walls
Display in oriental work
Thy trophies wrested from the Turk, —
When the fierce thunders of thine ire

Roused the reclining Mussulman,
And with a bolt of vengeance dire,
Flung 'mid the panic-struck divan,
Obscured the Crescent's horns of fire ; —
Ne'er in those halls has beauty shone,
Which Venice might be proud to own,
Nor where her daughters most resort,
Or gallants, waiting, pay their court,
In gondola soft-gliding, or
In the bright-burnish'd Bucentaur,
With Isabella can compare,
Or e'er beside on earth was seen ;
So like an angel's is her air,
So heavenly her mien.

" A fairy creature, young and good,
Her pure heart beating at her side,
With feelings yet scarce understood,
She seems too lovely to he woo'd,
Yet soft and gentle as a bride ;
Enough of heaven for heaven above,
Enough of earth on earth to love.
A vase wherein the amaranth grows,
The virgin lily, and the rose,
Entwined in such implicit ties,
They seem from the same stem to rise ;
So, in my love appear alone,
Virtue and sweetness perfect grown,
With white-leav'd innocence, in one.

" Oh bitter grief! — and must it be?
The ripe fruit falleth from the tree, —
And the river runs to the sea; —
But the river bides the tide,
And summer is not to the fruit denied, —
And the spindle of the Sisters Three
Is of an hourglass made; —
And spin as fast as spin they may,
The thread endures to the very day;
Its time is never stay'd."

Ippolito gnash'd his teeth with rage; —
" Well — there is neither youth nor age,
Which child or grandame ever wore,
That human power may not restore! "
And he smil'd, and the pale fire burnt in his eye,
" What is life but a mockery? "

" Paint me a picture — happiness
Shall be the unexhausted theme, —
Nor be the shadows more or less,
Nor the tints brighter than they seem;
Is it not a sorry dream?
A vision fancy hath endow'd,
A day-dream painted on a cloud?
Drew ye these colours from the sky,
From fountains of the orient day?
Behold! the very flood is dry,
Not faster, but as soon as they.

To-morrow shall those tints renew,
Will it retouch these colours too ?

" Paint me a torrent in its pride,
Seething in its tempestuous stress,
And call it life ; — and paint beside
A feather borne upon the tide,
And call that feather — happiness !"

He turn'd away — the day was gone —
Sounds sank to silence one by one —
Till the prison'd toad alone,
Plied its piteous moan.

The footstep of the youth was heard
As he to the table drew, —
And the drop on the honey-dew,
Was for a moment stirr'd —
But straight again the sable drop,
Rested on the top.

Softly the gondola glides along,
Softly the gondolier his song
Murmurs at intervals ;
And the oar's soft splash, as it falls,
Makes the dying strain
Like whispering winds in rain.
Beauteous is the night ;—
The stars are watching, and the moon,

Pois'd in her transcendent noon,
An orb of yellow light,
Sees her face in the Lagoon,
Like a spirit, still and white.

But Ippolito is cold,
As one who hath given his blood away
To nourish the veins of a pilgrim old,
And sees him sitting by mountain grey,
Weaving his spells in the moonlight ray,
A wizard — to darkness sold!

Gently Ippolito glides along; —
But splash of oar, nor murmur'd song,
Nor the sound of the tinkling guitar,
O'er the waters heard afar —
Silver, fancy might believe,
Shaken through a silver sieve —
Reach his torpid ear,
Or move his fixed eye —
But he sits like friendless apathy,
That never shed a tear.

He stands upon the marble stair,
The very silence is at prayer,
A sacred stillness every where.
"Holy Virgin! is it now
Her blessed spirit seeks the skies."
And he pressed his aching brow
O'er his aching eyes,

" O Heaven! will no atoning vow
Avert this dreadful sacrifice? "

Up the steps he goes like one
Whose heart is drawn by fear alone,
As steel by the magnetic stone.
One lamp is burning drowsily,

The oil within is nearly dry,
A crucifix is standing by. —
Ippolito a moment knelt,
And crossed his hands upon his breast,
And strove to feel — perchance, he felt,
The cup of bitterness is best.
But soon he started to his feet,
And mutter'd words it were not meet
Unshriven to repeat.

Gently, gently, ye that spread
Ashes on a youthful head,
Powers, that do His bidding just,
Raise his spirit from the dust,
Leave him not in hell, but lift
His soul by the Almighty's gift
Of grace and voluntary shrift;
For oh! how shall he bear the sight
That grows and grows before his eyes,
His dream interpreted aright? —
On a couch in purest white,
His Isabella lies.

The sweetness of that angel face
Even to Death might ne'er give place,
Who plied his work without delay;
For, well I ween, by that pale skin,
Death is without and Death within,
Toiling for his prey.
And, certes, he is sure to win,
Who labours every day.
Ippolito knelt beside the girl;
Oh! how beautiful she was;—
Though her eye was the blue of glass,
Though her brow was the white of pearl;
On her shoulders her golden hair,
Had fallen in many a waving curl;
And her small cold hands so fair,
Were palm to palm on her breast in prayer.

"Wilt thou not be mine, my bride,
Though death our bosoms may divide,
Or whatever else betide?
Wheresoe'er our souls repair,
Wheresoe'er our bodies are,
Soul to soul, and heart to heart,
Dearest, we must never part."
Gently he pressed his lips to hers,
The breath beneath them scarcely stirs;
Softly and gently his hand he press'd
On her soft and gentle breast,
And every throb in strength decreas'd,
Gracious Heaven! has it ceas'd?

Perchance, before her inward eye,
Her happy youth was passing by,
Or whence that short but heavy sigh ?
'Twas but a momentary check
To hopes that other mansions seek,
'Twas the last billow o'er the wreck
Ere the horizon's gilded streak.
She felt her arms around his neck,
And drew his lips unto her cheek,
And in his bosom, like a bride,
Laid her head at peace, and died.

As some sweet flower that doth confer
(Growing by the hallowed tomb
Of the holy sepulchre)
Its precious odour and its bloom
On every air that doth presume
To wander by the sacred place;
Though born beside that awful spot,
Yet is it absolved not
From the fate of nature's race,
But in due time shall rot.
So Isabella grew beside
The sepulchre of Him who died
For all who in that faith abide;
And look'd to Heaven with earnest eye,
From the mount of Calvary;
Yet well it was that she must die.

Fair virgin! it *is* well to die —
The grave hath claim'd thee for the sky;

The weary grief that time affords,
The woe that life, the miser, hoards,
Shall prey on that dear flesh no more,
Thy day of pain is o'er!
To flow thy circling blood shall cease,
Thy dust shall tend to earth's increase,
But thou shalt sleep in peace!

Ippolito wak'd from out his swoon,
His face look'd ghastly in the moon;
And his brain began to whirl, —
Madness, I deem, had been a boon
When he saw that lovely girl
Resting cold and calmly dead,
His sheltering arm beneath her head;
And his lips were parched and dry
As earth beneath a summer sky,
And with hollow moan he said, —
" Ere twice the sun with cleaving edge
Sink below the ocean sedge,
I will claim thee for mine own;
Ha! ha! the reaper comes at last,
To gather in what he has sown;
Time's precious till 'tis past."

He gaz'd beside him and around —
The very silence seemed a sound,
Speaking with a voice profound;
" Look not on the newly dead
The panting soul hath scarcely fled;

Let the mortal flesh subside —"
From his arm the drooping head
Of his death-betrothed bride,
Cold and still and deaf as stone,
Sank down — Ippolito is gone —
Silence and death are left alone.

Once the sun with cleaving edge
Hath sunk below the ocean sedge,
And again with disk supine
Descends into the hoary brine.
Ippolito sits in the ancient chair,
Before him many a mystic sign
Of earth, of water, of fire, of air, —
Each hath of potency a share:
Well he portion'd by his art,
To each element a part.

Ippolito lifted the cover of lead —
Forty hours the toad had been dead;
The withered mandrake was its bed.
" Thou hast serv'd thy turn full well,
Thou told'st me what the stars could tell."
From the casement he let it fall,
Far below in the canal, —
He listen'd as it fell.
Next with anxious care he drew,
The vessel fill'd with honey-dew,
The poison-drop had fallen through

Down the crystal clear, and lay
Like earth beneath the liquid day.

"This is well — I see at last
The bitterness of death is past.
Two-score hours, three, and seven,
Ere mortal flesh be mortal leaven;
Three nights the pining soul doth come,
To watch beside its recent home,
Ere it rise to Heaven.
The blood shall trickle in the vein,
The mind shall reassume the brain,
The soul shall move the heart again."

Ippolito a powder threw —
Swiftly into the honey-dew:
It creams — it scintillates — it glows —
Crimson, orange, amber, blue,
Pure vivid sparkles rose.

Ippolito smote his hands with glee, —
"Auspicious sign! my thanks to thee,
That brings't such tidings unto me.
My Isabella, rest awhile,
No taint of death shall thee defile;
Like a pestilential air
Traversing a plain of snow,
Gathering pureness it shall go
O'er thy bosom fair.
Soon, oh Nature! in thy name,

Death's gross earthly pow'r to tame,
My Isabella will I claim."

By this, the day was sunk in gloom,
Utter darkness filled the room,
Woven from the Stygian loom.
For, well I wis, so black a night
Earth's inmost centre could not hold,
Shutting out the lingering light
With such a triple fold.
Ippolito on his couch was lying,
But he could not sleep a wink,
Thought indistinct to thought replying;
As two upon the opposing brink
Of a headling waterfall,
Who to each other vainly call;—
So, turbid phrenzy rolled between,
And would not let him think.
Oh! it were pitiful, I ween,
The youth that moment to have seen.

Hark! what present form is near?
Is it fancy? or is it fear?
The air is still and thick as slime,
And a voice is in his ear,
Unbreath'd, untongued, but close and clear,
" List, Ippolito, 'tis time!"

He sprang from his couch like a deer from its lair,
He felt with his hands, but nought was nigh;—

Darkness, darkness, every where—
Hark! hark! — 'tis but his bristling hair,
And his tongue that crackled dry.
His very self was a dread to him, —
Silence before, beside, behind,
Molten lead in every limb,
Hideous silence in his mind!

Down he sank upon his chair,
His body with ghastly dew o'erspread,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his hair,
Such as bathes the dead;
Nature's reply that none remain
Of tears, — which ne'er shall flow again:
" I was a fool," at length he said,
" 'Twas but a voice by fancy made,
To the outward ear convey'd.
'Tis time my work should be begun —
Midway betwixt sun and sun."

He struck the flint — and in its flashes
His face gleam'd whiter far than ashes;
Welcome was the taper's ray,
He would have pray'd, but could not pray.
Black and frowning as a pall,
His giant shadow on the wall,
Did the light pourtray;
And every mystic form around,
Skeleton or reptile strange,
A huge and darken'd likeness found,
With fantastic change.

Closely wrapt, like guilt, he went,
His step was heard in his descent;
And again with thickest gloom,
Darkness fill'd the room.—

Ippolito stood at the mouth of the vault,
The rust-grown key is in the door;
What is it that makes him halt?
The very mother that him bore
Shakes her loose ashes in her shroud,
Her memory is in his breast full sore,
And her voice is crying loud;—
"Touch not the dead!"—He takes no heed—
'Twere well his work were done with speed.

Darkness fled from his garish lamp,
In the corner of the vault it lay,
Licking the fermented damp
From the forehead of decay.
The coffin was lying upon the ground,
Four planks together loosely bound.
Speedily a knife undid
The slender fastenings of the lid;
And in her death-clothes closely wound,
Sleeping till the judgment day,
An inert weight of passive clay,
Dissolving silently away,
Down into her parent earth,
Into dust from whence her birth,
Young Isabella lay.

The tender rose was on her cheek,
Ruddy as Aurora's streak;
And in her pure and lovely eyes,
Under their curtain'd canopies,
A light still linger'd, mild and weak.
Ippolito kiss'd her forehead pale,
And murmur'd soft in her listless ear
Vain words, as a summer's softest gale
When the autumn leaf is sere.

What is it lieth at her head?
Is it a yellow and mottled stone,
Brought hither from its mossy bed?
No, no;—he knew it by its moan,
And its golden eye that sparkling glow'd:
It was the same — the speckled toad,
Which from his casement he had thrown,
Full of life as it could hold;—
He shriek'd, as he met its eye of gold!

Holy Virgin! that shriek allay;—
Ave Maria! his spirit shrive!
Oh! it is too late to pray,
Each hair is quick horror alive,
That scarce upon his flesh will stay.
Central thunder wrapt in cloud,
Roll'd about him round and round
In rapid circles, booming loud;
And yet, I wis, no mortal sound
Did the ear of silence wound.

A light is from the coffin beaming,
And a white vapour slowly rose,
Like an exhalation steaming,
From dissolving snows.
Faintly on the air imprest,
A figure, clad in white, is seen ;
The hands are crossed upon the breast,
A crucifix between.
Gathering substance as it stood ;
Sure 'tis flesh — and in a gush,
Mantling with a sudden flush,
Through the veins is throbbing blood.

Ippolito leapt with a cry of joy ; —
" My Isabella, I know thee now, —
I knew my art would save my vow,
Never shall death that form destroy !
Come, let us from this dreadful spot"—
He snatch'd her to his breast, and fled
From the long and newly dead —
The past — the passing — the forgot —
And Echo, as he closed the door,
In the aisle of the altar spoke once more.

" Thou art mine own, — my dearest one,
For whom I make this sacrifice,—
Open thy lips and speak to me!"—
Cold she was as the cold grave-stone,
When the swift river is lock'd in ice,
And the rime is on the tree ;

The livid lips are swifty stirr'd,
Yet not a voice or a sound is heard.

He laid the head upon his breast,
It oft had been her place of rest,
When both were innocent and blest.
He chafed the hands, but they are grown
Colder and colder in his own ;
And the heat that was wont his breast to warm
Is drawn away by that icy form.

Soft — it speaks — nay, doth it speak ?
A gibbering sound from the throat arose,
And a smile is growing on the cheek,
And the rigid eyes unclose.
Oh Heaven! no soul in human guise
Is looking through those stony eyes !

" Wilt thou not be mine, my love !
I have rais'd thee from the tomb,
Against the will of Heaven above,
Against the cry of doom.
Here unknown, unsought, we'll live
Life hath yet her joys to give !"
Ippolito shrank, he knew not why,
From that ghastly, glassy eye.

Its fingers play with his flowing hair,
And its lips are drawn to his ;
Sure, never yet so cold a pair
Exchanged the plighting kiss ; —

There was mortality, I wis,
And hell in that hideous stare!

" Ippolito, dearest, I am thine,
And our fates, like blood with blood shall mix!"
It sign'd his forehead with a sign,
And it rais'd the crucifix;
" Here, break thy half, and let us both
Together plight eternal troth!"

The crucifix is rent asunder,
But Ippolito brake not half.
The creature look'd with a gaze of wonder,
And laugh'd with a quiet laugh;
" Can'st thou divert the bolt of thunder
With a beldame's staff?"

He leapt from the chair with a cry of fear,
His very soul was like to freeze,
" Holy One! thy servant hear!" —
And he sank upon his knees;
" Oh! let the ransom that thou hold'st dear,
Thy vengeance, just, appease!"

The fiend hath heard the holy word —
The fiend hath heard the name abhorr'd —
Faint and fading more and more,
Without a look, without a sound,
It passed away from the stedfast floor,
And silence clos'd around.—

The sun hath risen from his bed —
Ippolito is cold and dead.
Look ye to that vault of death?
No mystic power of mortal breath,
That virgin hath disquieted,
Since with holy chaunt and prayer,
Her earthly part hath rested there.
Nor is Ippolito denied,
To lie close resting by his bride.
Peace be with the hapless pair,
And the joys of heaven beside!

THE FOUNT OF UHLANGA.

An African Sketch.

Half-way up Luhèri climbing,
  Hangs the Wizard's Forest old,
'Neath whose shade is heard the chiming
  Of a streamlet clear and cold:
With a wailing sound it gushes
  From its cavern in the steep;
Then at once its murmurs hushes
  In a lakelet dark and deep.

Standing by the dark blue water,
  Drest in robe of panther's hide,
Who is she? — Old Tshio's daughter,
  Bold Makanna's widowed bride.
Stern she stands, her left hand clasping
  By the arm her wondering child:

He, her shaggy mantle grasping,
Gazes up with aspect mild.

Thrice in the soft fount of nursing
With sharp steel she pierced a vien,—
Thrice the White Oppressor cursing,
While the blood poured down like rain,—
Wide upon the dark blue water,
Sprinkling thrice the crimson tide,—
Spoke Ishusa, Tshio's daughter,
Bold Makanna's widowed bride:—

"Boy! the pale Son of the Stranger
'Hath thy father foully slain:
Swear to be thy sire's avenger —
Swear to break thy country's chain!
By Uhlanga's Sacred Fountain
To that task I pledge thee now;
And the Spirits of the Mountain
Witness stern the widow's vow!

"When thy arm grows strong for battle,
Thou shalt sound Makanna's cry,
Till ten thousand shields shall rattle
To war-axe and assagai.
Then when, like hail-storm in harvest,
On the foe sweeps thy career,
Shall UHLANGA, whom thou servest,
Make them stubble to thy spear.

T. P.

THE GOOD GENTLEMAN AND THE GIPSEY GIRL.

An Anecdote of Windsor Forest.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER.

A LARGE party of gentlemen were hunting in Windsor forest. The chase had continued for many long hours, but the gallant stag had, at last, outstripped his pursuers, and got safe away. The hounds and the horses were almost tired out, and several of the hunters slackened their speed, and rode on quietly beneath the outspread branches of the forest oaks, enjoying the freshness of the breeze, and the cool and pleasant shade; while others, still eager for the chase, galloped off in various directions, in the hope of finding the stag.

It happened, that one of the hunters, who had been wandering on in thoughtful silence, supposing that his companions were following close behind him, suddenly discovered that he was alone. He looked round on every side, but saw no one; and, when he shouted loudly, no one answered him. Though he did not remember to have been in that part of the forest before, and had certainly lost his way, he thought that he could have little difficulty in finding it again. He ac-

cordingly pushed forward, in what seemed to him the right direction, but was again stopped, by finding a little girl alone and weeping, in the midst of the wide forest. Notwithstanding her mean and tattered dress, her whole appearance was striking and uncommon. Her slight limbs were finely shaped, yet brown as those of an Indian girl; and her long hair fell about her neck and face, in a hundred little spiral curls, as black and shining as the plumage of the raven. The poor little thing seemed to be very unhappy, indeed; for she was crying, as if nothing remained in the world to give her pleasure; and though the sun was shining brightly in the fair blue sky above her, and the sweet air was kissing her dimpled cheeks, and playing in the light curls of her hair — though flowers, which she loved at other times, were growing all over the green grass at her feet — and though she herself was often the gayest and wildest in her light-hearted glee — yet now, neither the sunshine, nor the sweet air, nor the flowers, had any charm for her. The gentleman spoke very kindly to her; but she heard him not, and did not cease from weeping. He rode close up to her, and spoke still more kindly and softly; and then, fearing that the little girl was frightened by his tall, noble horse coming so close to her — for she drew back quickly — he dismounted, and, holding his horse by the rein, went up again to the poor little girl to find out what made her so very miserable, and, if possible, to comfort her. He was a kind and tender father himself, and well used to the troubles of little children; he

had a pleasant, affectionate way with him, and, though he spoke rapidly, his words and tone were very gentle.

"Take your hands from your face, my good little girl," he said, "and listen to me; you cannot hear me while you go on crying so. Tell me what's the matter, and what I can do for you. Why are you alone, all alone, in this wild, lonely place? Where is your mother and father?"

The little girl had left off weeping so violently, when she heard the gentleman speak so kindly to her; and, though she had not taken her hands from before her face, she had removed, first one, and then another, of her little fingers, and peeped out with her bright black eyes upon his benevolent face; and, though her little bosom still heaved with agitation, and short quick sighs had succeeded to her unrestrained weeping, she had listened with attention to what he said. But at the mention of her parents, her grief burst out afresh, and she sobbed aloud, as one who refuses to be comforted.

"I have no father, and no mother," she said, at last — "they are both dead; but I do not cry about them. I have a dear grandmother, better to me than a mother, and she is dying too — she is going away from her poor Anny, and I shall never, never see her more!"

The gentleman felt very sorry for the little girl, when he learned the cause of her sorrow; and he desired her to tell him where her grandmother was, and said that he would be kind to her, and do all in his power to make her well, and to comfort her.

"Grandmother is here," said the child — "I mean she is close by;" and, without saying more, she led the way, as if she expected the gentleman to follow her. He did follow her. After tying up his horse to a tree, he followed the steps of the little girl, who, every now and then, looked back to him, with a face full of thankfulness.

They had not gone more than twenty yards, when they entered a little open space, or glade, among the trees; at the further end of which, under a thick and spreading hawthorn, the gentleman beheld a low, wide tent. A girl, some years older than his young acquaintance, was kneeling, busily employed in breaking sticks, and thrusting them into the fire, that had been lighted upon the turf, over which a large black pot was suspended from three cross sticks. The girl rose up when she saw the gentleman and her little sister approach: she also looked very sorrowful, and thanked the gentleman for coming to see her poor dying grandmother. She told him that they were gipsies, and that the rest of their party had left them for a few days, only an hour or two before her grandmother was taken with a fit. She and her sister scarcely knew what to do; but, at last, their grandmother had come a little more to herself. She had not been able to leave her grandmother, but she had sent her little sister Anny twice to the town, to beg the doctor to come and see the poor sick woman. Yet she could not get any body to come; and now her grandmother was growing worse again, and had lost her speech.

The gentleman went up to the tent. Close to the entrance,—her miserable bed spread upon the bare ground—lay the poor old gipsey. Her face was turned towards the tent, and she was as motionless as one already dead, except that, now and then, she moved her dark and shrivelled hand backwards and forwards, feebly picking and pulling at the coverlid, as dying persons often do. The gentleman stooped down, and spoke a few words to her, but the aged woman seemed not to hear him. However, his eye was attracted by a torn and dirty book, which lay open upon the pillow of the dying woman, and he had the curiosity to see what book it was.

"Ah, sir," said the elder girl, "I believe there's a deal of fine reading in that book; and my grandmother set great store by it, torn and soiled as it is. While she could use her eyes, she used to be spelling it over and over again; but now, she says, the letters are all dark and dim before her eyes, she cannot see them. I wish Anny or I could read a word or two to her, but we have never had any learning."

The gentleman said nothing, but, taking up the book from the pillow, he sat down on the green turf, close to the head of the dying woman. The book was the Bible. He chose some of those beautiful passages which are easy to be understood, and, at the same time, full of sweet comfort to the sinking and fearful heart.

It seemed as if the words of the Scriptures sounded more distinctly in the ears of the dying woman, than

any other words; for she turned entirely round, and opened her dull eyes with a vacant stare: she endeavoured also to speak, but could only make a faint uncertain sound, in which no word could be distinguished. Then she drew her hands together, and clasped them as if in prayer; taking that way, it seemed to shew that she was quite sensible to hear and understand what was read to her;—and the young girls drew near, and kneeled down quietly beside the bed, listening also to the sacred words of life, and feeling a sort of happiness in their sorrow, as they looked upon their beloved parent, now as calm as a sleeping infant—except that tears stole down her hollow cheeks; but any one might see that they were tears of joy, for all the while a smile was on her lips.

Suddenly the sound of trampling horses was heard, and in the next moment several horsemen came riding through the wood; one of whom galloped up almost to the tent, when seeing the gentleman there, he instantly dismounted, and taking off his hat, stood before the tent without speaking a word, for the gentleman had looked round as he heard him approach, and motioned with his hand that he must not be disturbed. Before, however, he had closed the book, many other horsemen rode up, with looks of alarm on their faces, for they brought with them the gentleman's horse that had broken loose from the tree to which he tied it; and they said they feared to find he had met with some accident or other.

The gentleman only smiled, and spoke very fast;

assuring his friends that he was quite well; and going up to his horse, patted him, and led him farther away from the tent to mount him again. The two girls had looked and listened with astonishment, while all this was going on; but when the younger of them saw that the kind gentleman was about to remount his horse, she feared that he would go away without saying any thing more to herself, or her sister, or her poor dying grandmother; and she sprang forward and caught his hand, and said in a low timid voice, looking full in his face as she spoke, — "Don't go away, kind gentleman, don't leave us yet — we shall all be very sorry when you are gone."

Before the gentleman could make any reply, — nay, before the little girl had finished speaking, one of the gentlemen took the little girl by the arm rather roughly, and said, "Go away, child, you are very bold to take these liberties with his Majesty."

The little girl knew not what 'His Majesty' meant; but if she had known, she need not have been much alarmed, for her kind friend smiled and nodded to the other gentleman, and said, "No, no, let her alone, she is not a bold little girl; we understand one another, and are very good friends — are we not, dear little child?"

Anny blushed with pleasure and gratitude, and turned a sidelong glance from her soft eyes upon the other gentleman, as much as to say, "You see I was not wrong to take his hand, for he is very kind."

The elder sister, however, knew what was the mean-

ing of the words which had no power to awe her little Anny; and she came up to her sister, blushing deeply, and looking very shamefaced, — and said in a loud whisper, "Anny, Anny, you must not be so free with him. It's the King."

The little girl started, and then seemed to consider within herself, withdrawing, almost unconsciously, her small hand; and then, without raising her face, she ventured to turn one awe-struck look at him, to whom she had spoken so familiarly. "Yes, yes, dear little child," he said, "it is the King; but the King is your friend, quite as much your friend as the gentleman who found you crying just now, and did all he could to comfort you. And the King has a great deal of power; and though he cannot raise your grandmother from her dying bed — for only the King of Kings," he took off his hat as he spoke, — "only the King of Kings, the Lord of whom we have been reading, is able to do such great things; still, your friend, the King, will do all in his power to help you. He will send a doctor to see your poor grandmother as soon as possible, and she shall want for nothing we can get her. Good bye, little girl, good bye. The doctor will soon be here; and remember, I shall take care of you and your sister, when your dear grandmother is in heaven."

LOVE'S GHOST AND RE-EVANITION.

An Allegoric Romance.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

LIKE a lone ARAB, old and blind,
Some Caravan had left behind;
Who sits beside a ruin'd Well,
Where the shy Dipsads* bask and swell!
And now he cowers with low-hung head aslant,
And listens for some human sound, in vain:
And now the aid, which Heaven alone can grant,
Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gain —
Even thus, in languid mood and vacant hour,
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,
With brow low-bent, within my garden bower,
I sate upon its Couch of Camomile:
And lo! — or was it a brief sleep, the while
I watch'd the sickly Calm and aimless Scope
Of my own heart? — I saw the Inmate, HOPE,
That once had made that heart so warm,
Lie lifeless at my feet!
And LOVE stole in, in maiden form,
Toward my Arbor Seat!

* The asps of the sand-deserts, anciently named *Dipsads*.

She bent and kissed her Sister's lips,
As she was wont to do:
Alas! 'twas but a chilling Breath,
That woke enough of life in death
To make HOPE die anew.

LIGHTHEARTEDNESSES IN RHYME.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

"I expect no sense, worth listening to, from the man who never dares talk nonsense."—*Anon.*

I.—THE REPROOF AND REPLY:

OR, THE FLOWER-THIEF'S APOLOGY, FOR A ROBBERY COMMITTED IN MR. AND MRS. ——'S GARDEN, ON SUNDAY MORNING, 25TH OF MAY, 1833, BETWEEN THE HOURS OF ELEVEN AND TWELVE.

"FIE, Mr. Coleridge! — and can this be you?
Break two commandments?—and in church-time too!
Have you not heard, or have you heard in vain,
The birth-and-parentage-recording strain?—
Confessions shrill, that shrill cry'd mack'rel drown —
Fresh from the drop — the youth not yet cut down —
Letter to sweet-heart — the last dying speech —
And didn't all this begin in Sabbath-breach?
You, that knew better! In broad open day
Steal in, steal out, and steal our flowers away?

What could possess you? Ah! sweet youth, I fear,
The chap with Horns and Tail was at your ear!"

Such sounds, of late, accusing fancy brought
From fair C——— to the Poet's thought.
Now hear the meek Parnassian youth's reply: —
A bow — a pleading look — a downcast eye —
And then:

"Fair dame! a visionary wight,
Hard by your hill-side mansion sparkling white,
His thoughts all hovering round the Muses' home,
Long hath it been your Poet's wont to roam.
And many a morn, on his becharmed sense,
So rich a stream of music issued thence,
He deem'd himself, as it flowed warbling on,
Beside the vocal fount of Helicon!
But when, as if to settle the concern,
A nymph too he beheld, in many a turn,
Guiding the sweet rill from its fontal urn;
Say, can you blame? — No! none, that saw and heard,
Could blame a bard, that he, thus inly stirr'd,
A muse beholding in each fervent trait,
Took Mary H—— for Polly Hymnia!
Or, haply as there stood beside the maid
One loftier form in sable stole arrayed,
If with regretful thought he hail'd in *thee*,
C———m, his long lost friend Mol Pomenè?
But most of *you*, soft warblings, I complain!
'Twas ye, that from the bee-hive of my brain

Did lure the fancies forth, a freakish rout,
And witched the air with dreams turn'd inside out.

Thus all conspir'd — each power of eye and ear,
And this gay month, th' enchantress of the year,
To cheat poor me (no conjurer, God wot!)
And C———m's self accomplice in the plot.
Can you then wonder if I went astray?
Not bards alone, nor lovers mad as they —
All Nature *day-dreams* in the month of May.
And if I pluck'd 'each flower that *sweetest* blows'—
Who walks in sleep, needs follow must his *nose*.

Thus, long accustomed on the twy-fork'd hill,*
To pluck both flower and floweret at my will;
The garden's maze, like No-man's land, I tread,
Nor common law, nor statute in my head;
For my own proper smell, sight, fancy, feeling,
With autocratic hand at once repealing
Five Acts of Parliament 'gainst private stealing!
But yet from C———m, who despairs of grace?
There's no spring-gun nor man-trap in *that* face!
Let Moses then look black, and Aaron blue,
That look as if they had little else to do:
For C———m speaks. "Poor youth! he's but a waif!
The spoons all right? The hen and chickens safe?
Well, well, he shall not forfeit our regards —
The Eighth Commandment was not made for Bards?"

* The English Parnassus is remarkable for its two summits of unequal height, the lower denominated Hampstead, the higher Highgate.

II.—IN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

Her attachment may differ from your's *in degree*,
Provided they are both of one *kind*;
But friendship, how tender so ever it be,
Gives no accord to love, however refin'd.

Love, that meets not with love, its true nature revealing,
Grows asham'd of itself, and demurs:
If you cannot lift her's up to your state of feeling,
You must lower down your state to her's.

III.—LINES TO A COMIC AUTHOR, ON AN ABUSIVE REVIEW.

What though the chilly wide-mouth'd quacking chorus
From the rank swamps of murk Review-land croak:
So was it, Neighbour, in the times before us,
When Momus, throwing on his Attic cloak,
Romped with the Graces: and each tickled Muse
(That Turk, Dan Phœbus, whom bards call divine,
Was married to — at least, he *kept* — all nine) —
They fled; but with reverted faces ran!
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to excuse,
They had allur'd the audacious Greek to use,
Swore they mistook him for their own Good Man.
This Momus — Aristophanes on earth
Men called him — maugre all his wit and worth,
Was croaked and gabbled at. How, then, should you,
Or I, Friend, hope to 'scape the skulking crew?
No: laugh, and say aloud, in tones of glee,
"I hate the quacking tribe, and they hate me!"

IV.—AN EXPECTORATION, OR SPLENETIC EXTEMPORE, ON MY JOYFUL DEPARTURE FROM THE CITY OF COLOGNE.

As I am Rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer*
And the church of St. Geryon
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.

EXPECTORATION THE SECOND.

In Coln,† a town of monks and bones,‡
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones;
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well-defined and several stinks!
Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?§

* The *apotheosis* of Rhenish wine.
† The German name of Cologne.
‡ Of the eleven thousand virgin martyrs.
§ As Necessity is the mother of Invention, and extremes beget each other, the fact above recorded may explain how this *ancient* town (which, alas! as sometimes happens with venison, *has been kept too long*,) came to be the birth-place of the most fragrant of spirituous fluids, the *Eau de Cologne*.

THE ABSENT.

"BLOW, blow, sweet breeze, and send him home!"
The sounds like fairy music come —
But where the heart that sighs them — where?
No spirit's pinion fans the air.
On old Granada's moss-grown walls
The last, broad burst of sunset falls,
Lighting with deep, declining fire,
The Moslem mosque, the Christian spire;
Sign of the fortunes of the sword!
There sways no more the Arab lord,
No Dervish worships at the tomb,
Surmounted by the Caliph's plume,
Before its gates no pilgrims camp,
Yet there still hangs the holy lamp —
Still, o'er the slumbers of the dead,
The hymn is sung, the prayer is paid.
But there no Crescent meets the sky:
In nameless dust its warriors lie —
Brave, wild and ruthless, sons of war,
Their star had met a mightier star.
So be the man of blood o'erthrown,
Till even his very name is gone;
The spoiler be himself the spoil,
The tiger taken in the toil.
And now the turban on the grave
But marks the sultan from the slave.

"Blow, blow, sweet breeze, and send him home!"
In witchery the echoes come.
And where, upon th' Alhambra's tower,
In pearl distils the dewy shower;
And where, along the colonnade,
The roselight lingers, loth to fade;
I see a shape of loveliness,
Yet called by no enchanter's hand,
Among the statued marbles stand:
I see, the dark Granadan tress
Across the lofty forehead thrown;
Yet nobler than by tress or zone,
The daughter of the land is known.
I see the eye, that, fixed afar,
Seems challenging its rival star;
I see the cheek's impassioned glow,
Rich herald of the heart below;
I see the gesture of command,
That speaks the daughter of the land.

Then, gazing round, with lips apart,
As if she listened to her heart,
And, glancing on the solemn sky,
Like one in some deep mystery,
I see her slender fingers span
A little jewelled Talisman —
The picture to her bosom given
Within that bower, beneath that Heaven!
Then, sweeping from her brow the braid,
As if to clear her spirit's shade,

With sigh's and tear's alternate gush,
The words of living passion rush :
" Ay, there, though oceans roll between,
The warrior's eagle-glance is seen :
There glows upon the lip the spell —
There breathes the sad, sweet, wild farewell!
Where art thou now ? — Long years are past
Since breathed that vow, too fond to last.
Ay, at the hour, I gaze on thee
And think thee all my heart had known,
Thou, on some dreary desert thrown,
Or flung in dark captivity,
Or dying in the Indian's lair,
May'st breathe the last expiring prayer ;
Or, victim to some artful wile,
May'st bask in foreign beauty's smile.
Oh ! wilder than the wave or wind,
What bond the heart of man can bind ?"

" No ! love like thine can bind his wings !"
Her soldier's clasp around her clings :
In joy's wild throbs — now red, now pale,
Caught to his heart, she hears his tale : —
" No more for wealth, or fame, to rove,
I come, sweet libeller of love !
Nor toil, nor travel, mount nor plain,
Could for a moment loose *thy* chain :
Love's slave, his happiest slave, I come,
Blest in the breeze that swept me home."

DYING FOR LOVE.

I HAVE mused upon suicide greatly —
One dies with such scenic effect ;
But a notion has started up lately,
That suicide is n't correct.

Some writers in trumpery papers
Have sneered at the nymph who despairs,*
And who cures both her love and the vapours,
By diving from Wapping Old Stairs.

They hint that the heroine 's fretting,
Her courage and griefs to unfold,
To purchase eclât with a wetting,
And gain our esteem with a cold ;—

But that death never enters her wishes,
Since fame is her only delight ;
And she's always so truly judicious,
As to plunge when a barge is in sight.

Oh ! cold-hearted writers of essays,
To sneer at high spirits like mine,
Which fly from each woe that oppresses,
Too lofty, like yours, to resign !

If we're tired of ourselves, or the weather,
If our duns should dispel every hope,
When we're come to the end of our tether,
You'd surely not grudge us a rope ?

* Suggestions were thrown out some time ago by several of the weekly papers, that it would be an excellent rule to punish any person who attempted suicide, by a private whipping and a month or two of Bridewell.

And oh! when a heroine fancies
In water to quench Cupid's flames,
If you ever loved German romances
You'd surely not grudge her the Thames?

But you can't be sincere when you're jogging
The law better thoughts to instil,
In the heroes — by privately flogging,
In the maids — by a month of the mill!

Oh England! thy glory is over,
The star of thy freedom is down,
If the forger, the thief, or the lover,
Be whipt for presuming to drown!

If Brixton, instead of the river,
Is now the despairing one's chance,
You hinder their boldest endeavour,
And oh! how you spoil the romance!

Their name will be themes of no story,
Unused will be potion and ball,
If you punish their efforts at glory,
They will ne'er be romantic at all.

For myself, after musing immensely,
How best my affection to prove,
I love you dear Jane so intensely,
That I've fixed upon dying of love.

But don't put your heart in a flurry,
Nor think me the rashest of men;
I assure you I'm not in a hurry —
But will wait till I'm — three score and ten!

THE LAD OF GENIUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PURITAN'S GRAVE," &c.

FERDINAND HARWOOD was the son of honest parents, as most people are whose parents are not thieves: he was born, not to the inheritance of wealth, for his father and mother had none to leave him; nor to the inheritance of genius, it might be supposed, for his father and mother had quite as little of that as of wealth. But as some persons make shift to get wealth, though not born to it, so it sometimes happens that genius is the possession of the son though not of the father or mother. The father of Ferdinand occupied a small farm under a great man, whose name was Sir Arthur Bradley, Bart.; and it was at a very early age indeed that young Ferdinand knew that Sir Arthur's name was not Bart, but Bradley, and that bart. meant baronet.

The poet Gray, speaks of "many a flower born to blush unseen," and all that kind of thing; but, for the most part, geniuses who have fathers and mothers, seldom blush unseen, if they blush at all. Young Ferdinand's genius was first discovered by his father and mother; by them it was communicated to the parish clerk, who, happening to be a schoolmaster in a small way, was mightily pleased to reckon among his scho-

lars so great a prodigy. As the youth grew up towards manhood he manifested still further proofs of genius, by his decidedly anti-agricultural propensities. The ordinary implements of husbandry were his utter aversion; no persuasion in the world could induce him to handle the plough or the spade, harrows were his abomination, and from scythes and sickles he turned away with undisguised disgust. His father was too amiable a man to horsewhip the lad, though he often said, that he did not know what the dickins would become of him if he did not learn to work. He loved the fields and the groves, for he would wander therein with a marvellous lackadaisicalness, making poetry while his mother was making puddings. So, in a short time, he became the talk of the village; and when he was sitting on a gate and reading Thompson's Seasons, the agricultural operatives would pass by gazing with astonishment at the wondrous youth who could find a pleasure in reading; for it was a striking peculiarity of the lads of the village to think that they had read quite enough at school, and to regard reading for pleasure with as much astonishment as they would look upon amateur hedging and ditching.

By the instrumentality of the parish clerk, and the parson to boot, the fame of Ferdinand reached the hall, and became known to Sir Arthur Bradley, who, though no genius himself, was a great admirer of genius in others. Sir Arthur was more than astonished, that a young man who was born in a village, and had never been at college, could write verses; for Sir Arthur

himself had been been at college upwards of three years, and notwithstanding all the mathematics, port, and morning-prayers that he had undergone there, he could not write six lines of poetry for the life of him. In an evil hour, it happened that Sir Arthur expressed a wish to see some of that wonderful stuff called poetry, which had been frabricated by Ferdinand Harwood, as he swung upon gates or strolled through copses. So the parson told the clerk, and the clerk told Ferdinand's father, and Ferdinand's father told Ferdinand's mother, and Ferdinand's mother told Ferdinand's self, —who forthwith set about mending his pens, and ruling his paper, making as much fuss with the purity and neatness of his manuscript as a Jewish Rabbi when transcribing the Pentateuch. In a few days the transcription was completed; and then the difficulty was how to convey the precious treasure to the sublime and awful hands of the great and mighty baronet. It was mentioned to the clerk, by whom it was conveyed to the parson, by whom it was communicated to the baronet, that young Ferdinand Harwood had transcribed a poem, which he was anxious to lay at the feet of Sir Arthur Bradley.

As the baronet was now committed as a patron of genius, what could he do better in the way of patronage, than give the genius a dinner? An invitation was sent accordingly; and then did Ferdinand, the poet, scarcely know whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels. For a while he doubted whether he was destined to dine at the baronet's own table, or in

the housekeeper's room. It was a marvellous thing for him to wear his Sunday clothes on any other day than Sunday, and still more marvellous for him to wear gloves on any day; therefore when he found himself on the way to the hall with his Sunday clothes upon his back, and a pair of new gloves on his hands, which stuck out on either side of him, like the fins of a frightened fish, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and thought that if any of the agricultural operatives should meet him in this guise they would think him mad. A terrible bumping of his heart gave him notice that he was approaching the mansion; and while he was hesitating whether he should enter by the principal or by a side entrance, a servant appeared on the steps of the front door, to usher in Mr. Ferdinand Harwood. When the young gentleman heard his name, for the first time in his life, loudly and seriously announced as *Mister* Ferdinand Harwood, the blood rose to his cheeks, and he proudly thought to himself, what a fine thing it is to be a man of genius!

When the drawing-room door was opened for him, he was almost afraid to enter it, for the carpet looked too fine to tread upon, and the chairs by far too elegant to sit down on. The voice of Sir Arthur Bradley encouraged the youth; and after the first shock was over, and when he saw with his own eyes that persons actually were sitting on these very fine chairs, and were apparently insensible to the awful beauty of the furniture, he, also, at Sir Arthur's invitation, seated himself. Having thus deposited himself,

he was next at a loss what to do with his fingers and his eyes; and having looked at the rest of the company, to see how they managed these matters, he found them all so variously employed, that he knew not which to select as a model. As to the matter of his tongue, he felt as though it were under an enchantment, and whether it cleaved to the roof of his mouth, or whether in his fright he had swallowed it, he could scarcely tell. From this state of perplexity he was in time relieved, but only to undergo still greater perplexities; for the dining-room posed him more than the drawing-room had, and he felt very much as one of the uninitiated would have felt had he by stealth introduced himself among the adepts of the heathen mysteries. But when he had taken a glass or two of wine, he felt the inspiration of initiation coming upon him, and he was no longer a stranger; and when Sir Arthur Bradley talked of poetry, Ferdinand Harwood's countenance brightened up, his tongue was loosened, and he discoursed most eloquently concerning Thomson's Seasons and Young's Night Thoughts.

This visit, gratifying as it was to the literary ambition of Ferdinand and to the honest pride of his parents, was not the most propitious event that could have happened to Ferdinand, for it set him upon making comparisons, and comparisons are odious. He compared the sanded floor of his father's cottage with the carpeted rooms of the hall; he compared the splendid sideboard in Sir Arthur's dining-room, with the little corner-cupboard which contained his cottage crockery;

he looked up to the cottage ceiling — it was not far to look,—and there, instead of Grecian lamps, he saw pendent flitches of unclassical bacon; he compared the unceremonious table of his paternal home with the well-appointed table of the baronet; he compared bacon and cabbage with turbot, venison, and such like diet, and gave the preference to the latter. In the next place, all the neighbours thought him proud of having dined at the baronet's house, and they endeavoured to mortify him and his parents, by making sneering remarks about genius, and by expressing their wonder that Ferdinand was not brought up to something. But his mother said — and I love her for saying so, though she was wrong — his mother said, "With his talents he may do anything." So said the parish clerk, so said the parson, so said Sir Arthur Bradley. The worst of those talents with which a man can do anything, is, that they are at the same time the talents with which the owner does nothing. Thus it proved with Ferdinand Harwood; for in process of time his father and mother died, and left him sole and undisputed heir to all their possessions.

Now came upon him the perplexities of business: he had some difficulty to ascertain what he was worth. The farm which his father had cultivated, and the house in which he had dwelt, belonged to Sir Arthur Bradley; but the furniture of the house, and the stock of the farm, after payment of his father's debts, belonged to Ferdinand: therefore, the heir with a laudable diligence and propriety of procedure, set himself to

examine into the amount of the debts and the extent of the property; and, when he set the one against the other, they seemed so well fitted, as if they had been made for one another; and, thus, when all was settled, nothing remained. Ferdinand consulted with his friends what was best to be done. He spoke first to the parish-clerk, his old schoolmaster; and he was decidedly of opinion that Ferdinand had better consult his friends. With this recommendation he called upon the parson, who was exactly of the same opinion as the clerk, saying, that the best thing that he could do, would be to consult his friends. From the parson he went to Sir Arthur himself, who gave him a most cordial reception, shook him by the hand with amazing condescension, and expressed his great readiness to serve the young man, according to the best of his power. That was just the thing that Ferdinand wanted.

"Do you intend to carry on the farm?" said the worthy baronet.

"I should be very happy to do so," replied Ferdinand, "only I have no capital, and I don't very well understand farming."

Those were certainly objections, and the baronet saw the force of them, and he replied, saying, "The best thing that you can do is to consult your friends, and see if they can assist you."

Now Ferdinand Harwood, who had talents equal to anything, found himself at a loss to discover who were his friends. Very likely he is not the first in the world that has been so puzzled. For a few weeks he

was invited, now to this neighbour's, and now to that; not so much, it appeared, out of compassion to his wants, as out of compliment to his genius; but this sort of thing cannot last long; people in the country prefer pudding to poetry, and they cannot think why people who have hands should not support themselves. So they one and all began to think and to say, that it was a pity that a young man of such ability as Ferdinand Harwood should bury his talents in a country village; that London was the only place in the world for a genius to thrive in; and thus they unanimously recommended him to try his fortune in London. Kind-hearted people do not like to see their friends starve, and it is rather expensive to feed them, so they endeavour to get rid of them. The parish-clerk knew nothing of London, but the parson did, and was ready enough to give Ferdinand letters of introduction to some men of letters, by whose means he might be brought into notice. The baronet also was willing to give him five guineas towards paying his expenses; and the parish-clerk was willing to give him a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic, to teach him how to make the best use of the five guineas. With five guineas, Cocker's Arithmetic, Thomson's Seasons, and Young's Night Thoughts, and the blessings and good wishes of the whole parish, who were proud of his talents and glad to get rid of him, Ferdinand journeyed to London, in search of a livelihood and immortality. All the way along did he amuse himself with thoughts of what should be his first literary production — whether an

epic poem, or a tragedy; anything lower he thought would be degrading. At length, when he entered the great city, he was full of poetry and covered with dust. Nine o'clock at night, in Fetter-Lane, in the middle of March, is not a very poetical season; nor are the sights, sounds, and smells, of the closer parts of a great metropolis, vastly conducive to inspiration. Ferdinand could not help congratulating the Dryads, Oreads, Nymphs, and Fauns, that they were not under the necessity of putting up even for a single night, at the White Horse, Fetter Lane—a very good inn, no doubt, in its way, but far from being a poetical object to the eye of an unsophisticated villager.

It was the first concern of our genius to deliver his letters of introduction, in which he supposed, of course, that he was described as a genius of the first order, and by means of which he expected to receive a cordial and admiring welcome. He was, therefore, not a little surprised to hear, from the very first person to whom he presented himself, that the present was the very worst time for any one to come to London with a view to literary success.

"Which do you think would be the best time?" said Ferdinand, with much seriousness and sincerity, and with a real desire of information.

"You are disposed to be waggish," said his new friend.

There, however, the worthy gentleman was in error; for Ferdinand Harwood was as little inclined to waggery as any man living. He was a perfect realist:

he thought that every thing was what it was: he knew that people did laugh sometimes, but he could not tell why they laughed, nor did he know what they laughed at: besides, he was a genius, and there is a certain solemnity in genius incompatible with laughter and waggery, especially in the higher order of genius —that is, epic poem and tragedy genius.

When he had presented all his letters of introduction, he found that all to whom he had been introduced were unanimous in the opinion that the present was the worst possible time for a young man to come to London on a literary speculation. But there was another point on which they were also unanimous, and that was a very important one — they were all quite willing, and would be most happy, to do any thing to serve him. With this consoling thought, he betook himself to lodgings, and set about writing an epic poem. What a very great genius, or what a very small stomach, a man must have who can write an epic poem in less time than he can spend five guineas in victuals and drink and lodging! — especially when one pound sixteen shillings and sixpence have been deducted from that sum for travelling expenses. But with genius so great, or with stomach so small, Ferdinand Harwood was not gifted; therefore, his money was all gone before his epic poem was finished. That was a pity. Still there was no need to be cast down, for he could but call on those friends who would be most happy to do any thing to serve him. He called accordingly; but that very thing which would have

been of the greatest immediate service to him, viz., a dinner, none of them would give him: he did not ask them, to be sure — but it was their business to ask him: it was not, however, their pleasure. Generous people, I have frequently had occasion to observe, like to do good in their own way — they object to all kind of dictation: so it was with Ferdinand Harwood's friends. They did not give him a dinner, which, at best, could have served him but a single day. They gave him good advice enough to last him for many months; they recommended him to finish his poem as soon as he could, and, in the mean time, perhaps, his friends, they said, would afford him some temporary assistance. "Alack! alack!" said Ferdinand to himself, "I wish my friends would tell me who my friends are!"

It happened, in the course of his multifarious reading, that Ferdinand had somewhere seen it set down in print that booksellers are the best patrons of genius; so he went to a very respectable bookseller, and, after waiting two hours and three quarters, was admitted to an audience. Ferdinand thought he had never seen such a nice man in his life — so pleasant, so polite, such a pray-take-a-chair-ative style of address, that, by a hop, skip, and jump effort of imagination, Ferdinand, with his mind's eye, saw his poem already printed, and felt his mind's fingers paddling among the sovereigns he was to receive for the copyright. At the mention of an epic poem, the bookseller looked serious; of course, it is all right that he should look so — as an epic poem is a serious matter.

"What is the subject — sacred or profane?"

"Sacred, by all means," replied Ferdinand; "I would not for the world write any thing profane."

"Certainly not," said the bookseller; "I have a great abhorrence of profanity. What is the title of your poem?"

"The Leviticud: I am doing the whole book of Leviticus into blank verse. It appears to me to be a work that is very much wanted, it being almost the only part of the sacred scriptures that has not been versified."

The bookseller looked more serious, and said, "I am afraid, sir, that I cannot flatter you with any great hopes of success, for poetry is not in much request, and especially sacred poetry — and, more especially still, epic poetry."

"Now, that is passing strange!" said Ferdinand. "Poetry not in request! Pardon me, sir; you ought of course to know your own business; but I can assure you that poetry is very much in request. Is not Milton's Paradise Lost in every library? and have not I, at this very moment, the tenth edition of "Young's Night Thoughts in my pocket?"

"All that may be true," replied the bookseller, relaxing from his seriousness into an involuntary smile; "but modern poetry, unless of very decided excellence, meets with no encouragement."

On hearing this, Ferdinand's hopes were raised to the acme of full assurance, for he was satisfied that his poetry was decidedly excellent. Exultingly, there-

fore, he replied, saying, "Well, sir, if that be all, I can soon satisfy you, for I wrote some verses on the river Dee, which runs by the village where I was born, and I showed them to Sir Arthur Bradley, who said he had never read any thing so fine in his life, and that they were equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons! Have you read Thomson's Seasons, sir?"

Then drawing his MS. from his pocket, he presented it to the bookseller, saying, "Just have the goodness to read two or three hundred lines of this poem, and I will venture to say that you will pronounce them to be equal to any thing in Thomson's Seasons. I am in no hurry — I can stay while you read them, or, if you prefer it, I will read them to you."

The bookseller chose neither; but speedily, though not discourteously, dismissed the genius from the audience, hopeless of all negociation. "Bless me," said Ferdinand to himself, as soon as he was alone, "what a strange place this world is! I never saw any thing like it in the whole course of my life! The man would not even read my poetry, and I was not going to make him any charge for reading it."

There are more booksellers than one in London, so Ferdinand tried another — another — and another; — they were all in the same story. They had evidently entered into a conspiracy against him; but who was at the bottom of the conspiracy it was impossible for him to say or to conjecture. It was a manifest absurdity, he thought, that all the world should admire Thom-

son's Seasons, and yet that nobody should admire him whom Sir Arthur Bradley had pronounced to be equal to Thomson.

It now occurred to him that about this time Sir Arthur Bradley himself might be in London. He knew that the baronet had a house in town, but he did not know where, so he enquired of one or two people in Holborn, and they could not tell him; but, finding a court-guide on a book-stall, the secret of Sir Arthur's town residence was revealed to him; and, having ascertained that it was at the west-end of the town, he prepared to seek it out, and, for a while, he was puzzled to find the west-end of the town, for it appeared to him that the town had no end. However, as they who seek till they find will not lose their labour, so it happened with Ferdinand Harwood, who did at last discover the residence of his patron, far away, indeed, from any end of the town, for it was in the midst of many squares and streets. It seemed to the unfortunate genius that he was destined to meet with wonders and paradoxes wherever he went, for the servant who opened the door to him told him that Sir Arthur Bradley could not be seen. Is he invisible? thought Ferdinand, and, so thinking, he looked astonishment. "Indeed, Mr. Harwood," said the servant, "my master is in such a state that he can see no one!"

"Is he blind?" said Ferdinand.

"No," replied the porter.

"Is he deaf?"

"No," replied the porter.

"Then I wish you would tell him that I am starving!"

Now the domestics of Sir Arthur Bradley had not any idea of starving; therefore the porter looked upon Ferdinand Harwood with much astonishment, and seemed for a moment to regard the starving man as a great natural curiosity; but, when the first shock of his wonder was over, he felt compassion for the youth; for, though he did not know what starving was, so far as himself was concerned, yet he knew that it was something greatly to be dreaded, and that he found it a serious inconvenience even to wait for his dinner; of course he concluded that it must be a far greater inconvenience to have no dinner to wait for. The domestic, notwithstanding the invisibility of Sir Arthur Bradley, invited Ferdinand into the house, and into the housekeeper's room; and, when the servants heard that he was starving, they all lifted up their hands and eyes and voices, saying, "Law bless us! what, the young man what used to make such nice poetry!" They were incredulous, forgetting that poetry is not good to eat. But, when the housekeeper brought him out some cold beef and pickled walnuts, they all saw that he had a marvellously good appetite. While he was eating they kept asking him many questions, to few of which he had leisure to make reply. But at last he finished, and, when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity: he made enquiry into the cause of Sir Ar-

thur's invisibility, and he heard that the baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married against his consent. "I should not care who was married or who was single," said Ferdinand to himself, "if I had such nice cold beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life." Then, addressing himself to his informant, he said, "And I pray you, what is the great evil of this marriage that the baronet takes it so much to heart?"

"Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connexion," was the answer.

When Ferdinand Harwood heard this, he supposed that she might have married the parish clerk or the village blacksmith; but when he heard that the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied, "It is well it is no worse."

"But he is of such low origin," said the cook.

"Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground," replied Ferdinand.

"Sir Arthur swears," said the butler, "that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants carry any letter or message to her, they shall lose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her, he shall be disinherited."

"Bless me, what a Turk!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "I could not have thought that, when he admired my

poetry, and said that it was equal to Thomson's Seasons, he was capable of being in such a towering passion."

While he was speaking, a message came from Mr. Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Harwood would favour him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Ferdinand obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry baronet said, "Mr. Harwood, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask if you will have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me."

"Sir," replied Ferdinand, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the baronet's pantry, "I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the illustrious house of Bradley."

"I don't wish you to walk so far as that," replied Mr. Bradley; "but if you will deliver this packet to its address you will oblige me. You can keep a secret?"

"Ay that I can," said Ferdinand, and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time or inclination to hear them, and he cut the matter short, by saying,—"You have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapprobation of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me at your earliest convenience an answer."

Mr. Bradley, with the parcel put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger

put the money into his pocket without looking at it; but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it were a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still — and it was a sovereign. So he walked along light-heartedly, singing *jubilate,* and for a moment he forgot the Leviticud. Then he said to himself, "I shall get more by going errands than by writing epic poems."

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognised him as the Mr. Harwood who was distinguished for his poetical talents. "So you have come to London to exercise your poetical talents," said Mrs. Marshall; "I hope you find it answer."

"I cannot say much for the matter at present," replied Ferdinand.

"I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now," said the merchant, who happened to be present at the colloquy.

"Ah, sir," said Ferdinand, not exactly apprehending the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium; "I only wish that a premium were offered for poetry — I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me, and will not let the public judge of my talents."

"Then if I were in your place I would conspire

against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts."

"But, sir, how can I live without it?"

"How do you live with it?"

"Not at all," replied Ferdinand; "but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm withal."

"Then, of course, you cannot be a farmer. Can you write?"

"Admirably."

"Do you understand accounts?"

"Perfectly."

"Will you try a seat in my counting-house?"

"Most thankfully."

Twenty years after this Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter; and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Ferdinand Harwood succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet. The Leviticud is unfinished.

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